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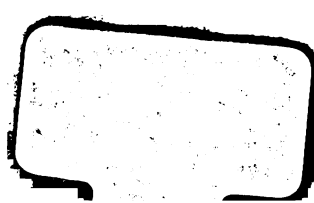

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The GENUINE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES COTTON, *Esq;*

CONTAINING,

I. SCARRONIDES: Or, VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.
II. LUCIAN Burlesqu'd: Or, The SCOFFER SCOFF'D.
III. The WONDERS of the PEAKE.

Illustrated with many Curious Cuts, all New-design'd, and Engraved by the best Artists.

The FIFTH EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for T. OSBORNE, A. MILLAR, J. RIVINGTON, W. JOHNSTON, S. CROWDER, B. LAW, S. BLADON, G. KNAP, and M. RICHARDSON.

MDCCLXV.

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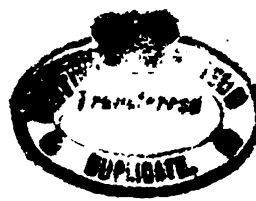

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SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Traveſtie.

A

MOCK-POEM

ON THE

Firſt and Fourth Books

OF

VIRGIL's Æneis,

In *Engliſh* BURLESQUE.

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Eſq;

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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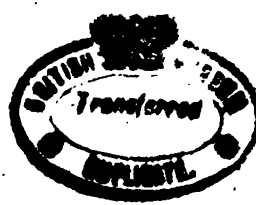
TO THE

READER.

THE Reader is desired, for the better comparing of the Latin *and* English *together, to read on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.*



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VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

Sing the Man (read it who liſt,
A *Trojan* true as ever piſt,)
[2] Who from *Troy*-Town, by Wind and Weather,
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)
Was pack'd, and rack'd, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Poſt.
[3] Long wander'd he thro' thick and thin;
Half-roaſted now, now wet to th' Skin:
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
[4] Forc'd, as [4]'tis ſaid, by the Gods Spite;
Altho' the wiſer Sort ſuppoſe,
[5] 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno*'s;

---

[1] *Arma virumque cano,* [2] Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam, *fato profugus,* Lavináque *venit*
Litora: [3] *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto,*
[4] *Vi Superûm,* ——
—— [5] *Sævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram.*

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A Murrain curry all curst Wives!
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
[1] Much suffer'd he likewise in War,
Many dry Blows, and many a Scar:
Many a Rap, and much ado
At Quarter-staff and Cudgels too;
Before he could be quiet for 'em,
(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em:)
But this same Younker at the last,
(All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)
And all these Rake-hells overcome,
[2] Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.
[3] But oh, my Muse! put me in mind,
To which o'th' Gods was he unkind:
[4] Or, what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
(That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Queen,
That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)
[5] To use an honest Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
[6] Have Goddesses no better Manners?
[7] A little Town there was of old,
Thatch'd with good Straw to keep out Cold,
Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd:

---

[1] *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem*
—— [2] *Atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*
[3] *Musa, mihi causas memora; quo numine læso:*
[4] *Quidve dolens Regina Deûm,* [5] *tot volvere casus*
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit. [6] *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
[7] *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuêre Coloni,*
Carthago ——

[8] The

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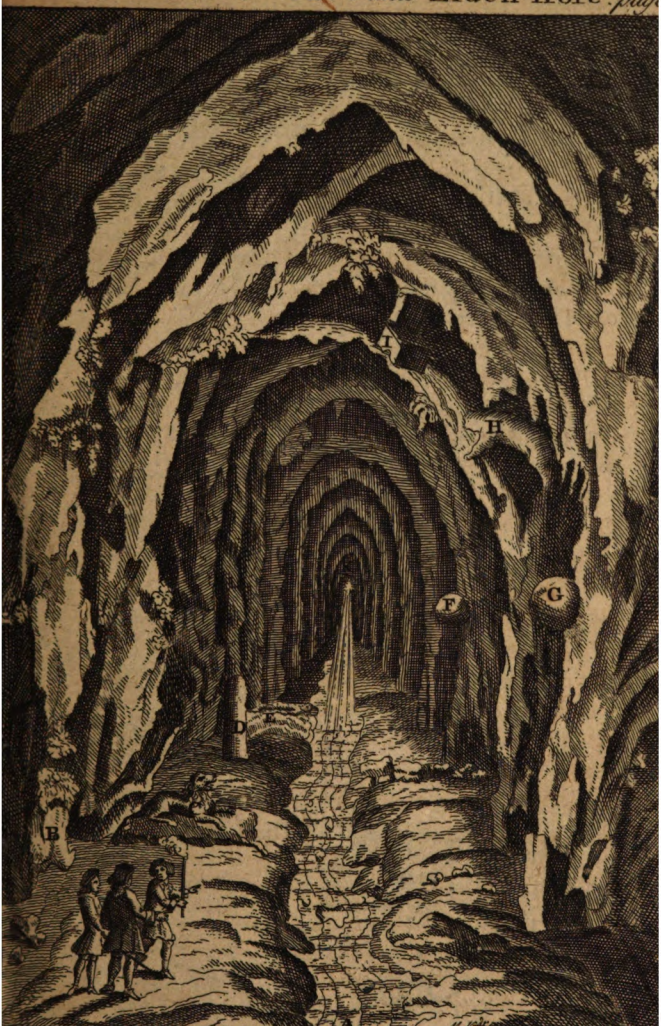

A. the Entrance into ye Cave. B. the representation of Plants in Rocks of a black Bituminous Substance. C. the figure of a Lion. D. the Queen of Scots Pillar. E. the fig. of a Human Corps. F. the Sparry globe call'd ye Font. G. a Sparry Substance call'd Cottons Haycock. H. the Flitch of Bacon. I. the Chair K. the Needles Eye. All these are form'd by dropping of Water from the Rock: of a Sparry matter call'd Stalactites.

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J. Goupy del. A.V.r Gucht Sculp.

Æolus at ye request of Juno raises a Storm to wreck ye Troja

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[8] The luſtieſt Carles thereabouts,
Rich Cuffs and very ſturdy Louts.
[9] Now this ſame *Carthage*, you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *Whoe:*
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No Village like it, no Place near it:
[*] Except a Place, forſooth, that's famous
For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here ſhe her Trinkets kept and odd Things,
Her Needles, Poking-ſticks, and Bodkins;
And here, in Houſe, with her own Key-locks,
[†] She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.
This Place then mainly pleas'd her Humour,
[‡] But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy Rumour,
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one Day overthrow her Hamlet;
Plunder her Cheſts, Joint-ſtools, and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houſes and Stables.
[‖] She, fearful of this ſad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)
[1] And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

---

[8] *Studiïſque aſperrima belli:*
[9] *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unum*
[*] *Poſthabitâ coluiſſe* Samo; [†] *hîc illius arma,*
Hîc currus fuit: ——
[‡] *Progeniem ſed enim* Trojano *à ſanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias *olim quæ verteret arces.*
[‖] *Id metuens*, ——
[1] *Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum, ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo. Manet altâ mentâ mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis, ——

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Did many Years bend her Devotion,
To drown *Æneas* in the Ocean;
And many a slipp'ry Trick she plaid him,
Till *Jove* at last o'er Sea convey'd him;
[2] So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
To get out of a Woman's Clutches.
Æneas had not been o'th' Water
Above an Hour, or such a Matter;
Nor further row'd, than we may rate
'Twixt *Parsons'* Dock and *Billingsgate*,
Or say, betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
[3] When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
Thus with herself began to mutter:
Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?
Must they go on fearing no Colours?
And cannot I squander their Scullers?
Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
[4] Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
[5] *Pallas* could Wherries burn and Gallies,
And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies:
[6] But I, *Jove's Sister* and his *Wife*,
Can do no Mischief for my Life.

---

[2] *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem.*
Vix è conspectu Siculæ *telluris in altum*
Vela dabant læti, & spumas salis ære ruebant;
[3] *Cum* Juno, *æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc secum; Méne incepto desistere victam?
[4] *Quippe vetor* fatis! [5] Pallásne *exurere classem*
Argivûm *potuit?* ———
[6] *Ast ego quæ Divûm incedo Regina*, Jovisque
Et Soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos
Bella gero ———

7 *Juno*

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7 *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
8 Runs me unto one *Æolus:*
This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow, like a Smith's Bellows,
A Day, a Week, a Month together;
And, by his Farting, make foul Weather;
Blow Men, and Trees, and Houſes down;
Great Ships and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
He was, *in fine*, the loud'ſt of Farters;
Yet could command his hinder Quarters,
Correct his Tail, and only blow
If there Occaſion were, or ſo:
9 Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern,
In the wiſe Conduct of his Poſtern,
He made him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
Durſt no where venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly:
Which having but one Poſtern-Gate
For theſe mad Boys to ſally at,
He might the faſter peg them in,
And by the plucking out a Pin,
Then (at his Eaſe) *Airing* about
To any Quarter, let them out.
* To this ſame King Queen *Juno* poſted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accoſted:

---

7 *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*
8 *Æoliam venit: hic vaſto Rex Æolus antro*
Luctantes ventos tempeſtatéſque ſonoras
Imperio premit ———
9 *Sed Pater omnipotens* ———
——— *Regémque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.
* *Ad quem tum* Juno *ſuppliex his vocibus uſa eſt:*

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[1] Thou mighty King, whose potent Sway
The lawless *Bluſt'rers* do obey;
Whose Nod the ſtubborn'ſt Winds do dread,
(Even altho' in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compaſs ſtretches,
Hear a poor Queen's Requeſt, and ſay,
Thou'lt do't: For I muſt have no Nay.
[2] There are a few Tatter-de-mallions,
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing:
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wand'ring, ſturdy Raggamuffins:
Raſcals I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are ſtout and warlike:
[3] If therefore thou wilt ſmoke theſe Royſters,
And ſowſe them all like pickl'd Oyſters,
There is a pretty Maid of mine,
Call'd *Die*, ſhall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearken'd to this Story,
With no ſmall Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen, ſo gay and trim,
Come to requeſt a Boon of him!

---

[1] Æole *(namque tibi Divûm pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere vento)
[2] *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrhenum *navigat æquor,*
Ilium *in* Italiam *portans,* ———
[3] *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſaſque obrue puppes,*
Aut age diverſas, & disjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ formâ pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

But

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But th' *Wench*, i'th' Tail of the Preamble,
O that! That made his Bowels wamble,
(And Wind, you know, under Correction,
Is a main Cauſer of Erection;)
He, liſt'ning ſtood, wriggling and ſcraping;
But durſt not bow, for fear of 'ſcaping,
Until at laſt, with Cap in Hand, Sir,
4 He thus return'd with modeſt Anſwer:
O Queen (quoth he) my Thanks are real,
That you will uſe your Servant *Æol:*
And, ſhould I not pay your Civility,
To th' utmoſt of my poor Ability,
Who art great *Jove*'s Siſter and Wife,
It were e'en Pity of my Life:
I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts-up,
As, were they She's, would turn their —— up.
Say you no more, the Thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.
But, ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,
I wiſh you were at your own Dwelling;
There's Reaſon for't (ſaving your Favour)
For truly (Madam) I ſhall ſavour.
But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe
Forget the *Woman* that you promiſe.
Juno at that away does go,
And, in leſs while than I am ſpeaking,
Was got as Ligh as Top of * *Reking:* * *Mons Salopienſis.*
No bigger now than School-boys Kite,
And now clean vaniſh'd out of Sight.

---

4 Æolus *hæc contrà: Tuus, ô Regina, quid optes,*
Explorare labor, mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.
Tu mihi, quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra, Jovémque,
Conciliás —— A 6 *Æol,*

Æol, who all the while stood gaping
At her fine Peacocks gawdy Trapping,
Seeing her mount *Olympus'* Stair-case,
Began t'untruss, to ease his Carcase:
Twice belch'd he loud from Lungs of Leather,
To call his roaring Troops together;
And twice (as who should say, we come)
They roar'd i'th' Concave of his Womb:
[5] With that he turns his Buttocks Sea-ward,
And with a gibing kind of Nay-word,
Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye;
'Tis ten to one but I bedung ye.
At the same Word, lifting one Leg,
And pulling out his trusty Peg,
[6] He let at once his gen'ral Muster
Of all that e'er could blow or bluster;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel
Left not one Puff to cool his Gruel.
Have you not seen below the Sphere
A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,
How by the Tapster, when the Stopple
Is ravish'd from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As if 'twere troubl'd with the Squitters?

---

[5] *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem*
Impulit in latus: ac venti velut agmine facto,
Quâ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuêre mari, totumque à sedibus imis
[6] *Una* Eurúsque, Notúsque *ruunt, creberque procellis,*
Africus, & *vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.*
Insequitur clamórque virûm, stridórque rudentum;
Eripiunt subitò nubes cœlumque, diémque
Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra,
Intonuêre poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther;
Præsentémque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Eu-

Ev'n so, when *Æol* pluck'd the Plug
From th' Muzzle of his double Jug,
The Winds burst out with such a Rattle,
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.
Bounce, cries the Port-hole, out they fly
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the Seas and Coasts they wander,
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;
A huffing *Jack*, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.
This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
Finds me, o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.
Æneas, and his wand'ring Mates,
Were, at that Time, angling for *Sprats*;
Thinking no harm no more than we do,
(For all was fine and fair to see to)
When, all o'th' sudden; oh; who'd think it?
(By this good Drink, I mean to drink it!)
It grew so dark, that, wanting Light,
They could not see the Fishes bite;
And straight, e're one could say what's this?
The Winds began to howl and hiss,
And in the Turning of a Hand, Sir,
They grew so big, one could not stand, Sir.
Then follow'd Rains, Lightning, and Thunder,
As the whole World would fly asunder.
Æneas hearing the Winds threating,
And * seeing monstrous Billows beating, * *By the Lightning.*
Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him;
And that the *Haddocks* watch'd to catch him;
[7] Fell presently in a cold Sweat,
So sick he could not drink nor eat;

[7] *Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:* 'Twas

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'Twas all the World to twenty Pound,
He had not fall'n into a Swoon;
But by *Jove*'s Favour being bleſt,
With Guts in's Head above the reſt;
Like to a cunning Chapman, he
Made Virtue of Neceſſity.
And, in the midſt of all Deſpairs,
Thought it his beſt to fall to Pray'rs.
[8] With woeful Heart, and blubber'd Eyes,
Lifting his *Mutton-fiſts* to th' Skies,
He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter!*
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy truſty *Trojans* cheriſh.
Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.
[9] Could not *Tydides* at *Troy* Town,
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the merry *Greek*, *Achilles*,
When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill theſe?
And muſt we now be ſent, for Diſhes,
To *Sharks*, and ſuch-like greedy Fiſhes?
[8] Thus went he on with his Oriſons,
Which, if you mark 'em well, *were wiſe ones*,
Now praying, now expoſtulating;
But he might e'en have held his Prating;
For *Jove*, if he had been more near him,
The Noiſe was ſuch he could not hear him:

---

[8] *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas,*
Talia voce refert:
——— [9] O Danaûm *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydide, *Méne* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, ———
[8] *Talia jactanti* ———

1 The

[1] The Winds grew louder still, and louder,
And play'd their Gambols with a Powder:
Then, then indeed, began the Pudder,
Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one sinking in a *Gurges*.
[2] Three Boats a Wind call'd *Notus* ruffles,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muscles,
[3] And there did roaring *Eurus* dabble ye,
In quick Sands deep, most lamentably.
[4] One Wherry that the *Lycians* carry'd,
And one *Orontes*, never marry'd,
Was, just about the Time of Dinner,
O'erwhelm'd, and all the Men within her.
Orontes, tho' he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned,
Did all he could, with might and main,
To have swum back to Land again.
His Skill he to the Trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was sows'd up for *Cod-fish*;
I doubt he prov'd but very Odd-fish.

---

[1] ——— *Stridens* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus; ———
[2] *Tres* Notus *abreptas in saxa latentia torquet:*
——— [3] *Tres* Eurus *ab alto*
In Brevia & Syrtes *urget, (miserabile visu)*
[4] *Unam, quæ* Lycios, *fidumque vehebat* Orontem,
Ipsius ante oculos ingens à vertice Pontus
In puppim ferit: Excutitur, pronusque Magister
Volvitur in caput. Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

[5] Now

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5 Now might you see the *Trojans* Trimming
Upon the foaming Billows swimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongst the rolling Trenches;
Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands and Ruffs,
(Indeed, I think, they wore no Cuffs)
Balk-staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
Brown Bread and Cheese that swarm by Luncheons;
With Treasure past all mortal Matching,
That any Man may have for Fetching.
6 In the mean time, this Hurly-burly,
That still increas'd more loud and surly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the strange Commotion,
Who liv'd i'th' Bottom of the Ocean.
This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,
And to *Æneas* a Well-wisher:
'Cause, on a Time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good Word t' her Father for him,
And made him, for his good Conditions,
King over all his Pools and Fish-ponds.
This Blade, when he first heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
But at the Noise he throws his Tray,
Fishes, and Salt, and all away;
And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-spear,
7 Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave Rout's here?

---

5 *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:*
Arma virûm, tabulæque, & Troïa gaza per undas.
6 *Interea magno miscere murmure Pontum,*
Emissamque Hiemem sensit Neptunus, *& imis*
Stagna refusa vadis,
7 *Graviter commotus, & alto*
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ,
Disjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore Classem,
Fluctibus oppressos Troas, *cœlique ruinâ.*
Nec latuêre doli fratrem Junonis, *& iræ:* Un-

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Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders;
And thrusting's Head above the Water,
Says, What a Veng'ance, ho's the Matter?
Then seeing round how Things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
He straight began to smell a Rat,
And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno*'s Contriving,
And Spite, as well as any living.
Have you not seen upon a River
A Water-Dog, that is a Diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eft-soons
Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune*, when he first appears,
Shakes the salt Liquor from his Ears,
And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,
He threw the Water so about him;
Vex'd at the Plucks to see this Clutter,
He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter:
[8] Till, beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,
He thus began in Language furious:
How durst you, Rogues, take the Opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,
Without my Leave; and make a Lurry,
That Men cannot be quiet for ye?

---

[8] Eurum *ad se* Zephyrúmque *vocat*; *dehinc talia fatur*:
Tantáne vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Nam Cœlum, Terrámque, meo sine Numine, Venti,
Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego! ——*Sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.*
Post mihi non simili pœnâ commissa luetis.

Rascals,

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Rascals, I shall! —— But well! Go to,
I now have something else to do;
If e'er again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.
9 And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * *Blaster*, * *Speaking to* Boreas *himself.*
Go tell that farting Fool your Master,
That such a whistling Scab, as he,
Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea;
* But that it to my Empire fell:
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more such Foisting here:
And for what's past (if my Aim miss not)
I'll teach him fizzel in his Piss-pot.
† Scarce had he bubbl'd out his Sentence,
But that they fled to shew Repentance.
And he, that erst had made a Din most,
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.
Ev'n as a Flock of Geese do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper;
So nimbly flew away the Scoundrels,
Glad they had 'scap'd, and sav'd their Poundrels.
‡ Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick;

---

9 *Maturate fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro:*
Non illi Imperium pelagi ——
* *Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*
Vestras, Eure, *domos*; *Illa se jactet in Aula*
Æolus, *& clauso ventorum carcere regnet.*
† *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*
‡ *Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.*
Cymothoe *simul*, & Triton *adnixus, acuto*
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse Tridenti,
Et vastas aperit Syrtes, *& tem, erat æquor.*

The

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The Sun ſhone bright, as on *May-Day*;
Had there been Graſs, one might made Hay:
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flats,
Their Men all daſh'd like Water-Rats.
Neptune at this his Speed redoubles,
To eaſe them of their Peck of Troubles:
He thruſt his *Muck-Fork* in two Faddom,
Betwixt the Boats and that that ſtaid 'em,
And lifted them ſheer off as clever,
As he had had a Crow or Lever:
Now, Sirs, (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Northward;
If the Rogues come again, I'll ſwill 'em,
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*.
And you, *Æneas*, and your Men,
If e'er you come this Way agen,
I hope you'll call, or I'ſt be ſorry;
I'll have a Diſh of Lobſters for ye.
Æneas, who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a Leg, and ſo they parted.
They take their Sculls again, and ply 'em,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em;
Away they cut as ſwift as Swallows,
Ploughing the Sea as Men do Fallows:
Till e're a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' Door, and back agen,
[1] They all as plainly ſaw the other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was, and pulling,
Never ſuch plying and ſuch ſculling:

---

[1] *Quæ proxima, litora curſu*
Contendunt petere, ———

They

They whoop'd and sung gladder and gladder,
I think, *March* Hares were never madder.
At last, all Dangers notwithstanding,
[2] They came unto a Place of Landing;
A Pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,
Just such another Place as *Trigg-Stairs*.
Not made for Watermen, but Women,
That use to come and wash their Linnen:
There was old striving then and thrusting,
Which with their Sculler should get first in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) shew some Breeding,
Let's have no more Haste than good Speeding;
Have Patience, Gentiles, I implore ye,
And let your Betters go before ye:
With that, they all gave Place, and Reason;
It else had been no less than Treason;
[3] Whilst our *Æneas*, at two Leapings,
Set the first Foot upon the Steppings;
Then all the rest came in a Bundle,
As they would burst each other's Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had dous'd 'em.
And so they set 'em down and lous'd 'em.
[4] After a while, a Fellow knocks
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-Box.

---

[2] *Est in secessu longo locus; Insula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
—— [3] Æneas, *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero, subit; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Troës *potiuntur arenâ,*
Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.
[4] *Ac primùm silici scintillam excudit* Achates,
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem *corruptam undis,* Cerealiáque arma
Expediunt fessi rerum, frugésque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo.

For,

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For each Man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The World besides could shew no such Wood:
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Briers,
And fell a making them good Fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on,
To make them Porridge without Mutton.
[5] In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill to look about him,
And, as he there a while stood gazing,
[6] He saw some Sheep below him grazing.
[7] O ho, quoth he, I'll soon be wi'ye,
Beswort I'm glad at Heart to see ye.
And fetches straight a good Yew-Bow;
This said, away my Youth does go,
And Arrows under's Belt he sticks too,
(For he could shoot at Buts and Pricks too)
His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,
Because he knew not what might happen:
And thus, as if he went to Battle,
He goes to murder poor Men's Cattle.
[8] His Arrow in the String he nocks,
And shoots among the harmless Flocks:
These prov'd at Chance to be the fairest,
But he still shot at that was nearest.

---

[5] Æneas *scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem*
Prospectum latè pelago petit ——
—— [6] *Tres litore cervos*
Prospicit errantes ——
[7] *Constitit hic, Arcúmque manu, celerésque sagittas,*
[8] *Ductoréque ipsos primùm, capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis, sternit.

9 Seven

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9 Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other Shots he made were short all:
These to his hungry Mates he lurries,
(Pray what's his Due that Mutton worries?)
* Here, Lads, quoth he, here's Sides and Haunches,
Fall to, and fill your empty Paunches.
Scarce had he made an end of Boasting,
† But some to Boiling fell, some Roasting:
'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, Guts and all;
Yet scarce could satisfy their Hungers,
These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.
‡ There was by Chance a *Stoop* of *Liquor*,
Cork'd up in Bottles made of *Wicker*,
Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
When first *Æneas* took his leave:
The Drink (to make the Feast the fuller)
Æneas fetch'd out of his Sculler;
And, like a Man had something in him,
Gave it as free as e'er was gi'n him:
Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about:
Then stroaking up his *Whiskers* greasy,
He thus begins in Words most easy:

---

9 *Nec priùs abstitit quàm septem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundat humi; ——
* —— *Et socios partitur in omnes.*
† *Pars in frusta secant, verubúsque trementia figunt:*
Litore ahena locant alii, flammásque ministrant.
‡ *Vina, bonus quæ deinde cadis onerárat* Acestes
Litore Trinacrio, *dederátque abeuntibus Heros,*
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.

* Here,

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[1] Here, Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
We'are got at last safe o'er the Ferry;
And tho' we've had but angry Work, yet
Let's make the best of a bad Market:
To-day let's drink, and hang To-morrow,
A Grain of Mirth's worth Pounds of Sorrow.
[2] Be blithe and jolly then as may be,
Faint Heart, you know, ne'er wins fair Lady;
What tho' a while we fare but hardly,
Yet in the End does our Reward lie:
We shall win Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty Patches where no Pox is:
And then all this, that seems t'undo us,
Will be but Sport and Pastime to us.
[3] Thus did the subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad Matter:
As who should make 'em understand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's Hand;
When I (for all's brave alls) must tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly.
[4] Down glides his Ale over his Pallet,
As glib as't had been Oil of Sallet:
And all the rest, in their due Order,
Quaff'd till their Drink would go no further,

---

[1] *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus antè malorum)*
O passi graviora; dabit Deus his quoque finem.
Vos & Scyllæam *rabiem, penitúsque sonantes*
Accêstis scopulos; vos & Cyclopea *saxa*
Experti; [2] Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
Mittite; forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium; *sedes ubi fata quietas*
Ostendunt:
[3] *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger*
Spem vultu simulat; premit altum corde dolorem.
[4] *Implentur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguisque ferinæ.*

[5] Now

5 Now having spent their Drink and Victles,
They rise and wipe their greasy *Thwittles*;
And, stroaking them, began to mind 'em
Of those were left at Sea behind 'em:
With that, *Æneas* made a Motion
To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
If, from the Cliffs and Promontories,
They might espy their Fellow Tories:
At that they went, some this, some that Way;
Some went not far, and some a great Way;
Some whoop'd, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
6 Some thought 'em safe, and others doubted;
Some laid their Ears to Ground in Cunning,
To list if they could hear them coming:
But all in vain; for none could spy 'em;
They call'd their Friends, for none was nigh 'em.
At last, by gen'ral Approbation,
They laid 'em down, as was the Fashion,
And slept, being tir'd with Pains and Feasting,
When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.
Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
With such a Noise they made the Shore ring,
Or such a Din as Dogs do utter,
When they by Night together clutter;
Snarling and swearing in lewd Fashion,
For Bitch of evil Conversation:
7 When *Jove*, who was, belike, at Leisure,
Walking, or for his Health, or Pleasure,

5 *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,*
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt;
6 *Spémque, metúmque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati, ———
——— 7 *Cùm* Jupiter *æthere summo*
Despiciens mare velivolum, terràsque jacentes,
Litoráque ——— Looking

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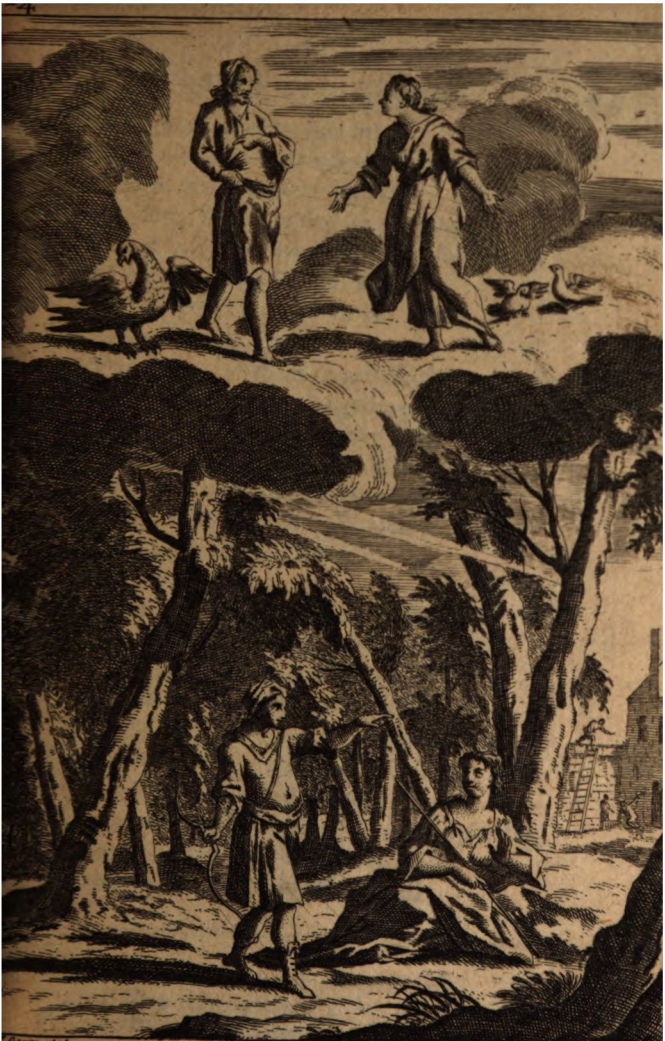

Goupy del. M. Vor Gucht Sculp.

enus addresses Jupiter in behalf of her Son Ænea
whom afterward She meets in a Wood.

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Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,
[1] O'th' *Lybian* Coaſts at laſt eſpy'd 'em,
And ſaid in merry kind of Japping,
Indeed, Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all o' th' ſudden,
Whilſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtud'ing,
Who ſhould come there to do her Duty,
But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty.
* This *Venus*, without counterfeiting, * See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*
Was a fine Laſs on's own begetting:
Thou ne'er ſaw'ſt prettier in thy Life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the Window:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas'* Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Groundſel
He firkt her Mother's Privy-counſel:
In the Behalf then of her By-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-Blow,
[2] She weeping came, ſighing and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing.
Until at laſt, with a fine Linen,
Wrought round with Blue; of her own ſpinning,
Wiping her Face from Tears and Snivil,
She thus begun in Words moſt civil:

---

[1] *Et Libyæ deſuêt lumina Regis.*
[2] *Atque illum talia jactantem pectore curas,*
Triſtior, & lacrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes,
Alloquitur Venus: ——

[1] O thou,

[3] O thou, of Gods and Men, the King,
That can'ſt do any kind of Thing;
That paſt their Wits doth Mortals frighten;
When thou or thunder doſt, or lighten;
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'ſt a Fart for no-body:
[4] Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they ſtill muſt be made Fools on?
And that thou wilt for no Perſuaſions
Let them go follow their Occaſions?
[5] I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore to it,
(Ev'n let who can, forgive you for it)
That you would make 'em This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your bounteous Givings,
They ſhould have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*;
But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.
[6] *Jove* ſtroaking up his great Muſtachoes,
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo courageous;
For had ſhe broke a Pot or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

---

[3] O, *qui Res Hominúmque, Deúmque*
Æternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terres;
[4] *Quid* Troës *potuere? quibus tot funera paſſis*
Cunctus ob Italiam *terrarum clauditur Orbis?*
[5] *Certè hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis,*
Hinc fore ductores revocato à ſanguine Teucri,
Qui mare, qui Terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te, Genitor, *ſententia vertit?*
[6] *Olli ſubridens Hominum ſator atque Deorum,*

He

He lov'd her ſo, which 'tis too common,
Either in Man, or elſe in Woman;
Their Baſtards they will clip and kiſs ye,
More dearly than their lawful Iſſue.
[7] *Jove* looking then moſt ſweetly at her
(For ſhe had made his Mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
A Kiſs of a laſcivious Flavor.
[8] My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prithee,
Let's have no more ſuch puling with thee:
All ſhall be well enough, ne'er fear it,
And by my Beard once more I ſwear it,
Thy Son *Æneas*, thou doſt doubt ſo,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
Shall be a King, a Prince at leaſt;
I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt.
With that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his Fiſt as plainly,
From one Side of the Sky to th' other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he, when by and by,
Out came his Foot-Boy *Mercury*,
And aſk'd him without more ado,
What 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?
This *Merc'ry*, you muſt underſtand, Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:

---

[7] *Vultu, quo Cœlum, Tempeſtatéſque ſerenat,*
Oſcula libavit Gnatæ; dehinc talia fatur:
[8] *Parce metu,* Cytherea; *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promiſſa Lavini
Mœnia, ſublimémque feres ad ſydera cæli
Magnanimum Æneam,——

A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
* Dance, run, leap, frisk, and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Somerset*;
And fly with artificial Wings,
Ty'd to his Head and Heels with Strings:
'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,
As we have seen at *Bartle*-Fair;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could say his Errant:
An exc'lent Servant in plain Dealing,
But that he was inclin'd to Stealing.

* See *Plaut.* in *Amphytr.*

9 Sirrah, (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haste to *Carthage*, stir your Stumps,
And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Insinuater:
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*,
Possess throughout with kind Opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*,
Not knowing Things so well as I do,
Should shew 'em all a Trick of *Pass-pass*,
And chance t' indict 'em for a Trespass.
Away he flies *sans* further Speech,
As he had had a Squib in's Breech;
And suddenly, without discerning,
* Set all the *Tyrians* Bowels yearning;

---

* *Hæc ait, & Maiâ genitum demittit ab alto;*
Ut terræ, útque novæ pateant Carthaginis *arces*
Hospitio Teucris; *ne fati nescia* Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum; & Libyæ citus astitit oris:
——— * *Penúntque ferocia* Pœni
Corda, volente Deo; imprimis Regina *quietum*
Accipit in Teucros *animum, mentémque benignum.*

Dido

Dido, for her Part, swore, a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.
Mean while the *Trojans* slept at Ease,
Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their soft Repose in Quiet taking,
[1] Only *Æneas* he was waking;
Who whilst the Night was dark and o'ercast,
Like one that had an exc'lent Fore-cast,
Lay thinking how his Guts grew limber,
How they might get more *Belly-Timber*:
No sooner the Light first came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool, art peeping?
And up he starts to go a stealing,
Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;
And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
To go alone might be some Danger;
[2] Therefore he deem'd it not amiss,
To call a trusty Friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a Two-hand Bat on's Shoulder.
Thus going then abroad for Food,
[3] He meets his Mother in a Wood;
So snug she was, and so array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid:
A great Mistake in her whose Bum
So oft had been God *Mars* his Drum,

---

[1] *At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data est,——
—— [2] *Ipse uno graditur comitatus* Achate;
Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro,
[3] *Cui mater mediâ sese tulit obvia sylvâ,*
Virginis os, habitúmque gerens,——

When oft, full oft the lusty Drum-stick,
Breaking quite through would in her Bum stick.
Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
Would she be trucking with good Fellows;
And let herself be chuck'd as tamely,
As if therein there did no Blame lye,
By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
Or else she foully is bely'd.

[4] Well met, young Men, quoth *Venus* kindly,
As you came through the Woods behind ye,
Pray did you not, for all your Haste, note
A Lass in Petticoat and Waistcoat;
With such a Pelt as mine thrown o'er her,
Driving a Sow and Pig before her?

[5] No truly (quoth *Æneas* mild)
I saw nor Man, Woman or Child;
Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,
I could, as well as others, spy her:
But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,
As if thy Words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
Thou look'st and speakest so demurely:
[6] Therefore Good Mistress, or Good Lady,
I do beseech you, if it may be,

---

[4] *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum*
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculosæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri, cursum clamore prementem?

[5] *Veneris contra sic filius orsus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
O (quam te memorem!) virgo: namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O Dea, certe;

[6] *An* Phœbi *soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una!*

To

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To put us out of Fear or Dangers,
7 Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers?
8 *Venus*, at that wriggling and mumping,
Cries, Pray young Man leave off your Frumping,
For until now I've met with no Man
E'er took me for a Gentlewoman;
She that I ask for is my Sister,
I wonder how the Pox you miss'd her!
We were this Morning sent in haste,
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.
9 Yon Town was built by one *Agenor*,
The Land's so good it needs no *Manner*:
* One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
Ran hither a good while ago:
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whose Story will be worth the hearing:
† But should I tell it all out-right,
I think t'would last a Winter's Night.
‡ Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas! is left a Widow!
Had one *Sichæus* to her Honey,
A wealthy Man in Land and Money;
‖ Whom one *Pygmalion*, unawares,
Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;

---

7 *Quo sub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Jactemur, doceas: ——
8 *Tunc* Venus: *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*
9 *Punica regna vides*, Tyrios, & Agenoris *urbem:*
* *Imperium* Dido *Tyriâ regit urbe profecta,*
—— † *longa est injuria, longæ*
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
‡ *Huic conjux* Sichæus *erat, ditissimus agri.*
—— ‖ *Ille* Sichæum,
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat, ——

Only for lucre of his Pelf,
Which he had thought t'have had himself,
[1] And fob'd Queen *Dido* off some Season,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
By telling her a Flim flam Prattle,
That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
But on a Time, as without doubt,
Murder at some odd Time will out:
One Night as she did sleep and snore,
As she had never slept before,
[2] Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking.
A Link he in his Hand did brandish,
His Face was paler than your Sand is;
Nearer he came, and would have kiss'd her,
At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her,
But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
He gave her *Words of Consolation.*
Quoth he, I murder'd am, my Jewel,
By Ways most barbarous and cruel:
And for to shew I tell no Fibs,
[3] Look what a Hole here's in my Ribs.
And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to use thee like a Stallion;
[4] Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Rascal ne'er a Penny

---

[1] *& ægram,*
(Multa malus simulans) vanâ spe lusit amantem.
[2] *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
——— [3] *Trajectâque pectora ferro*
Nudavit, ———
[4] *Tum celerare fugam, patriâque excedere suadet,*
Auxiliúmque viæ, veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.

To

To bleſs himſelf: it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garden.
[5] *Dido* at this, riſes up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalion*'s Curſes,
Steals all his Money-bags and Purſes;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whilſt all this Geer
Was order'd by a *Waiſtcoateer*.
[6] At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,
And bought as much good feeding Ground for
Five Marks, as ſome would give five Pound for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſwife wary,
Has her Ground ſtockt, and keeps a Dairy:
[7] And now, young Men, I pray ye, ſhew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?
[8] This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,

---

[5] *His commota, fugam* Dido *ſociosque parabat.*
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudelis tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerántque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis *opes pelago; Dux fœmina facti.*
[6] *Devenêre locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentémque novæ Carthaginis arcem,
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantùm poſſent circumdare tergo.
[7] *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quóve tenetis iter? [8] *Quærenti talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imóque trahens à pectore vocem:
O Dea, ſi primâ repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum;
Antè diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.

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And looking ruefully upon her,
Oh! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,
Should I begin my Story spinning
From the first End to th' last Beginning,
I doubt to finish we should miss time,
For it would last till t'morrow this time.
9 We *Trojans* are of *Troy-town* Race,
(If e'er you heard of such a Place;)
* And I *Æneas* fam'd in Fight;
But much more for a Carpet-Knight:
Who bring along our Country-Gods,
A Company of smoaky Toads,
Catch'd out o'th' Fire from the *Greek*,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I say't) with any He,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Especially by th' Mother's side.
Did my Fame never hither come?
I'm talk'd of far and near at home;
To tell you truly as a Friend,
† For *Italy* we do intend,
And put to Sea in paltry Weather,
‡ With twenty Pairs of Oars together:

---

9 *Nos* Trojâ *antiquâ (si vestras forte per aures*
Trojæ *nomen iit)* ———
* *Sum pius* Æneas, *raptos qui ex hoste Penates*
Classe veho mecum, ———
† Italiam *quæro patriam & genus ab* Jove *summo.*
‡ *Bis denis* Phrygium *conscendi navibus æquor,*
Matre Deâ monstrante viam, data fata secutus:
Vix septem convulsæ undis, Euróque supersunt.

Of

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Of which there hardly are left ſeven,
Which put into the Shore laſt Even.
[1] *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
And ſeeing he could ſcarce hold crying:
Thus cut him off in courteous Faſhion,
I'th' midſt on's pitiful Relation.
[2] Whoe'er thou art, take Heart I ſay,
Rome can't be built all on a Day;
And tho' you've ſuffer'd ſome Diſaſters,
Yet let me tell you this, my Maſters,
'Tis a good Sign that thoſe Gods love ye,
For all your haſte, that hither drove ye:
You might have walk'd your Pumps a pieces,
E'er light on ſuch a Place as this is.
[3] Go ye to th' *Queen* now out of Hand,
And ſhow her how your Matters ſtand:
She'll make you welcome for her Part:
She loves tall Fellows in her Heart:
[4] There, on my honeſt Word, you'll meet
Your loſt Companions, I foreſee't;
And have all Things that you could wiſh,
[5] Or ſurely I was taught amiſs:
(And I a Father had could make,
In time of need an Almanack)

---

[1] *Nec plura querentem*
Paſſa Venus: *medio ſic interfata dolore eſt:*
[2] *Quiſquis es, haud (credo) invifus cœleſtibus auras*
Vitales carpis, Tyriam *qui adveneris urbem.*
[3] *Perge modo atque hinc te Reginæ ad limina perfer,*
[4] *Namque tibi reduces ſocios, claſſemque relatam*
Nuntio, ——
[5] *Ni fruſtra augurium vani docuêre parentes.*

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Chear up your Hearts, your Spirits rally,
And ne'er ſtand fooling ſhall I, ſhall I,
But budge, jog on, beſtir your Toes,
6 There lies your Way, follow your Noſe.
7 With that ſhe turn'd to go away,
And did her freckl'd Neck diſplay;
By which, and by a certain Whiff,
Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,
And a fine Hobble in her Pace,
Æneas knew his Mother's Grace:
8 Mother, quoth he, why doſt thou run thus?
And with thy *Mamming* cheat thy Son thus?
Why may we not ſhake one another
By th' Hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woeful Caſes,
Whilſt thus we wander in ſtrange Places.
9 But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She ſoiſt away could in a Miſt;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a Promiſe newly,
* To meet a Friend of her's to dally,
In a blind Street they call *Ram-alley*.

---

6 *Perge modò*; & *quâ te ducit via, dirige gressum.*
7 *Dixit*; & *avertens roseâ cervice refulsit*;
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; *pedes vestis defluxit ad imos*;
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Ille, ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus:
8 *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?
9 *At* Venus *obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit*,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
Molirive moram, ——
* *Ipsa* Paphum *sublimis abit*, —— *Æneas*

Æneas then began to find,
That there was something in the Wind;
And said, my Mother's a mad Shaver,
No Man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as half a Crown,
We two could walk so into th' Town.
Venus heard what he said, for she
Could hear as far as we can see;
And in a Moment to befriend 'em,
Two Cloaks invisible did lend 'em.
Thus cloakt, their Knavery to shelter,
[1] Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Town's End.
[2] *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,
To see of Houses a whole Hundred;
But when he saw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage*-Fair.
[3] The Town was full all in a Pother,
Some doing one thing, some another,
Some digging were, some making Morter,
Some hewing Stones in such a Quarter:
For they were all, as Story tells,
Building or doing something else:
[4] And to be short, all that he seen,
Were working busily as Bees.

---

[1] *Corripuere viam interea, quâ semita monstrat.*
Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversâque aspectat desuper arces.
[2] *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*
[3] *Instant ardentes Tyrii; pars ducere muros,*
Molirique arcem, & manibus subvolvere saxa:
Pars optare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.
[4] *Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura*
Exercet sub sole labor, ——— [5] I'th'

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5 I'th' middle of the Town there stood
A goodly *Elm* o'ergrown with Wood:
And under that were Stocks most duly,
To lock them fast that were unruly:
There sat they down to ease their Travel,
Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel,
And look'd about as they lay lurking,
6 To see the busy *Tyrians* working:
But none could see them for their Spell,
They were so hid, they might as well,
Tho' they had been never so nigh 'em,
See through a double Door as spy 'em.
Near stood the Church, a pretty Building,
Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unless't be *Pancras*, if you know it.
7 This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholden unto none,
But built it all, both Stick and Stone,
At her own proper Cost and Charges;
No Church in the Country near so large is:
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar;
For so the Workmen did exhort her,
Because it would be so much stronger,
And so, you know, would last the longer:

---

5 *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætissimus umbrâ:*
6 *Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu,*
Per medios, miscétque viris; neque cernitur ulli.
7 *Hic templum* Junoni *ingens Sidonia* Dido
Condebat, ——

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It had a Door peg'd with a Pin,
To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
A low Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'em,
That in they went, and no one spy'd 'em.
[8] But when they wonder'd to behold
The Images so manifold,
That staring stood in sundry Places,
As if they would fly in their Faces:
Then quoth *Æneas* to's Comrade,
This Fellow Master was on's Trade,
That pictur'd these: Look, look, as I am
An honest Man, yonder's our *Priam*;
See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
As he could speak both Greek and Latin:
Whoop, yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troilus*.
Look thee, how there the *Græcians* foil us;
[9] And there our trusty *Trojans* do
Band them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
With his Cock-feather in his Cap:

---

[8] *Artificumque manus inter se, operúmque laborem*
Miratur; videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellâque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem;
Atridas, Priamúmque, & sævum ambobus Achillem.
Constitit, & lacrymans, Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?
—— [9] *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, *premeret* Trojana *juventus:*
Hac Phrygas; instaret curru cristatus Achilles.

And

And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,
Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.
How came these here to be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.

[1] Whilst thus *Æneas* sad and muddy
Stood musing in a dark brown Study,
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white, as on a *May-day*:
A Crew of Roysters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her Men of Honour:
All clad in fair blue Coats and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

[2] Ev'n as a proper Woman shows,
When into Wake or Fair she goes,
Clad in her best Apparel, so
Queen *Dido* all this time did show,
And was so brave a buxom Lass,
That she did all the Town surpass.
Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,
And there betwixt a Pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
She went to rest her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cushion stuff'd with Flocks,
She clap'd her dainty Pair of Docks.

---

[1] *Hæc dum* Dardanio *Æneæ miranda videntur,*
Dum stupet, obtutúque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum formâ pulcherrima Dido
Incessit, magnâ juvenum stipante catervâ.
[2] *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis, aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiénsque Deas supereminet omnes.

[3] There

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[3] *There Dido* sat in State each Day,
To hear what any one could say;
Some to rebuke, and for to smooth some,
And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome;
To punish such as had Insolence,
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
And there likewise each Morning-tide,
She did the young Men's Task divide;
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
And fell about it without jangling:
But that which kept them most from wrangling,
Was that they still drew Cuts to know,
Whether they should work hard or no:
And who had the longest Cut, and th' best,
And still more Work than all the rest.
[4] Here whilst *Æneas* squeez'd and thrust in,
To see Queen *Dido* doing Justice:
Who should he but his Fellows spy,
Got into *Dido*'s Company:
There *Antheus* was (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapour.
Chauthus too, the Woollen-draper,
All which and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to Shore,

---

[3] *Tum foribus Divæ mediâ testudine templi,*
Septa armis, solióque alto subnixa resedit;
Jura dabat, legésque viris, operumque laborem
Partibus æquabat justis, aut sorte trahebat.
[4] *Cum subitò Æneas concursu accedere magno*
Anthea, Sergestumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios; ater quos æquore turbo
Dispulerat, penitúsque alias advexerat oras.

[5] At this *Æneas* and his Friend,
Were e'en almost at their Wits End;
Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here?
Nay, quoth the other presently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I?

[6] *Æneas* was so glad on's Kin,
He ready was to leap out on's Skin;
And so was the other, for in Sadness,
They were e'en mad 'twixt Fear and Gladness.
But yet it seems they were so wise,
To keep 'em safe in their Disguise,
Until their Friends had try'd the Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

[7] At last they saw one *Ilioneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious:
A Youth of very fine Condition.
A very pretty Rhetorician;
One that could Write, and Read, and had
Been bred at Free-school from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good Fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration:
[8] O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keep'st thy Ground in hearty Tillage,

---

[5] *Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates,*
[6] *Lætitiáque, metúque, avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat.
Dissimulant, & nube cavâ speculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris; ——————
[7] *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cæpit:
[8] *O Regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Justitiáque dedit gentes frænare superbas;
Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
Oramus; prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parcepio generi, & propiùs res aspice nostras. O thou,

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O thou who haſt the Royal Science
To govern Men as well as Lions,
Behold us here, who look like Men
New eaten and ſpew'd up agen:
So ſpitefully has Fortune croſt us,
So woefully the Seas have toſt us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you ſee,
Even as poor as poor may be;
Thrown on the Shore by Wind and Weather,
Ill Luck, the Devil, and all together;
And humbly do beſeech your Grace
To pity our moſt woeful Caſe.
Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
And look upon us grim and ſurly;
So that, if you be not good to us,
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us:
Therefore we pray you ſend ſome one,
To bid 'em let our Boats alone.
9 Alas, we come not to purloin,
Either your Cattle or your Coin,
Neither to filch Linen or Woollen,
Nor yet to ſteal away your Pullen;
W'have no ſuch knaviſh Ends as theſe,
But only to beg Bread and Cheeſe.
* We were hard rowing to a Place,
A hardiſh Kind of Name it was,

---

9 *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare Penates*
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
* *Eſt locus (Heſperiam Graji cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ;
Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine, gentem.
Hue curſus fuit:

Where

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Where once your what shall's call'ums (cut 'em,
It makes me mad I have forgot 'em)
Liv'd a great while; but now, d'ye see,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:
[1] When on a sudden one *Orion*
Powder'd upon us like a Lion,
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown ourselves:
So that of Sixscore-Men, and odd ones,
Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.
[2] Then what should ail your *Tyrians* thus
To scrowl and look askew at us;
O where the Devil were they bred?
Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by Bread!
And for to tell your Grace my Thought,
I think they're better fed than taught;
For (as I am an honest Man,
Let 'em deny it if they can)
[3] No sooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us:
But, *Queen*, I hope, thou'd't teach the Wretches
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

---

[1] *Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitusque procacibus Austris
Pérque undas, superante salo, pérque invia saxa
Dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
[2] *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria? [3] Hospitio prohibemur arenæ:
Bella cient, primâque vetant consistere terrâ.

[4] *Enras*

[4] *Æneas* once did us command,
A taller Fellow of his Hand,
Nor honester, ne'er did, or shall
Draw up a Trapstick to a Wall.
If he but live, and that already
He be not drowned in some Eddy,
You of your Cost will ne'er repent you,
For to a Penny he'll content you.
[5] Look then o'th' *Trojans* and befriend 'em,
Let's draw our Boats ashore and mend 'em,
We'll promise you that if we meet
Our Captain with the rest o'th' Fleet,
And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,
We towards *Italy* will trudge on:
[6] And if that he shall still be lacking,
Then back again we'll straight be packing.
7. *Dido*, like Woman of good Fashion,
Gave special Heed to his Relation,

---

[4] *Rex erat Æneas nobis; quo justior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis;
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aurâ
Æthereâ, necque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
Non metus, officio nec te certâsse priorem
Pœniteat. ———
[5] *Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,*
Et silvis aptare trabes, & stringere remos;
Si datur Italiam, sociis & rege recepto,
Tendere; ut Italiam læti, Latiúmque petamus:
[6] *Sin absumpta salus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Lybiæ, nec spes jam restat Iuli:
At freta Sicaniæ saltem, sedésque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regémque petamus Acestem.
[7] *Tum breviter* Dido, *vultum demissa, profatur:*
Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, ———

And

And all the while he did relate it,
Mumpt like a Bride that would be at it.
At last when he had told his Tale,
Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheary,
Pluck up your Hearts, and rest you merry;
Our Town-folks here are something wary,
Not that they any Ill-will bear ye;
For they are very honest Fellows,
But that of late a Chance befel us.
To tell you true, the other Day,
When then all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
A lusty Rascal, such a one
As one of you (Dispraise to none)
Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
Where all our Cloaths were hung to bleach,
Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
The very best of all my Stock;
And runs away wi't in a Trice:
('T had ne'er been on my Back past twice:
But you, I know, such Baseness scorn,
You all are Men well bred and born:
[a] Who has not heard o'th *Trojan* People,
And of *Æneas* and his Swipple?
Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
So far remov'd from *Phœbus'* Fire,
But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,
And carry Toys like other Women.

---

[a] *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ nescius urbem?*
Virtutésque, virósque, aut tanta incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni;
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

[b] Therefore

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9 Therefore you ſhall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no;
Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Pariſh back again;
Have what you want, nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get Money:
* But if you tarry here, this Town
That now I build ſhall be your own;
And be as free you *Trojans* ſhall,
As any *Tyrian* of 'em all.
A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hoſe on's Head:
† And I could wiſh that the ſame Weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do.
‡ But I'll ſend out my Men; who knows,
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,
For very Need to fill his Guts?
‖ *Æneas* in his miſty Cloak,
Heard every Word Queen *Dido* ſpoke.

---

9 *Seu vos Heſperiam magnam, Saturniâque arva,*
Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Aceſten,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.
* *Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?*
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt; ſubducite naves.
Tros, Tyriuſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.
† *Atque utinam Rex ipſe Noto compulſus eodem*
Afforet Æneas! ——
—— ‡ *Per litora certos*
Dimittam, & Libyæ luſtrare extrema jubebo;
Si quibus ejectus ſylvis, aut urbibus errat.
‖ *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et Pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant ——

Her

Her Honey Words made his Mouth water,
And he e'en twitter'd to be at her:
But he was ſo o'erjoy'd, he ſtood
Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
And could not ſpeak (though he was willing)
Would one have gave him forty Shilling.
[1] At laſt his Friend jog'd him with Hand,
How like a Logger-head you ſtand!
Quoth he, for certainly I think,
Thou'rt either mad, or in thy Drink:
Doſt thou not ſee our Friends all round,
Excepting one whom we ſaw drown'd;
And all as well as Heart can wiſh,
And yet thou ſtand'ſt as mute as Fiſh!
[2] Scarce he had ſpoke, but off he threw
His Mantle made of Miſts ſo blue,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen
As any there, *God bleſs the Queen.*
[3] For's Mother had ſo dizen'd him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat and trim:
Tho' (truly!) he was but an odd Man,
Splay-mouth'd, crump-ſhoulder'd, like the God *Pan:*
Yet could he not i'th' Nick invent
Her Majeſty a Compliment:

---

[1] ——— *Prior Æneam compellat Achates:*
Nate Deâ, quæ nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides; claſſem, ſociosque receptos.
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum: ———
[2] *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfuſa repente*
Scindit ſe nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Reſtitit Æneas, clarumque in luce refulſit,
[3] *Os humeroſque Deo ſimilis; namque ipſa decoram*
Cæſariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores.

But

But scratch'd his Head, and 'gan to sputter,
His Elbow rubb'd, and kept a Clutter,
Mopping and mowing, till at last,
All Difficulties over-past,
[1] In Courtly Phrase it thus came out:
Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout:
That same *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here without *Deceptio visus:*
I that same very Man am here,
And come to taste of your good Cheer;
[2] O *Dido*, Primrose of Perfection,
Who only granteſt kind Protection
To wand'ring *Trojans*, how shall we
E'er pay thee for this Courtesy!
We never can, my dainty Friend,
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an End.
[3] Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And spoke to's Men, says, Lads, how is't?
Come, give me every one a Fist;

---

[1] *Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente*
Improvisus ait; Coram, quem quæritis, adsum
Troïus Æneas, ———

[2] *O sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores,*
Quæ nos, relliquias Danaüm, terræque, marisque
Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe domo socias. Grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostræ, Dido; *nec quicquid ubique est*
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.
Dii tibi (si qua pios respectant numina, siquid
Usquam justitiæ est, et mens sibi conscia recti)
Præmia digna ferant. ———

[3] *Sic fatus, amicum*
Ilionea petit dextrâ, lævâque Serestum;
Post, alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

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How dost thou, *Guy*, and Sirs, how d'ye?
Now by my Troth, I'm glad to see ye;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Than where we were a while ago,
No longer since than Yesterday:
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say,
With that to shaking Hands they fall,
And he most friendly shak'd 'em all;
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have shak'd 'em better.
[4] Queen *Dido*, ravish'd to behold
The Carriage sweet of this Springold,
Star'd for a while as she'd look through him,
And then thus broke her Mind unto him:
[5] O thou who hast so finely been bred,
And com'd art of such honest Kindred,
By what strange Luck hast thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd:
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,
Thou'st been so bang'd about the Stoops.
[6] Art thou *Æneas* with th'great Ware
So famous for a Cudgel-player,
Whom *Venus*, with her fine Devices,
Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises*?
[7] My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
(I think he had not many sprucer)

---

[4] *Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia* Dido,
Casu deinde viri tanto, & sic ore locuta est:
[5] *Quis te, nate Deâ, per tanta pericula casus*
Insequitur? quæ vis immanibus applicat oris?
[6] *Tune ille Æneas, quem Dardanio* Anchisæ
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
[7] *Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,*
Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli, ——

To

To take Poſſeſſion of an Iſland,
That was ſome twenty Rood of Dry-land.
[8] And he ſtill gave great Commendations
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
And told me you and he were Couſins.
[9] Therefore, young Men, to *Carthage* you
Are welcome without more ado:
I have myſelf (I'd have you know)
Been driven to my Shifts e'er now,
And therefore, in my Juriſdiction,
Pity a Beaſt that's in Affliction:
[1] With that ſhe ſtretched forth a Hand
So white, it made *Æneas* ſtand
Amaz'd to ſee't (for know that ſhe
Still waſh'd her Hands in Chamber-lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind Faſhion,
Towards her Grace's Habitation;
And made a Curtzy at the Door,
And pray'd him to go in before:
But he moſt courteouſly cry'd, no,
I hope I'm better bred than ſo;
But, let him ſay what he ſay could,
Dido ſwore *Faith and Troth* he ſhould:

---

[8] *Ipſe hoſtis Teucros inſigni laude ferebat;*
Séque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à ſtirpe volebat.
[9] *Quare agite, ô, tectis, juvenes, ſuccedite noſtris.*
Me quoque, per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hâc demum voluit conſiſtere terrâ.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
[1] *Sic memorat; ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta: ——

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Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still
Women and Fools must have their Will:
And thereupon, without more talking,
Enters before her proudly stalking.
Scarce were they got within the Doors,
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great Coyl and Scolding kept,
Because the House was not clean swept.
[2] Then all in haste away she sends
Victuals unto *Æneas'* Friends;
Pease Porridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowse,
O'th' very best she had i'th' House:
Butter and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,
To fill their Guts that were full empty.
Bidding them eat, and never save it,
But call for more, and they should have it.
[3] This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in;
Into a Parlour neat she takes 'em,
And there most fairly welcome makes 'em:
She serv'd 'em Drink and Victuals up,
As long as they would eat or sup;
Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.
No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;

---

[2] *Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos:
[3] *At domus interior regali splendida luxu*
Instruitur: mediisque parant convivia tectis.

But

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But that *Æneas* ſtraight begun,
[4] All to bethink him of his Son.
* Now you muſt know that he had had
A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad:
The Laſs *Creuſa* had to Name,
Whom, (be it ſpoken to their Shame)
The *Greeks* when firſt they took *Troy* City,
Did thruſt to Death, without all Pity:
Firſt of that Sex ſure, in fair Juſting,
That ever ſuffer'd Death by thruſting.
[5] His Son *Aſcanius* hight, a Page,
About ſome dozen Years of Age,
This Boy *Æneas* ſent *Achates*
To fetch (quoth he) ſince we feed *gratis*,
Why ſhould not now my little Baſtard,
(That I dare ſwear would prove no Daſtard)
Come to Queen *Dido*'s Houſe, and feaſt,
As we have done, o'th' very beſt?
Go fetch him then, [6] and let him bring's
Out of my Coffer thoſe gay Things
I ſav'd at *Troy*; which for their Fineneſs
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a Brave-guard,

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

---

[4] *Omnis in* Aſcanio *chari ſtat cura parentis.*
[5] Æneas—*rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achatem:
Aſcanio *ferat hæc, ipſumque ad mœnia ducat.*
[6] *Munera præterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,*
Ferre jubet; pallam ſignis, auróque vigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho;
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *cùm peteret, inconceſſoſque* Hymenæos,
Extulerat: ———

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Which *Helen* wore the very Day
That *Paris* stole her quite away.
7 Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,
That *Paris* too for *Helen* bought,
For carved Works fit to be seen,
Betwixt the Legs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruff,
Made of a pure and costly Stuff,
To wear about her Highness' Neck,
Like Miss *Cocaneys* in the *Peak*;
And last a Quoif, wrought gorgeously
With Tinsel, and *Blue Coventry*:
Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,
And bring him and these Presents with thee.
8 Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast as if h'had ridden;
But *Venus* that same cunning Dame,
Had yet another Trick to play 'em.
9 She had no very good Opinion
Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*:
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courtesy;
1 And she was sure that *Juno* would
Do all the Mischief that she could;

---

7 *Præterea sceptrum*, Ilione *quod gesserat olim*,
Maxima natarum Priami, *colloque monile*
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auróque coronam.
8 *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectore versat*
Consilia: ——————
9 *Quippe domum timet ambiguam,* Tyriósque *bilingues.*
1 *Urit atrox* Juno, ——————

Therefore

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Therefore she in all haste did run
T' a Boy call'd *Cupid* was her Son.
This *Cupid* was a little Tiny,
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny;
No bigger than a good Point Tag,
But yet a vile unhappy Wag:
He ne'er would go to School, but play
The Truant ev'ry other Day:
Run Men into the Breech with Pins,
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their Shins;
Kill People's Hens, and steal their Chicks,
And do a thousand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breech Elf
Would shoot like *Robin Hood* himself;
And had, I warrant, ev'ry Dart
Poison'd with such a subtle Art,
That where they hit, their Pow'r was so,
It made Folks love, would they or no;
And for this Trick the hopeful Youth
Was call'd, *The God of Love*, forsooth.
To this young 'Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her graceless Son:
[2] My Goldy Locks (quoth she) my Joy,
My pretty little tyny Boy;
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T' implore thy little Deity.

---

[2] *Gnate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia solus,*
Gnate, Patris summi, qui tela Typhoëa tumnis;
Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.

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[3] Thou know'ſt as well as any other,
How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
Our poor *Æneas*; what a Clatter
She made to drown him on the Water;
Nay, ſhe would do more Miſchief ſtill,
If the curſt Queen might have her Will.
[4] *Æneas* now is at a Place,
Call'd *Carthage*, with a handſome Laſs,
Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much as Heart can wiſh;
[5] But leſt the Queen ſhould change her Mind,
As Weather-cocks do with the Wind,
And thorough *Juno*'s Wiles, at laſt,
Shew him a Woman's ſlipp'ry Caſt:
My pretty Archer, let us two
Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
My Son *Æneas* does diſpatch
Achates to the Wharf, to fetch
My little Grand-child, who muſt come
To ſup in *Dido*'s Dining-room.
Now ſince that thus in ſhort the Caſe is,
And that thou canſt ſo well cut Faces;

---

[3] *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*
Litora jactetur, odiis Junonis *iniquæ,*
Nota tibi: ——————
[4] *Hunc* Phœniſſa *tenet* Dido, *blandiſque moratur*
Vocibus: & vereor, quo ſe Junonia *vertant*
Hoſpitia; haud tanto ceſſabit cardine rerum.
[5] *Quocirca capere antè dolis, & cingere flammâ*
Reginam meditor, ne quo ſe numine mutet;

I would

[6] [7] I would have thee to set thy *Phys-*
Nomy in such a Shape as his:
And go along as meek and mild
As any little sucking Child:
When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
Will clip and kiss thee Cheek and Chin;
Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raisons,
Then must thou play thy petty Treasons,
Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
That Fame and Honour she may go by,
And let *Æneas* firk her Toby.
[8] This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset;
And when he's fast, I will him hide,
I'th' Top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.
[9] *Cupid*, who Mischief lov'd, I think,
Better by half than Meat or Drink,
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.

---

[6] —— *Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio *veniat*,
[7] *Tu faciem illius, noctem non amplius unam,*
Falle dolo; & notus pueri puer indue vultus:
Ut, cùm te gremio accipiet lætissima Dido,
Regales inter mensas, laticémque Lyæum,
Cùm dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem, fallásque veneno.
[8] *Hunc ego sopitum somno, super alta* Cythera
Aut super Idalium *sacratâ sede recondam.*
[9] *Paret Amor dictis charæ genitricis, & alas*
Exuit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iüli.

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His Wings he from his Shoulders throws,
Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes;
And dreſs'd himſelf to ſuch a Wonder,
That none could know the Lads aſunder.
[1] But *Venus* gave th' other a Sop,
That made him ſleep like any Top;
And whilſt he taking was a Nap,
She laid him neatly in her Lap,
And carry'd him t'a Houſe that ſtood
Upon a Hill near to a Wood:
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.
[2] In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iülus'* Clothes;
[3] Who ſhould he ſee, when he came there,
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chair,
I'th' midſt of all the *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring and ſwearing at her Maids!
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,
Whereupon ſhe ſtamp'd as ſhe were Wood;
And likewiſe there was finely put
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.

---

[1] *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat; *& fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos*
Idaliæ *lucos*: *ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbrâ.
[2] *Jámque ibat dicto parens*, ——————
[3] *Cùm venit*, *aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis*
Aureâ compoſuit ſpondâ, *mediámque locavit.*
Jam pater Æneas, *& jam* Trojana *juventus*
Conveniunt, *ſtratóque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.*

There

There as she sat upon her Crupper,
[4] She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a thund'ring Meal,
Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
Hens, Geese, and Turkies, Ducks, and Custards,
And at the last, Fowls, Flawns, and Bustards:
The *Trojans* eat and make good Cheer,
Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer;
There was old Drinking then and Singing,
And all the while the Bell was ringing:
One would have thought, by the great Feast,
'T had been a Wedding at the least.
Whilst thus they Eat, and Drink, and Chat,
[5] *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
So cunning was in counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At last, Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mountebanking Ape,
And kiss'd his Lips all on a Lather,
And thus bespeaks the new-made Father:
By th' Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
Thou got'st this Boy when thou wert lusty;
And any one that does but note him,
May soon know who it was begot him;

---

[4] *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo*
Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere Penates.
Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate ministri,
Qui dapibus mensas onerent, & pocula ponant.
[5] *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet inscia Dido,
Insideat quantus miseræ Deus. ———

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I dare be ſworn 'twas thou did'ſt get him,
He's e'en as like thee as th' hadſt ſpit him.
[6] Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſs'd and dandl'd,
Cupid had ſo the Matter handl'd,
That ſhe began, upon a ſudden,
To feel a longing for White Pudden.
[7] When they had ſupp'd, and that the Waiters
Had Trenchers ta'en away, and Platters;
[8] Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* ſtarts,
And takes a Mug that held two Quarts
Of Drink, that ſhe, with much forbearing,
Had ſav'd long ſince for her Sheep-ſhearing:
And thus begins, Here, Sirs, here's to you,
And, from my Heart, much good may do you:
[9] *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To ——— and to good Company;
And he that will not pledge me fairly,
And name the Words as I do barely;
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never tickle Woman.
[1] With that ſhe ſet it to her Noſe,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;

---

6 ——— *At memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sichæum
Incipit, & *vivo tentat prævertere amore*
Jampridem reſides animos ———
7 *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ;*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & *vina coronant.*
8 *Hic Regina gravem gemmis, auróque popoſcit,*
Implevítque mero pateram: quem Belus, & *omnes*
A Belo *ſoliti* ———
9 *Adſit lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator*, & *bona* Juno
Et vos, ô cœtum, Tyrii, *celebrate faventes.*
1 *Dixit*, & *in menſa laticum libavit honorem,*
Primáque libato ſummo tenus attigit ore.

No

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No Drops beſides her Muzzle falling,
Until that ſhe had ſupp'd it all in:
Then, turning't * Topſey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.
Æneas, as the Story tells,
And all the reſt did bleſs themſelves,
To ſee her troll off ſuch a Pitcher,
And yet to have her Face no richer.
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles)
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:
But, Madam (ſays he) ſweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * Plowing:
For if you do at this large rate,
There will be many an aking Pate:
[2] With that he took a luſty Swimmer.
Here, Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer,
In kind Return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido*'s beſt Affections.
[3] Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and ſwaggering pell-mell,
[4] Whilſt a blind Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido*'s Cognizance,
A Minſtrel that *Iopus* hight,
Who play'd and ſung to them all Night:
He ſung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Men's Devices, Women's Patches;

* *Alias*, Kelty.

* *Ending one, and beginning another.*

---

[2] ——— *Ille impiger hauſit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno ſe proluit auro.
[3] *Poſt alii proceres,* ———
[4] ——— *Citharâ crinitus* Iopas
Perſonat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam, ———

With

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With ancient Songs of high Renown,
And even one they call *Troy-Town*:
At that *Æneas* shak'd his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle:
(Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty
Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,
When Faggot-sticks flew in Folks Chops,
And knock'd Men down as thick as Hops,
I do believe, for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had small Mind of Rhiming:
Yet, for to give the Devil's Due,
Whoe'er it was, the Ballad's true.
5 From *Dido* then a Belch did fly,
'Tis thought she meant it for a Sigh,
And Tears ran down her fair long Nose;
The Queen was *maudlin*, I suppose,
6 (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jesting,
Thou needs must tell, at my Requesting,
All the whole Tale of *Troy*'s Condition,
Since first you troubled was with *Grecian*;
Hector's great Frights, and *Priam*'s Speeches,
And eke describe *Achilles*' Breeches,
How strong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tydides*' Horse were dapple:
Tell me, I say, of *Paris*' Lech'ry,
The *Grecians* Quarrel, and their Treach'ry,

---

5 *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque bibebat amorem*;
6 *Multa super* Priamo *rogitans, super* Hectore *multa*;
Nunc, quibus Auroræ *venisset filius armis*;
Nunc, quales Diomedis *equi*; *nunc, quantus* Achilles:
Imo age, & à prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
Insidias, inquit, Danaûm, casúsque tuorum,
Erroréque tuos:——

Your

Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,
And how you lost your Goods and Chattles,
And to what Places you have wander'd,
E'er since you were so basely squander'd:
All these Things would I know most duly,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

The End of the first BOOK.

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SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Traveſtie.

A

MOCK-POEM

In Imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's Æneis,

In Engliſh BURLESQUE.

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Eſq;

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.

The FOURTH BOOK.

[1] IN this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply ſmitten;
Much taken with the *Trojan*'s Perſon,
Than which a properer was ſcarce one:
Much of his Breeding did ſhe reckon:
But that which ſtab'd her was his Weapon;
For which ſhe did ſo ſcald and burn,
That none but he could ſerve her turn.
[2] The Sun, that ſpruce light-headed Fellow,
With frizel Locks of ſandy Yellow,

---

[1] *At Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia curâ*
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multuſque recurſat
Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaque; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
[2] *Poſtera* Phœbeâ *luſtrabat lampade terras,*
Humentémque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;
Cùm ſic unanimem alloquitur malè ſana ſororem.

The

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The Windows crept by Radiation,
Like Son begot in Fornication,
When *Dido*, mad to go to Man,
Just thus bespoke her Sister *Nan*:
[3] I've been all Night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,
So strangely troubl'd in my Fancy,
I could not rest till Morning-peep,
Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my Sleep:
[4] What a stout Stripling's this *Æneas*,
That thus has cross'd the Seas to us:
I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,
No mortal Woman ever bore him;
[5] But some Great Lady in the Sky,
That nurs'd him up with Furmity,
I hate a base cowardly Drone,
Worse than a Rigil with one Stone:
But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
[6] How bravely does he talk of Fighting!
I tell thee, *Nancy*, were't not that
Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
Should I so soon new Suitors have,
[7] My Husband yet scarce cold in's Grave;

---

[3] *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent!*
[4] *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!*
Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore, & armis!
[5] *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit. [6] *Heu quibus ille*
Jactatus fatis! Quæ bella exhausta canebat!
[7] *Ne cui me vinc'lo vellem sociare jugali,*
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami, tedæque fuisset,
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.

And

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And were I not with my first Honey
Half tir'd as 'twere with Matrimony;
I could, with this same Youngster tall,
Find in my Heart to try a Fall.
[8] I must confess, since that sad Season
Pygmalion cut my Husband's Weazon:
This only (not to mince the Matter)
Has made my Jiggambob to water:
[9] But may I first, I *Jove* implore,
Sink thorough this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellar's Bottom,
E'er I commit the Thing you wot on;
Or any Thing by Lust's Suggestion,
[1] That my good Name may bring in question.
[2] Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.
Nan in her Answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her Tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her)
As was in that and next Town to her.
[3] O Sister dearer to me far
Than Sun-shine Days in Harvest are:

---

[8] *Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata* Sichæi
Conjugis, & sparsos fraterna cæde Penates,
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
Impulit; agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.
[9] *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,*
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me ——
[1] *Ante pudor quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam:*
[2] *Sic effata, sinum lachrymis implevit obortis.*
[3] *Anna refert; ô luce magis dilecta sorori,*

Wilt

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[4] Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman wood,
Still stop the Current of thy Blood,
And lose the Time, by vain Pretences,
Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?
Wilt thou cut Faces evermore,
For Husband dead as Nail and Door?
Dost thou believe, thou puling Thing,
[5] That dead Folks care for whimpering?
[6] 'Yield, and be nought at last, y'have plaid
The Fool too long, here be it said,
And stood too much in your own Light,
Or long enough ago you might
[7] Have match'd yourself, and that well too,
To rich and proper Men enow.
What though you have said many nay,
Yea, and burnt Day-light, as we say,
Godman *Iarbas* here hard by,
And others of good Yeomanry,
That might have pass'd; because, forsooth,
They could not please your dainty Tooth;
[8] Must you still mince it at this rate,
With one you twitter to be at?

---

[4] *Solâne perpetuâ mœrens carpêre juventâ?*
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmin nôris?
[5] *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?*
[6] *Esto*; *ægram nulli quondam flexêre mariti*;
[7] *Non* Lybiæ, *non antè* Tyro; *despectus* Iarbas,
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa *terra triumphis*
Dives alit: [8] *Placitoque etiam pugnabis amori?*
Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
Et Numida infræni cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis:
Hinc ———
Barcæi ———

You

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You ne'er consider'd what a Throng
Of saucy Knaves you live among,
Base ill-bred cheating sorry Currs,
Rascals as false as Moorlanders,
Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
To match with one will tent your Cattle,
Will in short Space not leave a Goose,
Turky, or Hen about the House:
[9] Your Brother too, he swears and curses
About his Money-bags and Purses,
[1] I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful Friends,
For some most secret courteous Ends,
Over blue *Neptune*'s bouncing Ferries,
Have hither sent these *Trojan* Wherries.
Oh, were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,
How oft and ably would they do us!
[2] What a fine Town would ours be then,
How bravely stor'd with lusty Men!
Then, without any more ado,
Sifter, say Grace, and so fall to;
They in good Manners, Ten to one,
Will make an Offer to be gone:
And rather trust their rotten Barges,
Than stay to put you to more Charges;

---

[9] *Germanique minas?* ———
[1] *Diis equidem auspicibus reor, & Junone secundâ*
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.
[2] *Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes! quæ surgere regna*
Conjugio tali! Teucrûm comitantibus armis,
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!

But

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[3] But you may make 'em, at Command,
As eas'ly stay as kiss your Hand.
[4] Can you not tell 'em that the Weather
'S too cold or hot, (no Matter whether)
Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,
That they must mend 'em e'er they go;
And, in Conclusion, with good Reason,
Wish 'em to expect a better Season?
[5] With such-like Documents as these are,
Which the young Slut knew best would please her,
Nancy so tickl'd up her Grace,
That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.
Nay, some affirm a dangerous Matter,
She'd much ado to hold her Water;
And counsel'd in that tempting Strain,
I wonder how she could contain;
But certain 'tis, that this Advice
So wrought upon this Widow nice,
That she, who Maid, Widow, and Wife,
Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life;
[6] Now car'd no more for her good Name,
Than any common Trading Dame.
[7] But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
That Matters might go better on,

---

[3] *Tu modo* ———
Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi:
[4] *Dum pelago desævit hyems, et equosus Orion,*
Quassataque rates, et non tractabile cælum.
[5] *His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,*
Spémque dedit dubiæ [6] *menti, solvitque pudorem.*
[7] *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacémque per aras*
Exquirunt. ———

(Lik

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(Like People o'th' Fanatick fry,
Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisy)
They must, and slipping on their Pattens,
They went, as who should say, to Mattens.
Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats
Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats:
For you must know, as Story says,
Queens, like the Godly in these Days,
In Manner insolent and slighty,
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
But *Anna*, who was but a Spinster,
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are!
Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
To this, and th' other God and Goddess,
[8] To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, and *Lyæus*,
And twenty harder Names than * *The'as*.
[9] But *Juno* had most Veneration,
As she was Queen of Copulation.
Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,
And to the Priest demurely goes;
She gently pulls him by the Garment,
The rev'rend Type of his Preferment,
And with most gracious Looks and Speeches,
To borrow a Word or two beseeches.
The Priest bow'd low, in aukward wise,
As 'tis, you know, Sir *Roger*'s Guise,
And, in obsequious Manner, told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.
This Priest was held a mighty Clerk,
In Mysteries profound and dark;

* *A Figure so new, that modern Authors have yet no Name for it.*

[8] *Legiferæ* Cereri, Phœbóque, *patrique* Lyæo,
[9] *Junoni ante omnes, cui vinc'la jugalia curæ.*
Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.

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[1] Had Skill in Phyſick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him ſhe conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the Cunning that ſhe has,
Greaſes his Fiſt; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarter's-Wages,
If he would but reſolve the Doubt
That ſhe then came to him about.
But't had been vain, had he been wiſer,
Or to inſtruct, or to adviſe her.
[2] Alas, poor Prieſt! how fruitleſs is't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fiſt?*
Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a Whiſk i'th' Tail?
Dido, for Love, in woeful wiſe,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenſes,
Ev'n like one out of all her Senſes;
About the Town ſhe runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her Heels:
So I have ſeen in Paſtures fair,
Where Cattle educated are,
[4] An Heifer young, when ſhe doth itch,
With *Gad-bees* ſticking in her Breech,
From ſhady Brake on ſudden riſe,
And with her Tail erect to th' Skies,

---

[1] ——— *Spirantia conſulit exta.*
[2] *Heu, vatum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,*
Quid delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit ſub pectore vulnus.
[3] *Uritur infelix* Dido, *totâque vagatur*
Urbe furens. [4] *Qualis conjectâ cerva ſagittâ,*
Quam procul ———. Ruo

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Dido discovers her liking for Æneas to her Sister Nancy.
Juno discourses Venus about uniting Dido and Æneas, a
contriveth an oppertunity for them to make trial &c.

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[5] Run through the Fields with Frisks and Kicks,
In various Capreols and Tricks,
Some Ease, poor Thing, alas! to find;
[6] When, lo! the Sting sticks fast behind.
One while she takes her [7] lusty Lover,
Meaning her Passion to discover;
She leads him out from Place to Place,
And shews him all that e'er she has;
Discloses all her secret Wealth,
And says, if *Jove* send Life and Health,
That she (though simply there she stand)
Will make that Living as good Land,
If she continue but a while on't,
As any lies within five Miles on't.
Then she [8] begins to mump and smatter,
Willing to break into the Matter,
And ask the Question, when (alas!)
To see how Things will come to pass,
When she most fain would break her Mind,
She sooner could by half break Wind,
Than speak a Word: Virtue forsooth,
And Modesty so stopp'd her Mouth;
[9] Over and over then she treats
Him, and his Mates, with sundry Meats,
Whilst *Trojans* round besiege her Boards,
Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords,

---

[5] *Ille fuga silvas saltúsque peragrat.*
[6] *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*
[7] *Nunc media Æneam secum per mœnia ducit,*
Sidoniásque ostentat opes urbémque paratam.
[8] *Incipit effari, mediáque in voce resistit,*
[9] *Nunc eadem, labente die, convivia quærit;*

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When, sure as e'er they sit at th' Table,
[1] She calls again to hear *Troy*'s Fable:
Nay, lov'd it so, that she, 'tis said,
The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
Who English'd it, was her Translator.
[2] Now when, with raking up the Fire,
Each one departs to *Fedfordshire*;
And Pillows all securely snort on,
Like Organists of fam'd *Hog's-norton*:
[3] *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lie,
Dreaming on true Love's *Phys-nomy*;
And in that Humour she the small
[4] *Ascanius* takes, *Troy*'s *Juvenal*;
And in her Lap, on Tuft of Sorrel,
Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad,*
O that he were but like his Dad!
This Life the woeful *Dido* led,
Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed;
[5] Her Housewifery no more regarding,
Neither her Spinning nor her Carding:

---

[1] *Iliacōsque iterùm demens audire labores*
Exposcit, pendétque iterùm narrantis ab ore.
[2] *Post, urbem digressi, luménque obscura vicissim*
Luna premit, suadéntque cadentia sydera somnos:
[3] *Sola domo mœret vacua, stratisque relictis*
Incubat ———
[4] *Aut gremio* Ascanium *genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.
[5] *Non cœptæ assurgunt turres; non arma juventus*
Exercet, portúsve, aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquatáque machina cœlo.
Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri

But,

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But, like a Dame of Wits bereaven,
Let all Things go at fix and seven.
Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two
Were Clove and Orange you must know)
Perceiv'd, and that, than blind Cheeks blinder,
She threw all Care and Shame behind her:
She *Venus* in these Words accosts,
[6] You and your Son may make your Boasts,
With Shame enough, that God and Goddess,
Like sublunary Busy-bodies,
To make a Woman light as Feather,
Do lay your learned Heads together.
[7] 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
Afraid of you two coming hither;
You and your little blinking Urchin
Against this Town have still been lurching.
[8] But when shall we give o'er this Pother,
And leave off vexing one another?
Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
[9] Let's marry 'em, and there's an End,
Thou hast thy Wish, thy little Archer
Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.

Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori;
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
[6] *Tuque, puerque tuus: magnum, & memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo divûm, si fœmina victa duorum est.
[7] *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra,*
Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis *altæ.*
[8] *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*
[9] *Quin potius pacem æternam, pactosque Hymenæos*
Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petisti.
Ardet amans Dido, *traxitque per ossa furorem.*
Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
Auspiciis ———

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Then let us all old Quarrels quit,
Leave being such a peevish Tit:
[1] *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,
And we will be as merry as passes.
[2] *Venus*, who knew she did but glaver,
For all the fine smooth Words she gave her,
And proffer'd Love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,
[3] Like cunning Quean in Smiles array'd her,
And in her own Coin thus she paid her:
O *Juno*, Queen, *Jove*'s Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,
[4] With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not still rest thy loving Friend?
I like the Motion well, but that
[5] There's one main Thing I stumble at;
And that in downright Truth is this,
(*Jove* pardon if I think amiss)
I am afraid (this Doubt I put ye,
Indeed, I'aw now, is something smutty)
But I the Scruple must not smother;
Women, you know, to one another
May freely speak (and here be't said,
'Twixt you and me) I'm sore afraid,
My Son's so big, (which rarely falls)
About his —— and Genitals,

---

[1] —— *Liceat* Phrygio *servire marito,*
Dotalésque tuæ Tyrios *permittere dextræ.*
[2] *Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam)*
[3] *Sic contra est ingressa* Venus ——
[4] —— *Quis talia demens*
Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
[5] *Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur:*
Sed fatis incerta feror; Si Jupiter *unam*
Esse velit —— That

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That I am half afraid lest he
Should chance to spoil her Majesty.
[6] At that Queen *Juno* smil'd, and said,
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once do come together,
He'll find that *Dido*'s reaching Leather:
If then that *Dido* and his Son,
To do as other Folks have done,
[7] Thou give Consent: (mark) and in few Words,
Which shall be friendly Words and true Words;
I'll tell thee how I've cast about,
And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't:
[8] To-morrow e're the Sun (Heav'n bless him)
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he, I should have said)
A Match to go, after her Wonting,
Into the Woods a Squirrel-hunting:
Now I, whilst all on ev'ry Side
The Thickets round are occupy'd,
And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing,
[9] Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour
Upon their Coxcombs such a Shower,

——— [6] *Tum sic excepit Regia* Juno,
Mecum erit iste labor;
——— [7] *Nunc, qua ratione, quod instat,*
Confieri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
[8] *Venatum* Æneas, *unáque miserrima* Dido,
In nemus ire parant, ubi primus crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, *radiisque retexerit orbem.*
[9] *His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, saltúsque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam ———

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And will with Hail and Rain so clout 'em,
They'll not have one dry Thread about 'em.
9 Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of 'em shall smell the worse for't.
1 *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for Shelter.
Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.
2 *Dido* and *Dildo*, in this Case,
Shall find a Cave, as fit a Place
For such an Use, so fine and dark,
That, if *Æneas* be a Spark,
They there, in spite of all foul Weather,
May *take a gentle Touch* together:
So each of other may have Proof,
3 And marry after time enough,
Venus, who very well could fathom
The Bottom of this subtle Madam,
Soon smelt her Practice, and her Art,
As strong as she had let a Fart:
Yet, that she might her Malice blind,
And fit the Lady in her kind,
4 She seems her free Consent to give,
And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.

——— 9 *Et tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.*
1 *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ,*
2 *Speluncam* Dido, *dux &* Trojanus *eandem*
Devenient: adero, &, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam stabili, ———
——— 3 *propriámque dicabo:*
Hic Hymenæus erit ———
——— 4 *Non adversata petenti*
Annuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

5 Mean

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5 Mean while the Sun, as it his Courſe is,
Got up to dreſs and water's Horſes;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum *,
Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge elſe,
Well arm'd they were 6 with Staves and Cudgels;
Tykes too they had of all Sorts, 7 Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.
8 Theſe, for the Queen expecting, tarry,
Who longer lay than ordinary;
For ſhe at Night could take no Eaſe,
She had been bit ſo ſore with Fleas.
9 Her Mare well trapp'd, of her own ſpinning,
Ty'd to the Pails, ſtood likewiſe whinning;
For why (as Poets ſing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.
1 At laſt ſhe ſallies from the Houſe,
As fine and brisk as Body-louſe.
2 She Hood and Safeguard had bran new,
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue;

* *A very neceſſary Inſtrument in Squirrel-hunting.*

---

5 *Oceanum interea ſurgens Aurora reliquit:*
It portis, jubare exorto, delecta juventus.
Retia rara, plagæ ———
——— 6 *Lato venabula ferro,*
——— 7 *odora canum vis.*
8 *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*
Pœnorum expectant, ———
——— 9 *Oſtróque inſignis & auro*
Stat ſonipes, ac fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit.
1 *Tandem progreditur* ———
2 *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:*

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Fast to her Girdle ty'd with Thong,
[3] A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung:
For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
That Servants still have slipp'ry been:
Which made her careful of her Self,
Evermore keep the Keys herself.
[4] With her *Iulus* came, that Strippling,
A youth e'en spoil'd for want of Whipping;
For's Father, and his foolish Grannam
Had ever made a Wanton on him:
[5] But when his Sire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his Galloway,
'Tis said by some that better knew him,
The rest look'd like Tooth-drawers to him:
[6] No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
That just upon Preferment's Prick is,
[7] As was *Æneas*, Stories say,
When clad in Clothes of Holy-day,
His Breeches, sav'd from *Troy*'s Combustion,
Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian;

---

3 *Cui pharetra ex auro* ———
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
——— 4 *& lætus Iulus,*
——— 5 *ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert se socium Æneas ———
6 *Qualis, ubi hybernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta*
Deserit, ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo,
Instaurátque choros;
——— 7 *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:
——— *Haud illo segnior ibat*
Æneas: *tantum egregio decus enitet ore.*

Pink'd

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Pink'd with moſt admirable Grace,
And richly laid with green Silk-lace.
[8] Athwart his brawny Shoulders came
A Buldrick made, and trimm'd with th' ſame;
Where Twibil hung, with Baſket-hilt,
Grown ruſty now, but had been gilt;
Or guilty elſe of many a Thwack,
With Dudgeon Dagger at his Back.
Upon his Head he wore a Hat,
Inſtead of Sattin, fac'd with Fat,
Which, being limber grown, we find
Moſt ſwaſhingly pinn'd up behind;
With Brooch as gaudy and as tall
As ev'ry foremoſt Horſe of all.
In beſt Apparel thus array'd,
They now begin their Cavalcade
Towards the Woods, [9] where be'ng e're long
Arriv'd, (for 'twas not paſt a Furlong
From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
And let who has been there confute it)
They ev'ry way diſperſe themſelves,
To watch the little nimble Elves;
As who ſhould ſay, Come this, or that Way,
T'other, or any Way, have at ye.
The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the People fell a ſhouting,
Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,
A Man could hardly hear for Noiſe;
Nay, *Dido* Queen, they ſwore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.

---

[8] *Tela ſonant humeris* ———
[9] *Poſtquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia ſaxa,*
Ecce feræ ſaxi dejectæ vertice ———

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[1] The frighted Squirrels Stumps belabor,
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;
Skipping and leaping in their Dances
From Tree to Tree o'er Boughs and Branches,
Now on the utmost Top, and then
At one Leap at the Root agen.
[2] But young *Ascanius*, Hopes o'th' House,
Car'd not for Squirreling a Louse;
For he's, whilst they are at their Chase,
Playing at *Hide and seek*, or *Base*,
Among his Mates, and wishes rather
(And so the Stripling told his Father)
For naughty Vermin that would bite him,
Or Throstle Nest, though't did ———
[3] Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole Pails of Water;
The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
[4] And Hail-stones, bigger than one's Thumb,
Came pelting down. Then all, to save 'em,
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em;

---

[1] *Decurrére jugis; alia de parte patentes*
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cervi
Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montésque relinquunt.
[2] *At puer* Ascanius *mediis in vallibus acri*
Gaudet equo, jámque hos cursu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantémque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Optat aprum aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.
[3] *Interea magno misceri murmure cælum*
Incipit: ———
——— [4] *Insequitur commista grandine nimbus*
Et Tyrii *comites passim, & Trojana juventus,*
Dardaniúsque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
Tecta metu petiére; ruunt de montibus amnes
——— *fulsére ignes* ———

Whilst

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Whilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates
Were wash'd and dash'd like Water-rats.
Fair *Dido* then, for all her Hoops,
Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,
For fear of being wet to th' Skin;
Nay, e'en *Æneas'* self, forgetting
His Reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,
And ran, or would have done at least,
But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
Proceeded slow, with Motion grave,
And crav'd the Spur, in Care to save
His Master's Neck, as some suppose,
Though his Care was to save his Cloaths;
He spurr'd, nor yet was *Dido* idle,
For gingle gingle went her Bridle,
[5] Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
Clapp'd 'em into a Cave together.
The Cave so darksome was, that I do
Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*
But so it was, in that Hole, they
Grew intimate, as one may say:
The Queen was blithe as Bird in Tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he
[6] By Hindlock seizing fast Occasion,
Slipp'd into *Dido's* Conversation:
And, in that very Place and Season,
'Tis thought *Æneas* did her Reason.

---

[5] *Speluncam* Dido, *dux* & Trojanus *eandem*
Deveniunt; *prima* & *Tellus*, & *pronuba* Juno
Dant signum ———

[6] ——— *Conscius æther*
Connubii

[7] This

7 This Sport of Mischief much was Cause,
For sweet Meat will have sowre Sauce;
And they their Time in Cave so spending,
Beginning was of *Dido*'s Ending.
Her Majesty now no more nice is;
8 Nor seeks she now, by fine Devices,
To hide her Shame; but leads a Life,
As if they had been 9 Man and Wife.
1 At this a Wench, call'd *Fame*, flew out
To all the good Towns round about.
This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,
That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,
2 A little prating Slut, no higher,
When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,
Than this ——— But, in a few Years Space
Grown up a lusty strapping Lass.
A long and lazy Queen I ween
She was brought up to sow nor spin,
Nor any kind of Housewifery,
To get an honest Living by;
3 But saunter'd idly up and down,
From House to House, and Town to Town,

---

7 *Ille dies primus lethi, primúsque malorum*
Causa fuit ——— ———
——— 8 *Neque enim specie, famâve movetur,*
Nec jam furtivum Dido *meditatur amorem.*
9 *Conjugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*
1 *Extemplò* Lybiæ *magnus it fama per urbes,*
Fama ———
2 *Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,*
Ingreditúrque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Mobilitate viget, virésque acquirit eundo.
——— 3 *Pedibus celerum, & pernicibus alis;*
——— *Cui* ——— *tot vigiles oculi* ——— To

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To spy and listen after News,
Which she so mischievously brews,
That still whate'er she sees or hears,
Set Folks together by the Ears.
4 This Baggage that still took a Pride to
Slander and backbite poor Queen *Dido*;
Because the Queen once, on Detection,
Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.
5 Glad she had got this Tale by th' End,
Runs me about to Foe and Friend;
6 And tells them that a Fellow came
From *Troy*, or such a-Kind of Name,
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,
Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince;
Was with her always, Day and Night,
Nor could endure him from her Sight,
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him.
7 At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd Carrion!
8 At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,
9 She never in such Things was slow;

---

4 *Monstrum horrendum ingens*;
5 *Hæc cum multiplici populos sermone replebat*
Gaudens, ———
6 *Venisse* Æneam Trojano *à sanguine cretum*;
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.
Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
7 *Hæc passim dea fœda virûm diffundit in ora.*
8 *Protinùs ad regem cursus detorquet* Iarbam:
9 *Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*
Hic Ammone satûs ———
Centum aras posuit ———
——— *Pecudumque cruore*
Pingue solum, & variis florentia limina sertis.

And

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And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
For *Dido*'s Love, was in a hard Case,
And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
And did the best he could do to her:
But still in vain he broke his Mind,
'Twas throwing Stones against the Wind;
For though she wise and healthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;
With Money Store, and other Riches:
But one foul Flaw he had in's Breeches
Spoil'd all; for she had heard the Thing,
One Time as she was gossiping.
As in such Matters, while you live,
Women will be inquisitive:
Which was that he (as Story tells)
A Rupture had in's Testicles.
Which was enough to make her hate him,
Nay, e'en as it were abominate him.
When *Fame* had told him of the *Trojan*,
[1] *Iarbas* took it in such Dudgeon,
Such high Abuse, and evil Part,
He almost could have found in's Heart
T'ave ta'en his Knife, and in that Passion
Whipp'd off his Tools of Generation,
And thought to have don't; but did not yet,
Like one that had in's Anger Wit:
But since to curse it was no boot,
Would try if Praying would not do't.

---

[1] *Usque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro,*

And

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[2] And therefore thus, in heavy Ghear,
Made his Case known to *Jupiter:*
[3] O *Jupiter*, most great and able,
Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table
Drink once or twice! Dost thou (O where is
Thy Sight!) not see, what Doings here is;
[4] Shall we, when thou thunder'st, dost think,
So as to sower all our Drink;
And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst?
[5] A wand'ring Woman that had scarce
A Rag to hang upon her ———
When she came hither first, and wou'd
Have then been glad to ——— for Food;
Is now, forsooth, so proud (what else!
And stands so on her Pantables,
[6] That she has said me Nay most slighty.
And (on the very nonce to spite me)
Has marry'd a spruce Youth, they say,
(Whom some ill Wind blew that away)
One 'Squire *Æneas*, a great Kelf,
Some wand'ring Hangman like herself:

---

[2] *Dicitur ante aras* ———
Multa Jovem *manibus supplex orâsse supinis;*
[3] Jupiter *omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis*
Gens epulata toris, Lenæum libat honorem,
Aspicis hæc? an te, genitor, cùm fulmina torques,
Nequicquam horremus?
——— [4] *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miscent:
[5] *Fœmina, quæ nostris errans in finibus* ———
——— [6] *Connubia nostra*
Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

[7] And

7 And now this Swabber, by the Maſkins,
Thunders up *Dido*'s Gally-Gaſkins,
Whilſt I (for ſtill thou deafiſh art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my Heart out.
8 Thus woefully *Iarbas* pray'd,
Whilſt *Jove* heard every Word he ſaid;
And turning ſtraight his Eyes to *Tyre*,
To look for *Dido* and her Squire,
All in a Chamber finely matted,
He very fairly ſpy'd 'em at it.
At which, as't were, ſomewhat in Fury,
He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,
9 And thus beſpoke him: Sirrah, hear ye,
Put on the Wings that uſe to bear ye,
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
Where th' *Trojan* does with the great —— lie.
1 Tell him from me that his ſmug Mother
Did paſs her Word that he another
Manner of Life and Converſation
Should lead, and leave this Occupation.

---

7 *Et nunc ille Paris* ——————
—— *Rapto potitur*; *nos munera templis*
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.
8 *Talibus errantem dictis, aràſque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens, oculóſque ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.
9 *Tunc ſic* Mercurium *alloquitur, ac talia mandat:*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, *& labere pennis,*
Dardanióque ducem, Tyria Carthagine *qui nunc*
Expectat ——————
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
1 *Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrima talem*
Promiſit ——————

2 Or

[2] Or twice the *Græcian* Cavaliers
Had beaten's Brain's about his Ears,
E're this: And tell him more, [3] that he
Who means to conquer *Italy*,
Must with his Work go thorough Stitches,
And not run hunting after Bitches;
[4] But if he will not venture's Pate,
A Rap or two for an Estate,
As by his Pranks it doth appear,
[5] Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir;
[6] Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
To spend his Time thus among Queans;
Not minding Mischiefs, or Mishaps,
Nor fearing *Dido*'s After-claps.
[7] Bid him be trudging, he were best:
If I come to him, I protest,
I'll send him packing else, such New-ways,
He shall remember me these two Days.
[8] This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a Trice,

—— [2] *Graiúmque ideo bis vindicat armis.*
[3] *'Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem*
Italiam *regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucri*
Proderet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
[4] *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,*
Nec super ipse suâ molitur laude laborem.
[5] *Ascanióne pater* Romanas *invidet arces?*
Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva?
[6] *Quid struit; aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur?*
[7] *Naviget: hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto.*
[8] *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat*
Imperio ——

9 To

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[9] To make them ready to be gone:
And first his Pumps he fasten'd on;
Which being neatly pink'd and cut,
And finely fitted on his Foot:
Had Wings ty'd on with Thongs of Leather,
Or tacking Ends, I know not whether,
Which he could fly withal as well,
As he'd been brought up to't from the Shell.
[1] Then in his Hand he takes a thick Bat,
With which he us'd to play at Kit-Cat,
To beat Men's Apples from their Trees,
With twenty other Rogueries;
Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse Days)
To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays.*
[2] Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,
Cutting the Air with nimble Wings:
'Twas well his Care had ty'd 'em fast,
Else ten to one he'd flown his last:
No Swallow could have overgone him,
He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
Until he saw a very high Hill,
A higher Hill by far than my Hill;
[3] *Atlas* 'twas call'd, so high a one
That *Pen-men-maure*'s a Cherry-stone

---

9 —— *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit*
Aurea: quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
1 *Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco*
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara *mittit,*
Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.
2 *Illa fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat*
Nubila ——
3 *Jamque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis *duri* ——

Compar'd

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Compar'd: You could not thruſt a Knife
'Twixt Heav'n and it, to ſave your Life;
[4] It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,
Or elſe 'tis thought we ſhould have Larks:
[5] Here firſt did *Mercury* alight,
To bait and reſt him after's Flight;
Where having prun'd his Heels a little,
And ſmooth'd his Plumes with * faſting Spittle,
[6] From thence he took another Freak,
As if he meant to break his Neck,
[7] Even as a Hawk herſelf doth carry
From Kill-ducks Place to ſtop her Quarry:
So *Mercury*, to mortal View,
Himſelf from *Atlas* headlong threw,
Stones caſt by fam'd *Pariſian* Slinger,
Compar'd to him, would ſeem to linger;
And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-ſtreet* Bow
In *Finſbury*, to him are ſlow;
Nay, Lightning darted from above,
With flaming Tail from angry *Jove*,
Would in Compariſon appear
To creep like lazy Loiterer.
[8] The firſt Place, after this Vagary,
He lighted on, was *Dido*'s Dairy:

* 'Tis conceived he did that before he baited.

---

[4] *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*
[5] *Hic primum paribus nitens* Cyllenius *aliis Conſtitit*; [6] *Hinc toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas Miſit*; [7] *Avi ſimilis, quæ circum litora, circum Piſcoſos ſcopulos, humilis volat æquora juxta: Haud aliter terras inter cælúmque volabat, Litus areno ſum* Libyæ, *ventóſque ſecabat.*
[8] *Ut primum alatis tetigit Magalia plantis*; Æneam *fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem Conſpicit* ——

Whence

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Whence he *Æneas* soon did spy,
Ord'ring her Highness' Husbandry:
He took upon him as her Spouse,
And vapour'd like the Man o'th' House;
For all that Time, as't came to pass,
In Quarrel high engag'd he was,
And ready in his Fumigation,
(As Histories do make Relation)
To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,
With a few saucy Carpenters,
Who building were an House of Ease,
For *Dido* in Necessities:
They would not follow his Advice,
(As Workmen still are otherwise)
Which made him foam and flirt out Spittle,
Because they made the Holes too little.
[9] Down hanging by his Side he had
A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade;
'T had been new furbish'd up at *Tyre*,
A better never pass'd the Fire.
[1] Upon his Back he had a Jerkin
Lin'd through and through with sable Merkin,
Giv'n as a Present by the Queen:
It had indeed her Husband's been;
But neither by the Nap, nor Tearing,
Was it a Pin the worse for Wearing.
This (as of either Queen or King,
Vile People will be censuring)

—— [9] *Illi stellatus jaspide fulva*
Ensis erat ——
—— [1] *Tyrioque ardebat murice Læna*
Demissa ex humeris: Dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.

Was

Was given *Æneas* for a Charm,
And though the Queen might think no Harm,
Yet some have given a parlous Hint
Of a strange hidden Virtue in't.
Equipp'd thus fine, *Mercury* found him,
[2] And roundly in his Ears thus round him:
Thou here thyself most busy makes,
In building for the Queen a Jakes,
But never think'st, such is thy Wiseness,
What will become of thine own Business;
The Thunder-thumper, who, by Threaves,
Makes Men to quake like Aspen Leaves:
[3] He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,
Has sent me from *Olympus'* Manor,
To ask thee what thou dost intend,
Thy Time thus wickedly to spend;
And loiter here like a Hum-drum,
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.
[4] He says, though fearful as a Stranger,
Thy Coxcomb thoul't not bring in Danger,
To mend thy 'State, nor get thy Living
By any honest Way of thriving:

---

[2] *Continuo invadit: Tu nunc* Carthaginis *altæ*
Fundamenta locas, pulchrámque uxorius urbem
Extruis, (heu) regni, rerúmque oblite tuarum.
Ipse Deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.
[3] *Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras:*
Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
[4] *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,*
Nec super ipse tua——&c.——

[5] He

[5] He thinks, though, thou might'ſt take ſome care
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,
And not thraſh here like Boor unworthy,
When he has made Proviſion for thee.
[6] *Mercury* vaniſh'd, having ſpoke as
Y'have heard; like any *Hocus-pocus*;
And homeward did forthwith aſpire,
Nor ever ſtay'd to drink at *Tyre*.
[7] But Don *Æneas*, at the Viſion,
Was in a very ſad Condition;
He could not ſpeak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his Hair did ſtand an End,
So ſtiff, it thruſt his Hat ſo far
Above his Head into the Air,
That a great Turkey might have flown
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
Half-frighted out on's little Wit,
[8] He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,
Till he was gone: [9] But how (alas)
To break the Matter to her Grace,
He knew no more, the baſhful Groom,
Than did the furtheſt Man of *Rome*,

---

[5] *Aſcanium ſurgentem, & ſpes hæredis* Iüli,
Reſpice cui regnum Italiæ, Romanáque tellus
Debentur ———
——— [6] *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,*
Mortales viſus medio ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
[7] *At verò* Æneas *aſpectu obmutuit amens,*
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit.
[8] *Ardet abire fuga* ———
[9] *Heu! quid agat?*

[1] Nor

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[1] Nor could he frame him to begin,
T'appeaſe that loving Soul the Queen,
For nought more vexes Womens Bloods,
Than to be left ſo in the Suds.
In this Quandary, ſcratching's Pate,
After a penſive long Debate,
He calls, at laſt, his Fellow Rake-hells,
[2] And bids 'em get their Tools and Tackles
Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful
To lay in all Things that were needful,
Eſpecially good Meat: [3] but ſtow it
So ſecretly, that none might know it;
That, on Occaſion, in a Trice, Sir,
They might be gone, and none the wiſer:
And ſince he humbly did conceive,
To ſteal away, and take no Leave,
Would be uncivil, and enough
To tear a Heart though made of Buff;
He was reſolv'd to take the Queen,
[4] When ſet upon ſome merry Pin,
And tell her plain, with Vows moſt fervent,
He was her Grace's humble Servant.

—— [1] *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem*
Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia ſumat?
Atque animam nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partéſque rapit varias ——
[2] *Claſſem aptent taciti, ſocios ad littora cogant,*
Arma parent, ——
—— [3] *Et quæ ſit rebus cauſa novandis,*
Diſſimulent; ſeſe interea, quando optima Dido
Neſciat, ——
—— [4] *Et quæ molliſſima fandi*
Tempora; quis rebus dexter modus ——

5 But *Dido, Carthage* Queen (for who
Can think to cheat a Woman so?)
Was soon, I warrant you, aware
O'th' slippery Trick he meant to play her.
'Tis true, she ever had been jealous
Of all such vagrant Kind of Fellows,
And kept her Things safe under Lock,
E'er since the stealing of her Smock;
But now, to add unto her Fear,
She had it buzz'd into her Ear,
6 By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before;
7 Not, as they say, out of good Will,
But to be brewing Mischief still;
That he, for all his fair Pretences,
8 Had greas'd his Boots, and wash'd his Benches;
And now was ready set on Wheels,
To shew a nimble Pair of Heels.
9 This sudden News, I do assure ye,
Put *Dido* in a desp'rate Fury,
And made her frisk about and gad,
That all her People thought her mad;
Whilst she from House to House did fly,
As she had run with *Hue and Cry*.

---

5 *At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)*
6 *Præsensit, motúsque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tuta timens ———
——— 7 *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Detulit ———
——— 8 *Armari classem, cursúmque parari.*
9 *Sævit inops animi, totámque incensa per urbem*
Bacchatur ——— ———

Ev'n

[1] Ev'n as a Filly never ridden,
When by the Jocky first bestridden,
If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle
Under her Dock, to try her Mettle,
Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
Enough to break her Rider's Neck;
Ev'n so Queen *Dido*, at that Tide,
Laying all Majesty aside,
Play'd such mad Freaks, that well were they
Could fartheſt get out of her Way.
Thus flinging round from Place to Place,
At last, to make it short, her Grace
Finds me, amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,
Æneas, at one Mother *Red-Cap*'s.
Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,
[2] *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pippin,
To think to steel so slily from me,
When thou hast had thy foul Will o'me.
[3] Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid thee,
Nor yet the Promise thou hast made me:
Nor that thou know'st, if thou wert gone,
My Work would all be left undone?
But that thoul't slink away, thou Varlet,
And leave me like forsaken Harlot?

---

[1] *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, *ubi audito stimulant Trieterica* Baccho
Orgia, nocturnúsque vocat clamore Cythæron.
[2] *Tandem his Æneam compellat vocibus ultro;*
[3] *Dissimulare etiam sperâsti, perfide, tantum*
Posse nefas, tacitúsque meâ decedere terrâ?
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam
——— *Tenet?*

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4 In Winter too, o'er bluſt'ring Seas,
When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze (
5 What though thou hadſt, as thou haſt none,
A Houſe to go to, of thine own,
Coud'ſt find yet in thy Heart to 'reave me
Of thy dear Company, and leave me?
6 By this ſalt Rheum thou ſeeſt, that wets
My Cheeks, and by thy Hand that ſweats,
That bawdy Fiſt, that has been laid
So oft, where now ſhall not be ſaid;
I'm brief, by the whole Matter's Carriage,
And by the Earneſt of our Marriage;
And by thoſe ſweet Delights we ſtole,
When the Rain drove me into th' Hole;
7 If that Bout pleas'd thee, or ſince any,
Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,
I do beſeech thee, *Trojan* fine,
Not to undo both me and mine.
8 For thy ſweet Sake the knaviſh *Lybians*,
The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,

---

4 *Quin etiam hyberno moliris ſydere claſſem,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ira per altum,
Crudelis? 5 *Quid, ſi non arva aliena, domóſque*
Ignotas peteres? ———
Mene fugis? 6 *Per ego has lacrymas, dextrámque tuam, te,*
Per Connubia noſtra, per inceptos Hymenæos.
7 *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam*
Dulce meum; miſerere domûs labentis; ———
Oro, ſi quis adhuc precibus locus, ———
8 *Te propter* Libycæ *gentes, Nomadúmque Tyranni*
Odere, infenſi Tyrii; *te propter eundem*
Extinctus pudor, ———

In

In the Midst of which is my Abode,
Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.
For thee I first forewent all Shame,
9 And that I liv'd by my good Name;
And wilt thou, having spent thy Ardor,
And eat me out of House and Harbor,
* So basely to my Foes betray me,
And neither stay with me, nor pay me?
† No sooner shall thy Back be turn'd,
But all my Buildings shall be burn'd,
That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me;
If (as we oft have ventur'd it,
I had but a big Belly yet)
A little *Trojan* coming on,
To play withal when thou art gone,
Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
I should have something yet to trust to.
Æneas, ta'en thus basely tardy,
‡ Turn'd pale, and like a stick'd Pig star'd ye;
He could not stand upright, but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a Bean;

---

9 *Et, quâ solâ fidera adibam,*
Fama prior:
* *Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?*
† *Quid moror? an mea* Pygmalion *dum mœnia frater*
Destruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
Saltem, siqua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles, siquis mihi parvulus aulâ
Luderet Æneas, ——
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer.
‡ *Ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat*
Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

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Nay, he was struck so at her Speeches,
Some say he did defile his Breeches,
His Bowels did so yearn upon her;
But, being that may wound his Honour,
I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
To tell you what he said and did;
Much was he mov'd at *Dido*'s Words,
Which stabb'd him through and through like Swords:
Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,
To throw about her Snot, and throb so:
But, *Merc'ry*'s Message more prevailing
Than her Colloguing or her Railing,
After a many fine Good-morrows,
[1] He thus began to salve her Sorrows:
Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
That thou'rt the Flow'r of Courtesy;
Or any Slanders vile contrive,
I were the basest Knave alive.
I must confess, that thou, O Queen,
To me, and to us all, have been
More like a Mother than a Friend,
So much I'll say, and there's an End;
[2] And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Than Top of *Carthage* Steeple-Spire:

---

[1] *Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quæ plurima fando*
Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo
Promeritam: ———

——— [2] *Nec me meminisse pigebit* Elisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.

[3] Few

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[3] Few Words are beſt; if you'll be civil,
I'll tell the Truth, and ſhame the Devil.
[4] I ne'er had Thought, much leſs Deſire,
Baſely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*;
And ſteal away from thee, my Honey.
[5] But for the Thing call'd Matrimony,
Although I did the Thing you wot,
Jove be my Judge, I meant it not;
Indeed I took it for a Kindneſs,
To be familiar with your Highneſs:
But if I ever thought of other,
Than one good Turn requires another;
Or on ſuch Terms e'er gave my Fiſt,
I'm th'arranteſt Rogue that ever piſt.
[6] I muſt confeſs, that if it lay
In my own Power, as one may ſay,
That I had ſome good Bargain made,
And bound my Son here to a Trade,
Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore
Had no one but myſelf to care for;
I would as willing match with you,
As any Woman that I know:
[7] But, as Things ſtand, I needs muſt follow
The Counſel of my Friend *Apollo*,

---

[3] *Pro re pauca loquar* ———
——— [4] *Nec ego hanc abſcondere furto*
Speravi (ne finge) fugam ———
——— [5] *nec conjugis unquam*
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
[6] *Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
Auſpiciis, & ſponte meâ componere curas:
[7] *Sed nunc* Italiam *magnam* Grynæus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciæ *juſſere capeſſere ſortes:*
Hic amor, hæc patria eſt ———

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Who sends me Word I must convey me
To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,
Where, by a dainty River's Side,
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd,
Will hold both me and all my Meany,
And cheap as forty Eggs a Penny,
There then, in downright Truth, do I
Intend to live and occupy.
[8] And if so be that you, who are sage,
Delight so in your Town of *Carthage*;
Why should it be in us so great Sin,
Who have no House to thrust our Pates in,
To travel to a Foreign Nation,
For some convenient Habitation?
[9] I can no sooner go o'Nights
To Bed (*Jove* bless us all from Sprights)
But that, e're I can frame to snore,
My Father's Ghost comes through the Door,
Though shut as sure as Hands can make it,
And leads me such a fearful Racket;
I stew all night in my own Grease,
So that your Maids may, if they please,
Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
Each Morning-tide as much good Tallow,
As well would liquor all their Sandals,
And make beside six Pound of Candles.

---

[8] *si te* Carthaginis *arces*
Phœniſſam, Libycæque aſpectus detinet urbis;
Quæ tandem, Auſoniâ Teucros conſidere terrâ,
Invidia eſt? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.
[9] *Me Patris Anchiſæ, quoties humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis; & turbida terret Imago;
Me puer Aſcanius, ———

And

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And all this is to have me gone,
And not stay here t' undo my Son:
[1] Besides, not past an Hour ago,
Jove sent his Lacquey to me too;
I saw him fly, I'll [2] take my Oath,
(And Man has but his Faith and Troth)
As plainly o'er your Dairy-Top,
As e'er I saw him on the Rope;
And heard him speak as plain but e'en now,
As I hear you, or you hear me now:
[3] Then let me be so much beholding
Unto your Grace to leave your Scolding;
For I this Voyage undertake,
Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.
[4] This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
Rowling about her goggle Eyes,
As she would throw 'um in his Face,
Unto her Fury thus gave Place:
Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false Heart
Shews what a cheating Knave thou art,
The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal!

---

[1] *Nunc etiam interpres divûm*, Jove *missus ab ipso*,
——— *Celeres mandata per auras*
Detulit: ———
[2] *Testor utrumque caput* ———
——— *Ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocémque his auribus hausi.
[3] *Desine méque tuis incendere téque querelis*;
Italiam *non sponte sequor.* ———
[4] *Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,*
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totúmque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur:

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[5] No Man or Woman of good Fashion,
E'er coupled for thy Procreation;
But whelp'd thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,
Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch:
Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir; nor care,
For all you look so big, and stare:
Let thy foul Hide with Malice burst,
I do defy thee, do thy worst.
[6] Instead of sighing, in this Case,
Full sowre thou belchest in my Face;
And thou sō stubborn a.t and canker'd,
Thou shed'st no Tears, but Tears o'th' Tankard.
Had'st thou but counterfeited Passion,
To signify Commiseration,
Or offer'd but a sowre Face, it
Had been a Sign of some small Grace yet:
But, like a Logger-headed Lubber,
Thou grinning stand'st, and seest me blubber;
[7] And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for aught I see,
Will neither of 'em both chastise thee.
[8] There's no Truth in this Age we live in:
A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
No Cross to bless himself withal;

---

[5] *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec* Dardanus *auctor,*
Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admórunt ubera Tigres.
Nam quid dissimulo? ———
[6] *Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?*
Num lachrymas victus dedit? aut miseratus amantem est?
——— [7] *Jamjam nec maxima* Juno,
Nec Saturnius *hæc oculis pater aspicit æquis.*
[8] *Nusquam tuta fides. Ejectum littore, egentem*
Excepi, ——— I have

I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
Feasted and clad him like a Lord,
[9] And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)
This Youth hail Fellow with me made;
And now, forsooth, he cannot stay,
Apollo bids him run away;
* Nay, though I have, in friendly wise,
Cur'd his Men's Scabs, and kill'd their Lice;
† Yet having now fallen to his Lot,
A good rich Farm lies piping hot,
Should he stay here, it would undo him,
And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him:
As if the Deities were so
Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,
But send their Lacqueys and their Pages,
To him on How-d'ye's and Messages.
But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,
For whom the Wind, that fumes beneath,
Is far too sweet: Avaunt, thou Slave!
Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou hast told me!
‡ No-body here intends to hold thee!
|| Go: seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I'th' very Bottom of the Sea:

——— [9] *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*
——— *Nunc augur* Apollo.
* *Amissam classem, socios à morte reduxi.*
† *Nunc* Lyciæ *sortes, nunc* & Jove *missus ab ipso*
Interpres Divûm fert horrida jussa per auras;
Scilicet in superis labor est; ea cura quietos
Sollicitat ———
‡ *I sequere* Italiam *ventis,* ———
——— *Neque te teneo* ———
——— || *Pete regna per undas:*
Spero equidem mediis, ———
Supplicia hausurum scopulis ——— E 6 But

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But should thou 'scape, and not in Dike lie,
Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd:
Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher;
[1] I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,
As soon as I can turn t'a Ghost,
Which will be in a Week at most:
Then in the midnight Sleep I'll wake thee,
And ride thee worse than any Hackney.
I'll terrify thee Day and Night;
Nay, if thou dost but go to ———
There will I stand with flaming Taper,
To fizzle thy Tail instead of Paper.
[2] I'll make thee rue the Time that e'er
Thou cam'st to play thy Knave's Tricks here.
[3] In Middle of this wrathful Speech,
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech:
Her Mouth was stopp'd, and on the Ground
She Silent lay in doleful Swound:
Shut were her Eyes; nor had she Hearing
For what *Æneas* was [4] preparing,
Upon this pitiful Occasion,
To say in's own Justification.

——— [1] *Sequar atris ignibus absens:*
Et, cum frigida mors animâ seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, ———
——— [2] *Dabis improbe, pœnas,*
[3] *His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, & auras*
Ægra fugit. ———
[4] *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*
Dicere. ———

In

In haste the *Tyrians* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of a Trance;
They try'd to raise her in such sort
As when Men cry, *Le Corps est mort:*
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raise her from her Tail:
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet, in this heavy Dump, was no Man
Could raise her up, though ne'er so mighty,
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.
[5] At last a Crew of strapping Jades,
That were or should have been her Maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And having in her own Bed laid her,
With Rugs they bolster'd her about,
To try if she could sweat it out.
[6] *Æneas*, though 'twas his Desire
Something t'have said might pacify her,
And though his Heart did bleed within him,
To think of what had pass'd between 'um,
[7] Yet, because *Jove* so loud did threaten,
He sooner durst his Nails have eaten,
Having so terribly been chidden,
Than not t'have done as he was bidden:
Therefore in hade his Hostess beck'ning,
To come and bring 'um in a Reck'ning,

---

[5] *Suspiciunt famulæ, collapsaque membra*
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.
[6] *At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas;
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore:
[7] *Jussa tamen divum exequitur,* ——

Straight

Straight to the Wharf repairs the Hot-shot,
[8] Without once calling for his Shot-pot.
The *Trojans* now, by this Commission,
Launch all their Boats with Expedition;
You now upon the Ocean might see
[9] The new-greas'd Wherries swim most tightly.
They had new made 'em fine long Poles,
New pitch'd their Oars, and made new Thoules:
Though many Things were left undone,
* They were so eager to be gone.
† Then might you see 'em make their Sallies
From *Carthage*-Town thro' Lanes and Alleys,
Stealing away, with lewd Intentions,
To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,
Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
And dun 'em for their Quarter's Table.
‡ As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
To fetch a Hoard of Winter-food,
Return well laden with their Vict'les,
Fine yellow Crabs, stuck round their Prickles:
Ev'n so the *Trojans*, without doubt,
Were at this Season hung about

---

[8] *Classemque revisit.*
Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, & litore celsas
Deducunt toto naves:
[9] *Natat uncta carina:*
Frondentésque ferunt remos, & robora sylvis
Infabricata.
* *Fugæ studio.*
† *Migrantes cernas, totáque ex urbe ruentes.*
‡ *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectóque reponunt:
It nigrum campis agmen, prædámque per herbas
Convectant calle angusto, pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris; pars With

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With Fardles, Bundles, Bags, and Wallets,
To cloath their Backs and feed their Palates.
[1] But what thought *Dido* in this Case,
When thus she saw them slink their Ways?
From Garret-window saw 'em row,
And heard them crying *East-ward Hoe!*
[2] To see how Love makes Folk do Things,
Against the Hair, against the Shins!
For she, though full of Indignation
To be forsaken in this Fashion;
And, had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without Salt have eat him:
Yet, ne'ertheless, Love over-ruling,
[3] She fell again to her old Puling;
And once more meant to try if Pity
Would not recall him to the City.
[4] Look thee (quoth she) where he (my *Nancy*)
Whose able Parts I do much fancy,
Has truss'd up all his Tools together,
To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.
[5] Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
And shove a-stern to hasten out;
A rout of base unthankful Peasants!
The Devil cut their yelping Weazens:

---

[1] *Quis tibi nunc,* Dido, *cernenti talia sensus?*
——— *Cum litora fervere latè*
Prospiceres arce ex summa, totúmque videres
Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.
[2] *Improbe AMOR, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*
[3] *Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum tentare precando*
Cogitur, ———
Nequid inexpertum, frustrà moritura, relinquat.
[4] Anna, *vides toto properari litore circùm.*
———.[5] *Vocat jam carbasus auras,*
Puppibus & læti nautæ imposuere coronas.

The

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The brawling Rascals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could ever have been so uncivil,
Thus, like a Jade, to break his Tether,
I should have kept my Legs together;
Or have made bold t'have ty'd him faster,
To the due Limits of his Pasture:
6 But since he holds me at a Distance,
I beg thy fifterly Assistance:
Thou know'st the Temper of the Block-head,
And to a Hair canst fit his Pocket:
Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
If e'er thou'lt do any Thing for me,
7 Run to the Wharf with Might and Main,
And try to bring him back again:
I promise thee, and if I break
My Word, pray *Jove* I break my Neck,
8 If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
I'll give the for thy Pains a Cow.
9 Tell him, I e'er had more Discretion,
Than to join Issues with the *Grecian:*

—— 6 *Soror* —— *miseræ hoc tamen unum*
Exequere, Anna, *mihi; solam nam perfidus ille*
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora nôras.
7 *I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*
8 *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sororis)*
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulata morte relinquam.
9 *Non ego cum* Danais Trojanam *exscindere gentem*
Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama *misi:*
Nec patris Anchisæ *cineres, manésve revelli.*
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?

Inci-

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I neither did meddle nor make,
But *as they brew'd, so let them bake:*
Nor did I e'er make Skittle Pin-bones,
Or Bobbins, of *Anchises'* Shin-bones:
Why should he then, without all Sense,
Thus use me like a Kitchin-Wench?
[1] I would but beg one Kindness from him:
[2] I will no more claim Promise on him:
But only that he'll tarry here,
Half, or a Quarter of a Year;
Whereby I may, before he go,
[3] Wean myself from a Bed-fellow:
Or (if my Constitution can
Not well subsist without a Man)
Until I can myself supply,
With one to do my Drudgery:
I'll ask no further Obligation,
[4] But let him to his Navigation;
He may to *Latium* then address,
And swim or sink, all's one to *Best.*
[5] Scarce had the woeful *Dido* done,
When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone;
She tucks her Coats about her Haunches,
And to the Water-side advances;
~~She tripp'd so neatly to the~~ Pier,
It would have done one good to see her:
One would have thought she'd gone in haste
Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

---

[1] *Extremum hoc miseræ det munus amanti.*
[2] *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro;*
Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque ——
[3] *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolore.*
[4] *Nec pulchro ut* Latio *careat, regnúmque relinquat.*
[5] *Talibus orabat, talésque miserrima fletus*
Fertque, refértque soror ——

At

At last she came unto the Place
Where *Dido*'s dear *Æneas* was;
She found him set amongst his Mates,
The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runagates,
Puff'd like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory-rory;
Like one that knew a Pot i'th' Pate
Would be a Mile or two o'th' Gate;
The *Trojan* had no sooner spy'd her,
But though he could not well abide her,
Yet, 'cause he would part fairly with her,
He ask'd what Wind had blown her thither.
She, putting Finger in the Eye,
(As Women when they list can cry)
Told him in what a sad Condition
Her Sister was; her last Petition;
And pray'd him, as he was a true Man,
Not to undo a proper Woman.
[6] But she might e'en have sav'd her Juice,
And kept her Tears for better Use.
[7] His Resolution still opposes,
He would go, 'spite of all their Noses;
[8] And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twist, you strongest make it:

---

[6] *Sed nullis ille movetur*
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
——— *Lachrymæ volvuntur inanes,*

[7] *Fata obstant*, &c.

[8] *Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quercum*
Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,
Eruere inter se certant, &c. ———
Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.
Haud secùs assiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur, ———
Mens immota manet, ——— Ev'n

Ev'n so, the more she try'd to twine him,
She still more obstinate did find him.
9 Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No Friends she had could now persuade her;
She stamp'd and star'd, as she were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to Mind, in woeful wise,
Æneas and his Treacheries,
How often he had stabb'd her Honour,
That Men would now make Ballads on her;
She was resolv'd, without Delay,
* Fairly to make herself away,
And meant to put her Resolution
Into most tragick Execution.
She had, alas! too just Incitement
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And Reason good, by all Relation,
Thus to proceed to Condemnation:
For such Portents, and dire Presages,
As still have been Disaster's Pages,
Foretold her Overthrow so plainly,
She saw t'oppose it would in vain be.
† She call'd to wash, and do you think?
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;
And that by chance, being Churning-day,
Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whey!

---

9 *Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita* Dido
* *Mortem orat; tædet cœli convexa tueri.*
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucémque relinquat,
† *Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,*
Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros;
Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.

This

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This *Dido* saw, but would by no Means
Tell her own Sister of the Omens;
But that which gave the most Persuasion,
Unto her full Determination,
Was this: She kept *Sichæus'* Bones
In a great Coffer made o'th' nonce,
As sundry others have done the like,
By way of superstitious Relick,
In a dark Cellar under-ground;
[1] From whence each Night a dismal Sound
Pierc'd *Dido's* tender Ear, and wish'd her,
Nay, like a Husband admonish'd her,
To fit her for her latter End,
For why, he told her as a Friend,
That, in a very short Space, she
Should of this World no Woman be.
[2] The Scriech-Owls too, were her Molesters,
Who still were chanting out their Vespers;
[3] Besides, she had her Fortune told her,
When 'bout some Doz'n or so, no older;
That she should but one Husband have,
And after that, a scurvy Knave
Should steal her Honour, like a Thief,
And make her hang herself for Grief:
These sad Portents falling so thick,
And pat on one another's Neck,

---

[1] *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis*
Visa viri; nox cum terras obscura teneret:
[2] *Soláque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpe queri, ———
[3] *Multaque prætereà vatum prædicta priorum*
Terribili monitu horrificant. ———

Put

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Put the poor Queen beside her Senses,
As a just Plague for her Offences.
[4] She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
Like a false Friend, to her Undoing,
And that she must, when *Trojan* goes,
For ever lose her Play-fellows,
Which to the Woman's Cause sufficient,
Let her be ne'er so well condition'd,
To raise her to Extravagancies,
When she must part with what she fancies.
[5] Ev'n as a Bitch's Fury up is,
When People come to steal her Puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that Day,
When *Dildo* must be ta'en away:
She was so much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not live without him;
But, in her desp'rate Resolutions,
[6] Would hang herself to try Conclusions.
The Time and Manner she projected,
And, that she might not be suspected,
She smugg'd her Visage up with Smiles,
And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles:

---

[4] *agit ipse furentem*
In somnis ferus Æneas, sempérque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, ———

[5] *Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamemnonius *scenis agitatus Orestes,*
Ergo ubi concepit furias, ———

[6] *Decrevítque mori, tempus secum ipsa, modúmque*
Exigit, & mœstam dictis aggressa sororem,
Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:

[7] *Nanq*

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7 *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last,
A Way, for all *Æneas'* Haste,
If thou in the Exploit wilt join,
Shall pay him back in his own Coin,
And bring him back by our Contriving,
Since he's so goodly, dead or living.
Seeing the Rogue my Love disgraces,
I'll spoil his Sport in other Places.
8 A Mile from hence, or such a Space,
Down in a Bottom of a Place,
Far out of all Highways and Roads,
Where nothing breeds but Frogs and Toads,
Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,
That (can they catch 'em) will not spare Men:
There, in a Cave, lies an old 9 Wretch,
An ugly, rotten, toothless Witch,
So old, that one would think she were
The eldest Devil's Grandmother.
* Now this old Beldam can do Wonders;
If she but say the Word, it Thunders,

---

7 *Inveni, germana, viam (gratare sereri)*
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.
8 *Oceani finem juxta, solémque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum *locus est ubi maximus* Atlas
Axem humero torquet, ———
9 *Hinc mihi* Massylæ *gentis monstrata sacerdos,*
Hesperidum templi custos, epulásque draconi
Quæ dabat, ———
Spargens humida mella, soporiferumque papaver.
* *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes*
Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas:
Sistere aquam fluviis, & vertere sidera retrò;
Nocturnosque ciet manes. Mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.

Lightens,

Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,
Or any Weather you'll suppose;
She'll make a Cowl-staff, by her Spelling,
Amble like any double Gelding;
And, in the deep o'th' Night, the base Hag
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag;
A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg she'll make a Frigot;
Nay, in a Thimble stem the Flood,
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
She can, where she does owe a Spight,
Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,
And the Bride's Longing disappoint,
By virtue of a Cod-piece point.
She can make People love or hate,
Ev'n whom she please, or at what rate;
And by her Magick and her Spells,
Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
In short, there's nothing that has Ill in't,
But she has admirable Skill in't,
And does her Mischiefs too as quick
As any Juggler does a Trick.
[1] I take the Gods to witness, Sister,
I'm led into this Course sinister,
Out of no End Men wicked call;
But only for Revenge, that's all;
And, since I am so basely cross'd,
I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
More than I'll speak of; she perchance
May lead my *Trojan* such a Dance,

---

[1] *Testor, chara, Deos, & te, germana, tuumque*
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.

Shall

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Shall make him glad, as fast as may be,
To come again, and cry *Peccavi*;
Or make him hang himself at least,
For an Example to the rest
O'th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
That take a Pride to ruin Women:
And now, by good Luck, she's now hard by here,
Come not an Hour ago to *Tyre*,
Sent for, it seems, about no ill Deed,
To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed;
And I'll go fetch her, by her Favour,
With a *Subpœna*, but I'll have her.
[2] In the mean time go thou and tie
Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,
The best new Halter thou canst choose,
And make a dainty running Noose;
Like that fell to the Fellow's Share,
That made a Woman of a Mare.
[3] Then take me out *Æneas'* Raiment,
All I have left in Part of Payment:
His greasy Doublet, and his Trowses,
Where many a wand'ring *Trojan* Louse is:
The Treasure he has left behind him;
In the great standing Press you'll find 'um;
Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
The worse the Stuffing is, the fitter;
And ram the Tatters with a Vengeance,
As People use to ram their Engines;
Make haste and do as I have bid ye;
I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie:

---

[2] *Tu secreta Pyram tecto interiore sub auras*
Erige. [3] *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit*
Impius, exuviásque omnes, lectúmque jugalem,
Quo perii, superimponas: ——— So

So I'm advis'd to do, and ſo,
[1] I mean to ſerve him, if I blow;
Which, though I cannot wreek my Teen, it
Will ſtay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.
[2] Thus having ſaid, the Queen chang'd Colour,
No Ghoſt could e'er look pitifuller:
One would have thought, by her Dejection,
And by her woeful wan Complexion,
She had been going, juſt o'th' ſudden,
To drop, and give the Crow a Pudden.
[3] *Nancy* (although ſhe ſaw the Queen
Ready to burſt her Hoops for Teen)
And well enough mark'd how ſhe look'd too,
Yet, by her fine Pretence, was rook'd ſo,
She did no further on't conſider,
[4] But went about what ſhe had bid her;
Dreaming no more than her laſt Even,
Dido had been ſo leudly given.
Away therefore my Laſs does trot,
And preſently an Halter got,
Made of the beſt ſtrong hempen Seer,
And, e're a Cat could lick her Ear,
Had ty'd it up with ſo much Art,
As *Dun* himſelf could do for's Heart:
The Rope, and ſay t'was got o'th' ſudden,
Did prove ſo prime a ſpecial good one,
That, with fair Uſage, it might come
To hang up *Carthage* all and ſome.

---

[1] *Abolere nefandi*
Cuncta viri monimenta jubet, monſtratque ſacerdos.
[2] *Hæc effata ſilet; pallor ſimul occupat ora.*
[3] *Non tamen* Anna *novis prætexere funera ſacris*
Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores
Concipit, aut graviora timet, ——————
[4] *Ergo juſſa parat,*

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The *Trojan* Doublet she had fill'd so,
'Twas very strange the Buttons held so;
And that the Cramming of his Breeches
Had not quite broken out the Stitches,
His very Stockings, though they were,
About the Feet, out of Repair;
Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,
And tie 'em to the rest on's Wardrobe:
[5] Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
She laid him out in *Dido*'s Room;
" Display'd upon a fair long Board,
Ready, when *Dido* gave the Word,
To be advanc'd into the Halter,
Without the Benefit on's Psalter.
Scarce had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,
When up the Stairs behold the Queen comes,
[6] Leading along the old rotten Gammer,
Into her Highness' matted Chamber.
When she was come, and saw the portly
Trophy in that most noble Sort lie,
As she oft-times had seen the Sinner
Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner;
She fell again into a Passion,
Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration
Of past Delights, seeing those Breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beseeches
To shew her utmost Skill and Cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* Dear from running.
The mumbling Witch bid her not fear,
But rest content, and of good chear,

---

[5] *Exuvias, ensemque relictum,*
Effigiemque toro locat.
[6] *Stant aræ circum, & crines effusa Sacerdos,*

And

And she should see she'd make him stay,
Or foul the Art should say her Nay.
[7] With that the Hag began her Charm,
You would have thought she'd had a Swarm
Of Wasps and Hornets in her Throat,
There came so strange a Humming out:
And, as she spoke, her hollow Chaps,
Bound up in two thin shrivell'd Flaps
Of old abominable Leather,
Like Bellows heav'd and clapp'd together.
Her little Eyes, being fiery red,
Were sunk so far into her Head,
They look'd, when most she star'd at full,
Like Farthing-Candles in a Skull.
Her Nose hung like an Arch, between
Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin:
A craggy Passage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful Gulph her Mouth;
And Elf-locks hung so on each Shoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.
This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses
Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses;
Which, by the Manner of her Mouthing,
Was certainly *Burlesque*, or nothing;
And in these Rhymes, as round she limps,
Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
[8] Sprinkling the Chamber, in her Motion,
With a rapid brackish Lotion,

---

[7] *Tercentum tonat ore Deas, Erebumque, Chaosque,*
Tergeminamque Hecaten, *tria virginis ora* Dianæ.
[8] *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fontis Averni:*

For aught I know, of her own making,
By her much Stirring and Pains-taking.
(9) A red Heart-breaker next she mow'd off,
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,
And burnt it for a strong Perfume,
And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
Then Hand in Hand to dance they fall,
And grave and solemn Magick brawl,
In such hard Figures none could tread 'em,
But the old hobbling Hag that led 'em;
Poor *Dido* too, alas! made one,
Although her Dancing Days were done;
And, though oppress'd with Woe and Care, cut
Capers, and Tricotee'd it * barefoot;
† Imploring all the Deities,
At every Step, both he's and she's,
To turn *Æneas* back, and make him
Follow the Work he'd undertaken;
Or, if he would not turn, t'afford
The Grace to turn him over-board.
Thus to her Footing the poor Jade,
Out of all Measure curs'd and pray'd
Against her Love had so offended,
Till Dance and Charm together ended.

---

9 *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,*
Et matri præreptus amor.
* *Unum exuta pedem vinclis.* ——
Festatur moritura Deos, ——
—— † *Tum, si quod non æquo fœdere amantes*
Curæ numen habet, justumque, memorque, precatur.

* 'Twas

[1] 'Twas now the Time when Candles are
Repriev'd by the Extinguisher;
And ev'ry Thing to steep down lies,
Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties;
And Men and Women rest their Heads
And Heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
Now Men and Fishes, Birds and Beast,
And every thing was laid to rest;
[2] All but the woeful Queen (alas!)
Who now was brought unto that Pass,
What with her Love, and what with Spight,
She could not sleep one Wink all Night.
Her Stomach was now piping hot,
[3] It boil'd and bubbled like a Pot,
And did so strong a Wambling keep,
She fitter was to spew than sleep.
Have not you seen an Animal
Yclep'd an Horse, when in his Stall,
The Botts, that terrible Disease,
Doth on his tender Bowels seize,
What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
He rolling plays upon the Planks?
So *Dido*, cross'd in her Amours,
Tumbled away her sleeping Hours,

---

[1] *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem*
Corpora per terras; silvæque, & sæva quiërant
Æquora: ——
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, ——

[2] *At non infelix animi* Phœnissa, *nec unquam*
Solvitur in somnis, oculisve, aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ——

—— [3] *Magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.*

Now on her Back, and in such Passion,
As if she lay for Consolation;
Now on her Belly, now her Side,
All Postures and all Ways she try'd;
But all in vain, nothing would do,
4 Her Heart was so oppress'd with Woe,
And Love within her did so rumble,
She could do nought but toss and tumble:
At last, in Midst of Agitation,
5 She thus broke out into a Passion;
Which Way, poor *Dido*, should'st thou turn thee,
Whilst cruel Love does thus Heart-burn thee?
Thou now of Hope hast not one Spark left,
Th' hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
Not one poor Dram of Consolation,
O Woman vile in Desperation!
What shall I do in this Condition,
To keep me from the World's Derision?
6 Shall I invite to be my Spouse,
Some one I have forbid my House?
Some saucy proud *Numidian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take
7 *Æneas'* Leavings, or, like Trull here,
Run away basely with this Sculler?

——— 4 *Ingeminant curæ, rursúsque resurgens*
Sævit amor, ———
5 *Sic adeò insistit, secúmque ità corde volutat!*
En quid agam? ———
——— 6 *Rursúsne proces irrisa priores*
Experiar? Nomadúmque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sum toties jam dedignata maritos?
7 *Iliacas igitur classes, atque ultima Teucrúm*
Jussa sequar? ———
——— *Sola fugâ nautas comitabor evantes?*

8 Or

* Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,
And bring him back by Force of Arms?
Alas, I fear it is no Boot!
Foul Means would never bring him to't.
9 No, no, I'll die; this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, shall do the Feat.
* Ah! Sister, Sister, had'st not thou
Play'd Mistress *Quickly*'s Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed Folly:
No, had I made the least Resistance,
And kept the saucy Knave at Distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'er been brought to this I wist.
** Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating;
† Whilst he Dram-full with his Potation,
Ne'er dreaming of the doleful Passion
He had most vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.
‡ But *Merc'ry*, though he slept profoundly,
‖ Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly.

---

* *An Tyriis, omnique manu stipata meorum*
Insequar? ——— ——— ———
9 *Quin morere, ut merita es, ferróque averte dolorem.*
——— * *Tu prima furentem*
His, germana, malis oneras, ———
** *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.*
† *Æneas celsâ in puppi,* ———
Carpebat somnos ———
‡ *Huic se forma Dei* ———
Obtulit in somnis ———
Omnia Mercurio *similis,*
——— ‖ *Rursusque ità visa monere est:*
Nate Deâ ——— And

And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousy,
Mangy, careless, drunken, drowsy
Coxcomb! how oft must I be sent
Hither from *Jove* to compliment
Your Worship to a rev'rent Care
Of the young Bastard here, your Heir?
Whil'st thou ly'st tippled, or tippling;
Nor car'st what Danger the poor Stripling
Lies open to. [1] Y'ad best snore on,
Some body will be here anon:
Take t'other Nap, do, till the Queen come,
She'll reckon with you for your In-come:
She'll rouze ye, Faith! and (Goodman Letcher)
'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
About your Ears: Therefore my loving
Acquaintance, you were best be [2] moving;
Upon my Word th' Advice is wholsome,
Stay not until the angry Soul come;
For if thou dost, mark what what I say,
And be'st not gone before't be Day,
[3] If *Carthage* ben't about your Ears,
As soon as ever Day appears,
And do not thrash your Back and Side,
Far worse than *Agamemnon* did

---

[1] *Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*
Nec, quæ circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis;
Demens! ———
Illa dolos ——— in pectore versat.
[2] *Non fugis hinc præceps, dum præcipitare potestas?*
Eia age, rumpe moras: ——— ———
[3] *Jam mare turbari trabibus, sævasque videbis*
Collucere faces, &c. ——— ———
Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.

Thos

Thoſe of your Women-ſtealing Rabble,
Give me but Six-pence, if thou'rt able,
And here's my Hand, I do not ſport;
I'll give thee twenty Shillings for't.
[4] Thus having ſaid, away he flies,
E're Toſs-pot could unglue his Eyes,
Which were ſo cemented in that Caſe,
The *Page* was got as far as *Atlas*
Back on his Way, e're he could free 'em
From Gowl and Matter fit to ſee him:
But having ſtreak'd and yawn'd a while,
Snorted, and kept the uſual Coil
That Drunkards uſe in ſuch-like Caſes,
And made ſome dozen Devil's Faces;
At laſt he got his Eyes unglew'd
Into a pretty Magnitude,
He ſtar'd about to ſee the Viſion
Had giv'n that courteous Admonition;
But 'was ſo dark, as well it might,
Being 'twixt twelve and one at Night;
That had the nimble Courier
In Kindneſs ſtaid his Leiſure there,
Tho' clad in *Falſtaff's Kendal Green*,
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.
[5] *Æneas* troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not ſee at all,
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates amain.

---

[4] *Sic fatus, noctis ſe immiſcuit atræ.*
[5] *Tum vero Æneas, ſubitis exterritus umbris,*
Corripit è ſomno corpus, ſociosque fatigat.

6 Rise, Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,
7 I've had from *Jove* another How d'ye.
His Man was here, and calls to go still,
His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still.
He swears, and offers to lay odds on't,
And, if he say't, I'll lay my —— on't,
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by Four o' Clock,
We shall be murder'd, if we were
Ten times as many as we are:
Therefore I think it not amiss for's
To launch, for there are Rods in Piss for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall Men,
Till we be got clear out of all Ken;
Then, if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.
8 And thou, O *Jove*, (top of my Kin!)
Who hitherto so kind hast been,
9 If now thou stick, and do not fail's,
Let *Dido* whistle in our Tails.
Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
* Forthwith he drew his doubty Blade,
And at one Slash, to all Men's Wonder,
Cut the Boat's triple Cord asunder:

---

6 *Præcipites vigilate, viri;* ——
—— 7 *Deus æthere missus ab alto,*
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum stimulat. ——
—— 8 *Sequimur te, sancte Deorum,*
Quisquis es, ——
9 *Adsis, O, placidusque juves, & sidera cœlo*
Dextra feras!
—— * *Dixit; vaginâque eripit ensem*
Fulmineum, strictoque secat retinacula ferro.

[1] At which the Gang, ſpurr'd by ſo ample,
So mighty and renown'd Example,
Cut all the reſt, nor Staying Brooks,
But let the Devil take the Hooks,
And, ſhipping Oars, to work they fell,
Like Men that row'd for good and ill.
Had it been Day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallant Sight.
Neptune's great Whiſkers had not been
So neatly [2] bruſh'd as they were then
Of many a Year: Crabs, that did neſt
Full deep therein, could take no reſt.
[3] They lather'd him in the great Baſon,
So admirably well, that *Jaſon*,
Although he ſhav'd the Golden Fleece,
Ne'er waſh'd him half ſo well as theſe.
[4] *Aurora* now, who, I muſt tell ye,
Was grip'd with Dolors in her Belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'er her Head
Slipping on Petticoat of Red,
Forth of the Morning Doors ſhe goes,
In haſty wiſe to pluck a Roſe;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the ruſty Hinges creak,
Ran to her [5] Peeping-hole, to ſpy
What was become o'th' *Trojan'ry*.

---

[1] *Idem omnes ſimul ardor habet:* ——
—— *Rapiuntque, ruuntque:*
Litora deſeruere:
—— [2] *& cærula verrunt.*
[3] *Aduixi tarquent ſpumas,*
[4] *Et jam prima nouo ſpargebat lumine terras*
Tithoni *croceum linquens* Aurora *cubile;*
[5] *Regina è ſpeculis, ut primùm albeſcere lucem*

But out, alas! [7] The devil a Sail
Was left i'th' Port, bare as my Nail
The Dock was ſtripp'd, while far from Shore
They row'd as they ne'er row'd before,
At which ſad Sight, in Wrath (God bleſs us!)
[8] Tearing her dainty yellow Treſſes,
She ſighing ſaid, Was ever ſeen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And ſhall this filthy *Trojan* Royſter,
Undo, as one would do an Oyſter,
Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
Maugre what I can do or ſay!
Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
Bounces and volts from Wave to Wave,
As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
With Wherries upon *Neptune*'s Lakes!
The Devil ſure farts in his Poop,
And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
Or elſe ſome dirty Suburb-Drab
Has help'd the Raſcal to a Clap,
And ſent a running Nag to Sea,
He could not elſe make ſo much Way.
[9] Cannot I burn, or ſink their Floats,
A louſy Fleet of rotten Boats!
Yes, I'm a Queen; To Sea, my People,
Let none remember he's a Cripple:

---

[7] *Vidit, & æquatis claſſem procedere velis,*
Litoráque, & vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus.
[8] *Fluventéſque abſciſſa comas, Proh!* Jupiter! *ibit*
Hic, ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?
[9] *Non arma expedient? totáque ex Urbe ſequentur?*
Ite, &c.
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.

But

But run and row, found and unfound,
And those you kill not, bring Home bound.
[1] But tarry here, goody Magistrate,
Your big Commands come now too late.
Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.
[2] Queen, thou art mortal, and must die
A Sacrifice to Lechery.
Time was thou might'st have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.
[3] This was our huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mother's Smock was lapp'd in.
Of twenty *Greeks* this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,
And through the Fire, a-pick-a-pack,
Bore the old Sinner on his Back,
Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he
Made the brave Voyage o'er the Sea.
This was your trusty *Trojan*, this:
Now he shews what a Man he is!
[4] Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogue's devouring Throat?
[5] Or of his Bastard make a Pye,
And being bak'd in Paste of Rye,

---

[1] *Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? Quæ mentem insania mutat?*
Infelix Dido! ——
—— [2] *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?*
Tum decuit, cum sceptra dabas. [3] *En dextra, fidesque!*
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates:
Quem subiisse humeris confectum ætate parentem.
[4] *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*
Spargere? ——
—— [5] *Non ipsum absumere ferro*
Ascanium ——

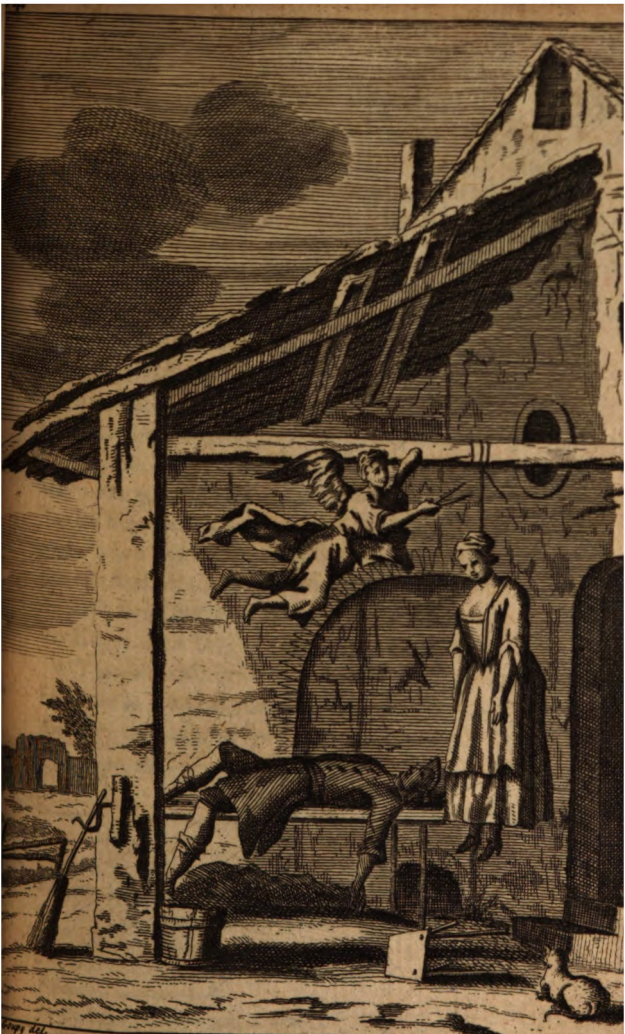
[6] Make

6 Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton-Pasty!
Why did I not, e're this Disgrace,
Kill him, and all his treach'rous 7 Race?
I then had dy'd revenge'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.
8 Thou, *Sol*, who didst in pimping Sort,
Because thou would'st not spoil our Sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather;
And you that brought young Folks together,
9 Procures *Juno*, *Jove* and all
Ye Members of *Olympus'* Hall;
I charge ye, as y're Folks of Fashion,
Grant this my latest * Supplication.
If nothing can the Rogue withstand,
But that he must get safe to † Land,
Let it be such a Land as he
Had better far, upon the Sea,
With all his Comrogues have been drown'd,
Than such a wretched Place have found,
May he, where he expects his Leases,
Ne'er know what such a Thing as Peace is:

---

6 *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?*
7 *Natumque, patremque,*
Cum genere extinxem; memet super ipsa dedissem.
8 *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras:*
9 *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,*
Nocturnique Hecate ——
Et diræ ultrices, &c. ——
——— * *Nostras audite preces* ——
——— † *Si tangere portus*
Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est

But



ido after weeping over Æneas in Effigie hangs herself

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[1] But be drubb'd daily Back and Side,
Till his Bones rattle in his Hide:
May he ne'er sleep an Hour in quiet,
But be disturb'd with Rout and Riot;
Black be his Days, and may his Nights
Swarm with Hobgoblins, Ghosts, and Sprights;
May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;
[2] And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,
And find no Quack to give him Physick:
[3] No Help for Money, or for Love found,
But let him die and rot above Ground;
May none give House-room to the Mungril;
But let him perish on some [4] Dunghil.
And, when his wretch'rous Soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcass be deserted,
As Traytors Quarters Men expose
To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows.
[5] This my last Pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne'er trouble you again.
And be't your Care, ye *Tyrian* [6] Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.

---

[1] *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*
Finibus extorris ———
[2] *Complexu avulsus Iuli,*
[3] *Auxilium imploret,* ———
[4] *Videátque indigna suorum*
Funera: ———
—Mediâque inhumatus arenâ.
[5] *Hæc precor, hanc vocem extremam—fundo.*
[6] *Tum vos, O Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum*
Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro
Munera:

Kill

Kill 'em like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'er my Grave.
7 And may thoſe Children that are yet
To bear, and thoſe that are to get,
Torment them ſtill by Land and Water,
And ſtill may thoſe that follow after,
Hate worſe and worſe, that ſo it fall,
The laſt may hate them worſt of all.
8 This ſaid, ſhe let a Groan, and ſigh'd
A doleful Sigh, that propheſy'd
The Thread was ſpun, and that the *Parcæ*
Would ſhortly cut it without Mercy.
9 In Mind ſhe weigh'd, as ſhe ſat crying,
What kind of Death was beſt to die in.
Poiſon ſhe thought would not be quick,
And, which was worſe, would make her ſick;
That being therefore wav'd, ſhe thought,
That neatly cutting her own Throat
Might ſerve to do her Buſineſs for her:
But that ſhe thought upon with Horror,
Becauſe 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to ſee her Blood.
The next came in her Thoughts was Drowning,
That Way ſhe thought 'twould be a done Thing
Soon, and with ſome Delight; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

---

7 *Pugnent ipſique nepotes.*
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor.
——— *Nullas amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.*
8 *Hæc ait* ———
9 *Et partes animum verſabat in omnes,*
Invifam quærens quamprimùm abrumpere lucem.

But

But then again she fell a thinking,
She should be somewhat long a sinking,
Having been ever light of Members;
And, to dissuade her more, remembers,
'Twould spoil the Cloaths might do some one
Credit when she was dead and gone.
On these mature Deliberations,
She lik'd none of these dying Fashions:
But looking up, and seeing the Rope
Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber-Top,
With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace
E'en long'd to wear it for a Necklace:
And in that Circle, in Conclusion,
She prick'd the Point of Resolution.
[1] But an old Woman being by her,
One of her Chattles brought from *Tyre*,
An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been;
She meant to send her first away,
On sleeveless Errand (as we say)
That she might have her Swing alone,
To do her Execution.
[2] *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,
Bid her tie up her Head, and wish her
To wash her Hands in Bran or Flour,
And do you in like Manner scour
Your dirty Golls; for I intend to
Make a good Cheese, and for a Friend too,

---

[1] *Tum breviter* Barcen *nutricem affata* Sichæi;
[2] Annam, *chara mihi nutrix, huc fiste sororem:*
Dic corpus propere fluviali spargere lymphâ,
——— *Tuque ipsa piâ tege tempora vittâ.*

O'th'

O'th' Morning's Milk, let it be her Care
To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,
And fill the Milk into't: And hear ye?
Take you the large Cheese-Fat i'th' Dairy,
And scour it clean with Sand; bid *Joan* too
Get on the Pot, that she may come to;
And, when the Cheese is come, but break it,
And call; for I'll come help to make it.
[3] The hobbling Trot limps down the Stairs,
And now the desp'rate Queen prepares,
[4] Although her woeful Heart did pantle,
To make herself a sad Example.
[5] Towards the fatal String she moves
With tardy Pace, as if behoves
Those who, by *Nich'las* led astray,
Wilfully make themselves away.
When she came underneath the Halter,
The Colour in her Face did alter;
Whilst down her Cheeks round Liquor rowls,
As if her Eyes had been at Bowls.
First she beholds, with trickling Eyes,
[6] *Æneas* his most dear Disguise;
And as the Trowses she survey'd,
Reflecting how she'ad been betray'd:
Sighing, cry'd out, [7] O thou who wert
The Joy and Comfort of my Heart,

——— [3] *Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*
[4] *At trepida ——— & pallida morte futurâ*
[5] *Interiora domûs irrumpit limina, & altos*
Conscendit furibunda rogos,
——— *paulum lachrymis, & mente morata,*
[6] *Hic, postquam* Iliacas *vestes, notúmque cubile*
Conspexit, ———
[7] *Dulces exuviæ, dum fata, Deúsque sinebant;*
——— *Dixitque novissima verba.*

Whilst

Whilst Cadmet to my dearest Jewel;
But, since the Fates have been so cruel,
My Grief and Shame, farewell for ever;
And here I prophesy that never,
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'er come near thee.
Farewell, my latest Leave I take,
And kiss the Case for Ho-Boy's sake.
Thus having said, she mounts the Table,
Because, though tall, she was not able
To reach the Halter that must tye
Her fast to doleful Destiny;
And having, like too apt a Scholar,
Thrust her plump Neck into the Collar,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging Fashion,
She thus began her last Oration:
* That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,
I doubt, alas! too many know;
But that I now will die, is known
To no one but myself alone;
And if I Nature's Debt do pay,
And hang myself before my Day,
The censuring World can say but this,
That I'm the better Pay-mistress;
And though I die a Death, they say,
Makes Sufferers themselves bewray,
And die uncleanly Corpse; yet I
Shall leave, although I purging die,
And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
A Fame shall favour sweet enough.

* *VIXI, &c. quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*

[8] For murther'd Spouse I've made Amends yet;
As far as Stealing could revenge it,
And made *Pygmalion*, that undid us,
Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
And, at my proper Costs and Charges,
A Village built, which for its Largeness,
[9] In a few Years might well have grown
To be a pretty Market-Town,
Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
T' undo what all my Care had done.
Then going to turn off: [*] But must
I go, quoth she, and is it just,
I die like Felon vile, or Traytor,
Sans Vengeance on this Fornicator;
[†] And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
Yes, die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:
Then 'cause she would, to part the sweeter,
A Portion have of *Hopkins'* Meeter,
As People use at Execution,
For the *Decorum* of Conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which, with a Grace like his that pean'd it,
To her great Comfort, being ended,

---

[8] *Urbem præclaram statui; mea mœnia vidi;*
Ulta virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.
[9] *Felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantùm*
Nunquam Dardaniæ *tetigissent nostra carinæ!*
[*] *Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*
[†] *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto*
Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omina mortis.

And

And Ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final Feat;
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to Shades of Night
I go, and thus I take my Flight.
[1] With that she from the Table swung,
And happy 'was the Rope was strong
Enough, in such a Swing, to stop her,
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper:
[2] So have I seen in Forest tall,
From Friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
And Bullace tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for Hanging, down fell she.
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely;
But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,
Till at the last in mortal Trance,
She did conclude the dismal Dance:
A yellow aromatick Matter
Dropp'd from her Heels, commix'd with Water,
Which, sinking through the Chamber-floor,
[3] Set all the House in sad Uproar,
All at the first that they amiss thought,
Was that her Grace had miss'd the Piss-pot;
And when the Stairs they had ascended,
And saw her Majesty suspended;

---

[1] *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia* ———
[2] *Non aliter, quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis*
Carthago, ———
——— [3] *It clamor ad alta*
Atria; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem.

The Servants, frighted past their Senses,
Tumble o'er Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the next Abidings,
With open Cry to tell the Tidings.
4 Ev'n like unto the dismal Yowl,
When triffel Dogs at Midnight howl;
Or like the Dirges that, through Noſe,
Hum out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle;
With ſuch a Yell did *Carthage* rattle:
5 At the firſt News poor *Nancy* ſhrieks,
And tearing Hair, and ſcratching Cheeks,
Ran up the Stairs, and, like a Fell-ſhrew,
Made all, that ſtopp'd her, feel her Elbow;
Till having joſtled all Oppoſers,
And thruſt ſome twenty on their Noſes;
At laſt the Place ſhe ſet her Feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry or ſweeten:
6 Was it for this, ah Siſter, Siſter,
That I was ſent to Gaffer *Twiſter*
To buy a Rope! 7 Was this, quoth ſhe,
Your fine Device to cozen me!
Could none a Halter elſe prepare ye,
But I muſt be made acceſſary!
Why knew I not thy dire Intent, as
I ſtill thy chiefeſt Confident was!

---

4 *Lamentis, gemitúque, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt; reſonat magnis plangoribus æther:
Non aliter, quam ſi, &c. ——————
5 *Audiit exanimis, trepidóque exterrita curſu*
Unguibus ora ſoror fœdans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit, ——————
6 *Hæc illud, germana, fuit?* ——
—— 7 *Me fraude petebas?*
Hæc nobis iſte mihi, hoc ignes, aræque parabant?

8 What

[8] What did'ſt thou know, but kindly I
Might e'en have hang'd for Company?
But, in thy Ruin, I and all
The People ſuffer, great and ſmall;
And, in this wilful Woman-ſlaughter,
[9] Th'aſt hang'd up *Carthage* Son and Daughter,
* But ſtay, methinks I am not haſty
To cloſe thoſe Eyes that ſtare ſo ghaſtly:
† Which ſaid, her Buttocks on the Board
She toſs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd;
And, being an active Laſs, and light,
At one Jump more ſtood bolt upright.
‡ Thrice in her Arms did *Nancy* catch her,
Thrice thump'd her Boſom to diſpatch her,
And thrice her lateſt Breath did roar,
In hollow Sound at Poſtern-door.
|| Then *Juno*, who had ever been
As 'twere ſworn Siſter to the Queen;
Hearing the lamentable Cries
That from her Village pierc'd the Skies,
Down towards *Carthage* bent her Looks,
Where ſeeing all Things off the Hooks,

---

[8] *Comitémque ſororem*
Sprevíſti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocâſſes:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c.
[9] *Extinxti me, tèque, ſoror, populúmque, patrêſque*
Sidonios, urbémque tuam; date, vulnera lymphis
* *Abluam,*
† *Sic fata, gradus evaſerat altos,*
‡ *Semianimémque ſinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c.
Ter ſeſe attollens
Ter revoluta toro eſt,
|| *Tum* Juno

And

And *Dido*, in unseemly Sort,
Hang dangling there; being sorry sort't,
And loth a Queen in Hempen Tackle
Should to *Plebeians* be a Spectacle;
She call'd a little Emissary,
That us'd her Embassies to carry;
One Mrs. *Iris*, a main pretty
Nimble Housewife, and a witty;
One that, if bidden once, would do't;
And had the Length of *Juno*'s Foot
So right, that, for her Parts and Feature,
She was become her Mistress' Creature.
This Girl was born (as Poet hint to's)
At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*,
And though by Birth a Dyer's Daughter,
Yet had her Friends full well up brought her;
And, because *Juno* gave great Wages,
Preferr'd her thither for a Pages.
Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,
And, big with Tears, bid her be marching,
[2] Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it,
To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.
Iris, when young, had learn'd to fly
(As Youth is full of Waggery)
Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
And for her Journies, lately made
Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
No worse than of her Father's Dying;

---

[1] *Longum miserata dolorem*
[2] Irim *demisit* Olympo,
Quæ luctantem animam, nexosque resolveret artus.

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Who, knowing that his Daughter was
To be preferr'd to ſuch a Place,
And what ſhe muſt b' employ'd about,
Had ſpar'd no Coſt to ſet her out:
[1] At the Command of Heaven's Goddeſs,
She ties theſe Wings faſt to her Boddice,
Which waving did adorn the Sky
With all the fair Variety
Of Colours that the Rain-bow ſhows,
When clad in her moſt gaudy Cloaths.
Full ſwift ſhe flew, till, coming near
Carthage, ſhe made a Chancelleer,
And then a Stoop, when, having ſpy'd
Queen *Dido*'s Window ſtaring wide
Set open, you may well preſume,
(As there was Cauſe) to air the Room,
She nimbly, to all Folks Amazement,
Whips like a Swallow through the Caſement.
[2] O'er *Dido*'s Head ſhe took her Stand,
And cries, whilſt flouriſhing a Brand,
Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
Epilogue to this Tragedy;
And thus, O *Dido*, ſet thee looſe
From Twitch of ſuffocating Nooſe.

---

[1] *Ero* Iris *croceis per cælum roſcida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverſo Sole colores,
Devolat, ———

——— [2] *Et ſupra caput aſtitit: Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum juſſa fero, téque iſto corpore ſolvo.

[1] Which

* Which laid, and tossing high her Blade
With great Dexterity, the Maid,
† O wonderful! ev'n at one Side-blow,
Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropp'd *Dido*.

---

* *Sic ait* ———
——— † *Et dextrâ crinem secat: omnis & unà*
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

The End of the Fourth BOOK.

Burlesque

Burleſque upon Burleſque:

OR, THE

SCOFFER SCOFF'D,

Being ſome of

LUCIAN's DIALOGUES

Newly put into

Engliſh Fuſtian,

For the Conſolation of thoſe who had rather *Laugh and be Merry*, than be *Merry and Wiſe*.

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Eſq;

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXV.

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J. Goupy del. Mr. Guche

Mercury & Vulcan nailing Prometheus to a Ro

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PROLOGUE.

Gentiles, Behold a Rural Muſe,
In home-ſpun Robes, and clouted Shoes,
Preſents you old, but new tranſlated News.

We in the Country do not ſcorn
Our Walls with Ballads to adorn,
Of Patient Grizell, *and the Lord of* Lorne.

Old Tales, old Songs, and an old Jeſt,
Our Stomachs eaſily'ſt digeſt;
And, of all Plays, Hieronymo's *the beſt.*

We bring you here a Fuſtian-*piece,*
Writ by a merry Wag of Greece,
Which yet the Learned ſay's not much amiſs.

And, if 'gainſt Style except you ſhall,
We muſt acquaint you once for all,
'Tis but Burleſque *in the Original.*

The Subject is without Offence,
Do but ſome ſmutty Word diſpenſe,
We'll make amends with Rhime, if not with Senſe.

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Beſides, you muſt not take a Picque,
If he ſometimes ſpeak plain and gleek;
Without that Licenſe he could be no Greek.

But we ourſelves ſo hate Prophaners,
And all Corrupters of good Manners,
He's qualified for all Entertainers:

And is ſo well reform'd from Riot,
His Book is made ſo wholſome Diet,
Virgins and Boys can run no Danger by it.

But why a Prologue *you will ſay,*
To what nor is, nor's like a Play?
That I expect you in my Diſh ſhould lay.

Why, though this Antick new-vamp'd Wit
With no ſuch vain Deſign was writ,
That it ſhould either Gallery, Box, or Pit:

Yet my renowned Author ſays,
Theſe Scenes with thoſe may paſs for Plays
Were writ i'th' Dutcheſs of ——— Days.

But ſhe is gone (I ſpeak it quaking,
The ſleeping Lioneſs for waking)
To write in a new World of her own making.

And, now that ſhe has ſhut the Pit,
You even muſt contented ſit,
And take ſuch homely Fare as you can get.

For

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For This, *the Rhimer says that penn'd it,*
For a fine Piece 'twas not intended,
Since in a Month 'twas both begun and ended.

Some Favour he expects therefore,
And does your Mercies (Sirs) *implore*
On one that never troubled you before.

But yet he bid me, e're I went hence,
To tell you, that, whate'er's your Sentence,
It shall not cost him half an Hour's Repentance.

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Prometheus, or Caucasus.

THE Author, (who, no doubt, had Wit)
This Piece of Railery then writ,
When Paganism was in Fashion:
By this ridiculous Narration
To beat into the Brains o'th' rude
And logger-headed Maltitude,
That what the wanton Poets feign,
Of one Prometheus, in vain,
And fit to be (here be it said)
By none but Coxcombs credited.
Wherein his Meaning further is
To take away th' Authorities
Of Lyes and Fables, which did pigeon
The Rabble into false Religion.
Which also was his Drift ('tis odds)
In th' other Dialogues o'th' Gods;
Of which, this here plac'd first of all
Seems to be Captain-General.

DIALOGUE.

VULCAN, MERCURY, and PROMETHEUS.

Merc. SO, now to *Caucaſus* we're got;
Come, *Vulcan*, let us look about
For ſome good *Rock*, where we may fall
To nailing faſt the *Criminal*.
'Tis more than Time that we had done it:
But let's chuſe one has no Snow on it;
That of both *Manacle* and *Sieve*
The Nails we to the Head may drive;
And one that alſo on each Side
Does open lie to be deſcry'd,
That *Paſſengers* may be aware on't,
And the *Rogue*'s Shame the more apparent.

Vulcan. Content; but we muſt nail him ſo,
That he may neither hang ſo low,
That *Mortals*, ſoon as they ſhall ſpy him,
May preſently come and untye him;
Nor muſt we faſten him ſo high,
As to be out of Reach of Eye:
The Torment then would be unknown,
That's meant an exemplary one.
Therefore be rul'd by my Advice,
We'll hang him on this *Precipice*
I'th' middle of the Mountain there,
Chaining one Hand to this Rock here,

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T'other to that that's opposite,
And there he will hang fair in sight;
Where *Friend* and *Foe* at Ease may view him,
But the *grand Devil* can't get to him.

Merc. I like thy Reasons wond'rous well;
They both are inaccessible.
Come (Sir *Prometheus*) if you please,
And mount a Step for your own Ease;
Nay, never *hang an Arse* for th' Matter,
It is in vain to cog and flatter:
Come on, I say, and ne'er draw back for't,
Or those large Lugs of yours will crack for't;
Why when, I say! come mount apace,
And hang, Man, with a handsome Grace.

Prom. Haul me not, prithee, on this Fashion,
But take some small Commiseration
Upon a *pauvre Diable*,
Unjustly made thus miserable.

Merc. What! I believe thou art so kind
(Thou bear'st a very loving Mind)
To have us truss'd up in thy room
For disobeying great *Jove's* Doom!
Do'st think this *Caucasus* to be
Too little to hold all us three?
Or would it Comfort be to thee
T'have Fellows in thy Misery?
Your Servant, Sir, we thank you kindly,
And in Return we mean to bind ye,
Where any Friend you have may find ye.
Come (*Sir*) your Right-hand; *Vulcan*, drive;
Well driven, *as I hope to live!*
Such Things I see thou hast an Art in;
That Hand I warrant's *fast for starting*,
Come (*Sir*) your left; here, strike again,
And drive this Home *with might and main.* Ha!

Ha! ha! old *Smutty-face*, well ſaid,
Th'haſt hit the Nail (i'faith) o'th' Head.
Here, here, now take me this right Leg,
And drive me here another Peg.
Well ſaid! here make me this faſt too,
And then there is no more to do.
'Zlid, thou haſt *done it to a Hair*;
So, now (*Sir*) you may take the Air,
And may contemplate all alone;
The *Vulture* will come down anon
To prey upon your Entrails, *Don*;
A Recompence, a worthy one,
For your moſt fine Invention.

Prom. O gentle Mother *Earth* that bore me,
And in thy Throws didſt loud groan for me;
Thou *Saturn*, and *Japetus* too,
Alas the Day, what ſhall I do?
What! muſt I undergo this Woe-thing,
And ſuffer thus for doing nothing?

Merc. No! call'ſt it nothing *(wicked Beaſt)*
To cheat great *Jove* at a great Feaſt!
To give him Bones (a Trick that new is)
Smear'd over with a little *Brewis*,
And keep the beſt o'th' Meat (forſooth)
For your own Worſhip's *dainty Tooth!*
Beſides, I wonder much (*Wife-aker*)
Who 'twas that made you a *Man-maker!*
That ſubtle crafty Animal;
And *Woman* too, the worſt of all!
And then to ſteal the Fire from *Heaven*,
Which only to the Gods was given;
And that they prize above all meaſure
Much more than all their other Treaſure;

After all which, haſt thou a Face,
So varniſh'd, nay, ſo vamp'd with Braſs;
Or rather ſteel'd with Impudence,
To preach to us thy Innocence!
And to complain thou haſt wrong done thee!
Thou *wicked Rogue*, now out upon thee!
Prom. Haſt thou the ſtony Heart to rate
And uſe me thus in this Eſtate?
And to reproach me for things here,
For which, by all the Gods I ſwear,
And all of them to Witneſs call
That dine and ſup in *Jove*'s fair Hall,
I deſerve rather, than this Doom,
A Penſion i'th' * *Prytonium*.
And if thou would'ſt but give me Leiſure,
In Sadneſs, I could take a Pleaſure,
(For all, I know, thou muſt do glory
In thy renowned Oratory)
Now with thee to diſpute the Caſe,
And argue't with thee *Face to Face*;
To baffle in thy Perſon here
Thy mighty Maſter *Jupiter*.
Take then upon thee his Defence
With all thy mighty Eloquence,
And make't appear that he has Reaſon
To chain me here this bitter Seaſon,
In Proſpect of the *Caſpian Ports*,
To which the trading World reſorts,
To all thoſe Crowds of Men to be
A Spectacle of Miſery,
Yea (and what's more) of Horror, ev'n
To *Scythians*, to whom is giv'n,
By all that have been hither * driv'n,
The Name of bloody'ſt under Heav'n.

* *The Exchequer of Athens.*

* *The Author means driven by Neceſſity of Trading, as well as by the Winds.*

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Merc. Faith, thy Defence comes now too late;
But, if thou haſt a mind to prate,
We'll give thee Hearing, and we may;
For we are here enjoin'd to ſtay
Until we ſee the * *Pigeon-driver*
Come down to prey upon thy Liver.
In the mean time we'll ſhew our Breeding
In our Attention to thy Pleading;
Make uſe of Time then, and be quick
In pouring out thy Rhetorick,
'Twill doubtleſs raviſh; for I hear
Thou art a mighty *Sophiſter*.

* *The Vulture.*

Prom. Nay, to ſpeak firſt it is thy Part,
Becauſe thou my Accuſer art;
And, in ſo doing, take heed, pray,
You don't your Maſter's Cauſe betray:
Smug here ſhall ſtand by, and be mute,
And be the *Judge* of our Diſpute.

Vulc. Who, I be *Judge* againſt my *Father!*
Thy Peacher and thy Hangman rather,
For having my own Forge bereaven
Of Heat, by ſtealing Fire from Heaven.

Prom. Why then I'll tell you what to do,
Your Accuſations ſplit in two;
* *Thou* of the *Theft* to ſpeak hadſt beſt,
And let *him* handle *all the reſt*;
T'other Offences leave to him:
And alſo it would ill beſeem
The *God of Thieves*, in open Seſſion,
To ſpeak againſt *his own Profeſſion*.

* *Speaking to Vulcan.*

Vulc. No, no, to meddle I am loth,
Mercury here ſhall ſpeak for's Both;
He is a *Clerk* of better Reading,
For my Part, I've no Skill in Pleading:

He

He has been bred to't, I was ne'er
Cut out to be a *Barrister*;
My Head too heavy was and logger,
Ever to make a *Petifogger*;
I'll ne'er deny it, I've more Art
In clouting of a crazy Cart:
But *he* by Bawling, 'tis well known,
Has gotten many a good Half-Crown;
And by *that Trade* has got his Living,
(For all thy Talk) as well as *Thieving*.
Merc. It would require a tedious Time
Piecemeal to handle ev'ry Crime
Of which thou, lousy, mangy, filthy,
Abominable *Knave*, art guilty:
Nor is't enough, in running Fashion,
Barely to name each Accusation:
But, since my *Gentleman* confesses,
Nay glories in his Wickedneſſes,
My Task by that so much the less is.
And it great Folly were to babble
A great long tedious Ribble-rabble
Of Crimes would load a Council-Table,
And go about, with grave Sentences,
To prove a *Bead-Roll* of Offences,
Of which, without being so strict,
He is by his own Mouth convict;
And therefore I shall say but this,
That undeniably it is
The greatest Injury can be
To *Jupiter*'s great Clemency
So often to relapse into
Crimes (*Sir*) for which, you full well knew
The Gallows were long since your Due;

And,

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And, in Defiance ſtill of Heaven,
To ſin as often as forgiven.
Prom. A great Caſe in few Words laid open;
Learnedly has your *Worſhip* ſpoken:
Good *Maſter Serjeant*, y'ave undone
The *Lawyers* ev'ry Mother's Son:
'Tis Pity but you had held on,
It was ſo pithy an *Oration*.
But now how wiſe your Accuſation
Is in the Subſtance, would be known,
And that (*Sir*) we ſhall ſee anon.
But ſince you think ye've ſaid enough,
Without one Syllable of Proof,
I'll enter into my Defence,
To anſwer your great Eloquence.
And, firſt and foremoſt, here I call
The *Gods* in *Heav'n* to witneſs call,
It pities me to th' Heart to ſee
That the great *Jupiter* ſhould be
So out of humour, and ſo grum,
As to pronounce this heavy Doom,
Not only on a Man, but even
A *God* who has a Right in *Heaven*,
One of the merrieſt of *boon Blades*,
And one too of his old *Comrades*,
Nay, one that ſometime (much Good do him)
Has been full ſerviceable to him:
And all this only for a Jeſt
I put upon him at a Feaſt!
But, had I thought he'd been ſo lodden
Of his bak'd, fry'd, boil'd, roaſt, and ſodden,
I ſhould (I am not ſuch a *Noddy*)
Have jeſted with ſome other Body.

Thou

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hou know'ſt what Liberty of jeſting
very one takes when they are feaſting,
here we throw Cuſhions, Chairs, and Stools,
nd none but Children, or mere Fools,
ny Thing ever do take ill,
et a Man do whate'er he will:
it evermore the better Sort
urn all to Railery and Sport.
ut for one, of the State that his is,
o let ſuch a poor Thing as this is,
carcely the Shadow of Wrong)
ie feſt'ring in his Heart ſo long,
nd to this damnable Degree
o wreak his Anger as you ſee,
my poor Judgment, is a Part
o much below the gen'rous Heart
ot only of a *God* to do,
nd of all *Gods* the *Sov'reign* too;
it even of a *Gentleman*,
civil and a well-bred Man:
r if ſuch honeſt Liberties,
ch Paſtimes, and ſuch Tricks as theſe,
uſt baniſh'd be from merry Meetings,
ain would know what at ſuch Sittings
ere will be left to do, but fill
e's Guts like Brutes, ſo munch and ſwill?
hich is unfit, (if I am able
judge) of any civil Table.
id not then, I ſwear, imagine
would have taken't in ſuch dudgin;
that he'd had ſo little Wit,
the next Day to think of it;
ch leſs he would have been ſo cankerd,
falſe a *Brother of the Tankard*,

As

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As to have plagu'd me in this sort
For what I only did in Sport.
What if in Play I made one Mess
Than others something worse and less,
And offer'd 'em to his refusing,
Only to try his Wit in chusing?
Was that so heinous an Offence,
He must bear Malice ever since,
And nourish such a damn'd Malignity,
As if the uttermost Indignity,
Both to his Person and his *Crown*,
I offer'd had that e'er was known?
But come now, at the *worst let's take it*,
And *mak't as ill as ill can make it*:
Suppose, more than thou didst at first,
Not only that his Share was worst,
But that he'd had no Part at all,
Must he for this make all this Brawl?
And must he (as th'old Saying is)
For such a trivial Toy as this,
(A Thing indeed not worth a Feather)
Shuffle both Heaven and Earth together?
And, of one Meal for the great Losses,
Of nothing talk but Stocks and Crosses,
Racks, Gibbets, and these new Devices
Of Vultures, Rocks, and Precipices?
Let him take heed, when this is bruited,
That this Proceeding ben't imputed
To an Unworthiness of Spirit;
I promise you I greatly fear it;
For a great Thing I fain would know,
What would this *Thund'rer* stick to do,
Who makes this strange unheard of Clutter
For loosing of his Bread and Butter?

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How many *Men* would scorn this odd,
This strange Proceeding of a *God!*
Does any *History* relate,
That ever Man of any State
So greedy was, or passionate,
To *make*, or *put* his Cook away,
For licking of his Fingers, pray?
Or if a *Tripe*, or so, he rifles,
One ne'er regards such pretty *Trifles*;
Or, if one do chastise him for it,
'Tis only with a *Kick*, or *Whirret*:
But, for so small a *Peccadil*,
To send a Man up *Holborn-Hill*
An Act is of an odious Dye,
And an unheard-of Cruelty!
Thus much to say I've ta'en Occasion
To th' first Point of my Accusation;
Wherein so pitiful's the Matter
Which does my Innocence bespatter,
That (though I do not often use it)
I almost blush'd but to excuse it;
They then may sure blush well enough,
Who charge me with such *wretched Stuff*.
Let's now to the next *Charge* proceed,
And that's a heinous one indeed,
The making Man; wherein I am
To seek 'gainst what you would declaim:
Whether the Thing a Crime you call
Consist in *making Man at all*;
Or that it only is *the Fashion*
That wants your Worship's Approbation?
But we'll examine *both*, that's fair:
And to the *first*, I do declare,
The Gods so far from losing are

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Any thing by this new Creation,
That (if they would be Folks of Fashion,
And with their Neighbours would be quiet)
They're infinitely Gainers by it.
And (though they will be so outrageous)
For them 'tis much more advantageous,
That there be Men, tho' they be evil,
Deform'd, and wicked as the *Devil*,
And good, or bad, or low, or tall,
Than that there should be none at all.
And, (back into past Time to go)
In the Beginning, you must know,
The *World*, which now no Tenants wants,
Save *Gods*, had no *Inhabitants*.
At which good Time the *Earth* (alas!)
Nought but a vast wild *Desart* was,
All overgrown with Trees and Bushes,
Mansions for *Blackbirds*, *Jays*, and *Thrushes*,
Where there no Riding was, but Walking,
Good store of *Game*, but no good *Hawking*;
Where Herds and Deer did graze and fill 'em,
But no-body to hunt and kill 'em,
From whence (Sir *Mercury*) by your Leave,
Do you in your wise Head conceive
Come all those goodly well-till'd Fields,
That so good *Wheat* and *Barley* yield;
Whence these fine *Gardens* with their Flowers,
The *Temples* with their stately *Towers*,
Of *Altars* all this mighty Store,
And *Statues* which the World adore,
And several Things that I could mention,
But from Man's Labour and Invention?
Therefore as I, who from a *Groom*,
No bigger than a Miller's Thumb,

Have

Have still been taking daily Pains,
And *cudgeling about my Brains*
To find Inventions out that shou'd
Conduce unto the publick Good,
Was musing after my old rate,
And meditating this and that,
An old *Diogenes* in Tub-like,
For something useful to the Publick;
As Poets sing, without delay
I took some Water and some Clay,
And, temp'ring them together * thus,
E'en made a Man like one of us,
Wherein *Minerva* was an Actress,
(I'll not conceal my Benefactress)
And this is all, *as I am civil*,
That I committed have of Evil,
A mighty Matter (without doubt)
For *Jove* to keep this Stir about!
But what complain the Gods of, now?
What is it that offends them so?
Do not my *Creatures* them adore?
Are they less Gods now, than before?
I undertook this *Puppets* Trade,
And Male and Female *Babies* made?
For but to see how *Jupiter*
Does fret, and fume, and stamp, and stare,
Threaten and huff, and swear and swagger,
And clap his Hand on Dudgeon Dagger,
A Man would think that he had left
The half of his Estate at least,
At least his Grandfather's Seal-Ring,
Or some most dearly-beloved Thing.
What? is his Majesty afraid
Those dapper Fellows I have made,

Against

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Against his Vow, should rant and roar,
As did the Giants heretofore.
Or, if they should turn *Mutineers*,
Which yet they dare not for their Ears,
(As he, who could the Sons of *Titan*
For all their Huffing) make be——'em,
Much more reduce them all to Reason,
Grown feebler *now*, than at *that Season*?
The Gods then, by my fine Device,
Sustain no kind of Prejudice;
But, to shew forth and make it plain,
That they by my Invention gain,
Do but behold the Earth which was
In former Days a barren Place,
With Thorns and Brambles over-spread;
But now improv'd and husbanded,
Affording Things innumerable
To cloath Man's Back, and store his Table;
Nor of itself it nought produces
But Crabs, and Fruits of sowre Juices:
Nay, e'en the Sea is in some Fashion
Appeas'd and tam'd by Navigation.
The Islands are inhabited,
The World's round Face with *Cities* spread,
Where Men do sacrifice, and pray
In many a merry *Holy-day*.
In short (as the small Poet says)
Temples, Towns, Streets, nay, the High-ways,
(As oft as People travel there)
Are all brim-full of *Jupiter*.
Again, if one could make a Story
That I had aim'd at my own Glory
In doing this, it something were:
But it does contrary appear. For,

For, 'mongſt ſo many Fanes that riſe
To ſuch a *Crew* of *Deities*,
Of any one didſt hear't related
Unto *Prometheus* dedicated?
Which does ſufficiently declare,
That I my own particular
Honour and Intereſt have neglected,
And, but the Publick, nought reſpected.
Conſider further (*Mercury*)
That that we call Felicity,
Without a Witneſs looking on,
Can be but an imperfect one;
And that, if Mortals there were none
To ſee this great Creation,
The World would be but a dead Maſs,
And our Advantages much leſs,
(Tho' the ſtrange Fabrick will require it)
In having no one to admire it,
Again, as Things to us are known
But only by Compariſon;
So, if unhappy Men were none,
Our Happineſs would be unknown;
And for ſuch Benefits as theſe,
Inſtead of giving me large Fees,
At leaſt great Honour for Reward,
You crucify me, which goes hard;
That Smart unto my feeling Senſe
Muſt be my Virtue's Recompence.
But what! there are Adulterers,
Murtherers, Robbers, Raviſhers,
Perhaps you'll argue, 'mongſt *Men*:
Why, if there are, I pray what then?
Are there not 'mongſt *Us* the ſame,
As void of Honeſty and Shame?

And

And yet for this we don't condemn
The Heav'n and Earth that nouriſh'd them.
But you will add, perhaps, this more,
That we've more Trouble than before,
And are put to't to find Supplies
For many more Neceſſities:
Whoever heard, I know would fain,
A Shepherd of his Flock complain
For Fruitfulneſs, tho' they yean'd double,
Becauſe they help'd him to more Trouble:
If painful 'tis, 'tis profitable,
Nay, pleaſant too, and honourable;
And this Advantage brings with't too,
It finds us ſomething ſtill to do;
Whereas we otherwiſe ſhould go
With Hands in Pockets ev'ry Day,
And nothing have to do but play;
Or ſwill and guttle ev'ry Day,
With *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*.
But that at which moſt vex'd I am,
Is to hear thoſe the moſt exclaim
Of Men, who leaſt can be without 'em;
And, if they Women meet, do rout 'em,
For the fine Knacks they wear about 'em,
And though they keep this mighty Pother,
Do love them more than any other.
Nay, and each Day to thouſand Shapes
Transform themſelves to act their Rapes,
And not contented (as they ſay)
To *take a Snatch*, and ſo away:
But, that they may ſtick longer to't,
Ev'n make them *Goddeſſes* to boot.
But ſome may ſay, that I had Reaſon,
And that *Man-making* was no Treaſon,

Only

Only it ſhould not have been thus,
To make him like to one of *Us*.
And could I in ingenious *Noddle*
Have choſen out a fitter Model
Whereby my Art might be expreſs'd,
Than that I knew was perfecteſt?
Had I begun my Making-Trade
With Four-legg'd Beaſts, and Brutes had made,
Perhaps it would have been no Sin,
And I no Criminal had been:
But from ſuch *Creatures* of mere Senſe,
Devoid of all Intelligence,
With Faces prone, and Looks dejected,
What Service could you have expected?
The Gods had been, without Diſpute,
Moſt rarely-worſhip'd by a Brute:
A great *Bull* would have been, I fear,
But an obſtrep'rous Worſhipper,
And bellowing Prayers, I'm afraid,
Great *Jupiter* would have diſmay'd.
An *Aſs* or *Horſe*, in ſenſeleſs wiſe,
Would *bray* or *whinny* Liturgies.
To hear (Sir *Marc'ry*) it would fear ye,
A Wolf brawl out a *Miſerere*;
And t'hear a Lion, worſe than that,
Roaring out a *Magnificat*.
Come, come (*my Maſters*) ſay I muſt
That you are horribly unjuſt,
You ſtick not far as *Egypt* roam,
Only to ſnuff a *Hecatomb*,
And him the Cauſe, your Malice dooms,
You *Altars* have and *Hecatombs*;
But come, enough of this! Let's on
To my laſt Accuſation.

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The Stealing Fire. And first, have I
Impoverish'd any Deity,
By having given it to Men?
Or have you now less Fire, than when
I had therewith inspir'd no Creature?
And is it not the proper Nature
Of that warm Element to dart
Its Rays and Heats to ev'ry Part,
And yet still to continue Fire,
Keeping its Virtue still entire?
Then what a vain Objection's this,
A poor Fetch, and *a meer Caprice*,
Below, and unbefitting all
The Poets *Benefactors* call!
Besides, had I purloined ev'n
To the last Spark of Fire in *Heav'n*,
I had not wrong'd the Gods a Bit;
They boil no Pot, nor turn no Spit:
For your *Ambrosia* does not need
To be or *hash'd*, or *fricasy'd*.
A *Cook* may there forget his Trade,
Where nor *Pottage*, nor *Oglio's* made;
Whereas poor Men, contrariwise,
Want it for their Necessities,
If for no other Use at all
But t'sacrifice to you withal.
Do you not love to smell the Roast
Of a good Rammish Holocaust?
So that 'tis plain (for all Pretences)
You speak against your Consciences.
I wonder (hang me if I don't)
Since this is such a great Affront,
And of your Fire since you're so wary,
You ha'nt forbid *Dan Luminary*

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T'impart his Light, which is, I'm ſure,
A Fire more glorious and more pure;
And that, t'o'erthrow the Uſe of Dial,
You do not bring him to his Trial,
For having thus, without all Meaſure,
Profuſely ſquander'd out your Treaſure,
And, like a treach'rous Truſt-breaker,
Leudly embezzel'd your Exchequer.
This is (you Pair of *Jove's Bumbailiffs*,
Or *Hangmen* rather) *Sum totalis*
Of what I'd for myſelf to ſay;
If you confute me can, you may;
But (for I ever lov'd Pain-dealing)
(O *Mercury*, thou God of Stealing)
To tell thee the plain Truth o'th' Story,
'Tis paſt, I doubt, thy Oratory;
But do me right, *pledge and 't were Water*;
Reply, altho' not much to th' Matter.
Merc. It is not eaſy (I confeſs)
To baffle ſuch a Plate of Braſs;
For, in my Days, I ne'er did hear
So impudent a *Sophiſter*.
And well's thee *Jupiter's* not near thee,
Who, had he chanc'd to over-hear thee,
I confidently do aſſure thee,
Thou would'ſt have ſo provok'd his Fury,
By ſtand'ring him under Pretence
Of pleading in thy own Defence;
So vilely ſtand'ring him, that he,
For ſuch a grand Indignity,
Would, in his burning Indignation,
Have ſent thee down, inſtead of one,
A dozen *Vultures* of a Feather
To prey upon thy Lungs together.

But

But tell me why thou, being a *Prophet*,
(For surely thou knew'ſt nothing of it)
Hadſt not the Knowledge to foreſee
The Evil was to fall to thee?

Prom. Oh (*Mercury*) hold thee content;
One may foreſee, but not prevent.
I did foreſee it well enough;
Of which, to give thee further Proof,
Know, that I likewiſe did foreſee
A * *Theban* ſhould deliver me, * *Hercules.*
One of thy old Acquaintance, and
A proper Fellow of his Hand,
Who, with a luſty Bolt and Tiller,
Will come and be my *Vulture*'s Killer.

Merc. I wiſh he were already come,
And that in *Jove*'s great Dining-*Room*
We were, with each one a good Thwittle,
Again ſet down to ſwill and vittle,
Provided (*Seignior*) do you ſee,
That you ſhould not the Carver be,
Eſpecially (my Friend) for me.

Prom. Why thou wilt ſee me there agen,
Marry, I cannot juſt ſay when:
But I will tell thee, 'twixt us two,
I ſhall ſo rare a Service do
For *Jupiter*, that for my Labour
He will reſtore me to his Favour.

Merc. What Service is it that ſo great is?

Prom. Thou know'ſt a Laſs call'd Madam *Thetis*,
A pretty little wanton *Drab*:
But I a Secret will not blab,
That is to purchaſe and advance
My Peace and my Deliverance.

Merc. If it be ſo, thou doſt full well,
Yea, and full wiſely, not to tell:
But, *Vulcan*, come, we muſt away,
For yonder is the *Bird* of *Prey*,
I ſee him in a *Kill-duck* Place,
Ready to make a Stoop: Alas!
Beware thy Liver now, I'm ſorry
(*Prometheus*) very ſorry for ye,
And with the *Liberator* were
As ready, as the Danger's near.

THE

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THE DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

PROMETHEUS *and* JUPITER.

P. OH, *Jupiter!* I'm glad to see thee;
And now thou'rt here, take pity, prithee,
Upon a poor old *Cinque* and *Quater*,
Has paid for playing the Creator.
In truth, I've suffer'd out of Reason,
And eke withal so long a Season,
That, if thou would'st be good-condition'd,
Thoud'st think that that were e'en sufficient
For a far greater Fault than mine is,
And to my Torments put a *Finis*.
Never was *Man* tormented thus!
Hang me if this same *Caucasus*
Be not the coldest Habitation,
I think, in all the whole Creation;
And 'twixt the *Vulture* and the Weather,
The Cold, the Kite, or both together;

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Altho' I do not eat a jot,
(*Saving thy Preſence*) I have got
So damn'd a Griping in my Guts,
That, as I'd ſurfeited of Nuts,
I've thirty Stools a Day at leaſt;
Then prithee let me be releas'd;
For I have purg'd ſo wond'rous ſore,
That, truly, I can do no more.

Jup. Who, I releaſe thee?
Releaſe a Rogue, releaſe a Pudden!
I would thou could'ſt perſuade me to it:
For what, I prithee, ſhould I do it?
For which of theſe fine Pranks th'aſt play'd?
The pretty Fellows thou haſt made,
Have caus'd ſuch Miſchief 'mong the *Gods*,
That we e'er ſince have been at odds?
Or, for thy filching Fire from Heaven,
To animate the uncouth Leaven?
Or, which of Crimes is not the leaſt,
Cheating thy Maſter at a Feaſt?
When, like a ſaucy ill-bred Waiter,
Thou, for thyſelf, the Fleſh couldſt cater,
And trait'rouſly, and for the nones,
Mad'ſt me thy *Dog*, to pick thy Bones?
For which, *Sir Sauce-box*, doſt thou ſee,
Since thoul't make Men, I'll unmake thee;
And I have hung your Worſhip there
In this convenient nipping Air,
As I conceive it did require,
To cool thee after ſtealing Fire:
And as to thoſe thy Belly-gripes,
Know, *Rogue*, my *Vulture* loves fat *Tripes*,

And

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And I will feed him upon upon thine,
Becauſe thou once defeatedſt mine.
Prom. But for theſe Faults, and for a Score
Greater than theſe, nay Twenty more,
Have I not ſuffer'd full enough?
For, though my Hide be well and tough,
Thou know'ſt it is not made of Buff,
And neither Froſt, nor *Vulture*-proof.
Beſides, this *Vulture*, by this Light,
Is the plain *Devil* of a *Kite*,
His hooked, black, deformed Beak,
I think, thro' *Mars* his Shield would peck;
His Feet, wherewith my Sides he tickles,
Have *Talons* more like Scythes than Sickles:
When he's in's Place high in the Air,
He ſeems as big as *Caſſioare*,
Where ſome Time lying on his Wings,
After a few preparing Rings,
He makes his Stoop, and down he comes,
(Whilſt Fear my very Heart benums)
With ſuch a Whirldwind and a Powder,
That, tho' thy Thunder may be louder,
Thy Lightning is not half ſo quick,
Nor does it make one half ſo ſick;
And gives my Liver ſuch a Thump,
That the Blow ecchoes at my Rump.
Then, faſt'ning in my Ribs his Pounces,
He tears my Stomach out by Ounces,
Preys on my Liver, Lights, and Lungs,
And in my Paunch his Beak bedungs.
So that by Even Yeſternight,
Coming to take his ſupping Flight,

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As in my Bowels he was tugging,
He lights upon a Maſter-pudding,
Which, as he pull'd ſtill, ſtill did follow,
So much more faſt than he could ſwallow,
That had I not (upon my Word)
Becauſe I knew thou lov'ſt the *Bird*,
With my Teeth caught him by the *Train*,
He'd ne'er on Carrion prey'd again.
Therefore, if all the Miſeries
I have endur'd will not ſuffice,
Yet let this one good Office do't,
And eaſe me at my humble Suit.

Jup. Were th' Pains, whereof thou doſt complain,
As many and as great again;
Yet were they not the Hundredth Part
Of what is juſtly thy Deſert.
Thou ſhould'ſt by *Caucaſus*, thou *Scab*,
Be cruſh'd as flat as Verjuice-Crab,
And not be only ty'd unto it
To choak a *Spar-hawk* with thy Suet.
Nay, thou art ſuch a Malefactor,
And in all Ill ſo vile an Actor,
As ſhould not only have thy Liver
Prey'd on by twenty Kites together;
But yet moreover have thine Eyes
Pick'd out, to pay thy Treacheries.
And even thy felonious Heart,
Hadſt thou but half of thy Deſert.

Prom. Well, thou may'ſt follow thine own Will,
And, if thou wilt, torment me ſtill:
But, but if thou wouldſt but be contented
To pardon me, thou'dſt ne'er repent it:

For

For I shall such a Caution give thee,
Will make thee glad thou didst reprieve me.
Jup. What, I perceive thou now wouldst fain
Be loose, to gull me once again.
Prom. Prithee, by that what should I get?
Canst thou Mount *Caucasus* forget?
Or, if there yet were no such Place,
Hast thou not thousand other Ways,
Whose Pow'r's so uncontroul'd and ample,
To make me a most sad *Example?*
Jup. Come, come, I cannot stay to prattle,
Nor hear thy idle *Tittle-Tattle.*
What (for no more thou now shalt dorre me)
If I release thee, wilt do for me?
Come, leave thy Wheedling and thy Cogging,
And tell me, for I must be jogging.
Prom. Wilt thou not take it, *Jove*, in dudging,
If I now tell thee where thou'rt trudging?
And wilt thou henceforth now believe me,
And in thy Heart that Credit give me,
If I tell Truth unto a Tittle,
That I can prophesy a little?
Jup. What elfe?
Prom. Why then, to cure thy Itching,
Jove, thou now art going a Bitching,
And so immoderate thy Heat is,
As none can quench but *Nereid Thetis.*
Jup. Well, if I should play such a Feat,
What Issue shall we two beget?
Prom. What Issue! marry out upon her!
By no means meddle with that *Spawner*;
For, if thou dost, I'll tell thee what,
A graceless Child will be begot,

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Betwixt thee and that *blue-ey'd Slattern*,
Will thee depoſe, as thou didſt *Saturn*;
At leaſt ſo threat the Deſtinies:
And therefore, if thou wilt be wiſe,
Let her alone, and come not at her,
But, elſewhere, lead thy *Nag* to water.

Jup. Well, ſince tho'aſt *hit th' Nail o'th' Head*,
I'll once by thy Advice be led;
And, for thy Counſel's Recompence,
Vulcan ſhall come and looſe thee hence.
For all paſt Faults I quit thee clear.

Prom. Why then I thank thee, *Jupiter*.

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DIALOGUE.

JUPITER *and* CUPID.

Cup. AH *Jupiter*, I prithee hear,
For thine own ſake, good *Jupiter*,
If I am guilty of a Crime,
Do but forgive me this one time,
And, if I e'er do ſo agin,
Then whip me till the Blood do ſpin.
What! will not *Jove* be reconcil'd
But ſtill bear Malice to a Child?

Jup. A Child, thou little *Rakehell* thou!
A pretty Child, thou art I trow!
Older than *Japhet*, little *Hang-ſtring*,
Tho' one might wear thee in his *Band-ſtring*;
And then, for Art and Subtlety,
Prometheus is an Aſs to thee.

Cup. That *Painters* beſt and *Poets* know,
Whoever repreſent me ſo?
And unto them I do refer it,
Who, if they are put to't, will ſwear it:
But, were I what thou'dſt have me be,
What Miſchief have I done to thee,
That ought t' engage thine Indignation
To uſe me on this cruel Faſhion?

Jup. What doſt thou aſk me, *Ne'er-be good*;
When thou haſt ſo inflam'd my Blood,

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That, as I Philtres ſwallow'd had,
I ev'ry Day run whinnying mad
For every Woman that I ſee,
And yet thou mak'ſt not one love me:
So that each Day, to ſcreen my Vices,
I'm put to pump for new Devices,
And to put on a thouſand Shapes,
The better to commit my *Rapes*.

Cup. That is, becauſe the Women fear thee,
And therefore tremble to come near thee.

Jup. And yet the ill-condition'd *Toads*
Can love, forſooth, the other Gods:
Apollo he can have his Joys
Both with the Wenches and the Boys.

Cup. The Cauſe of that is quickly gueſs'd,
He's handſome, and goes ſprucely dreſs'd:
And yet for all his powder'd Locks,
His *Songs* and *Sonnets* with a *Pox*,
And that he goes ſo fine and trim,
Daphne could never fancy him;
Nor could he e'er her Liking move,
So abſolutely free is Love.
But wouldſt thou ſpend each Day and Hour
In Dreſſing, and not look ſo ſowre,
Which (in plain Truth) doth mainly fright 'em,
make no Queſtion but thou'dſt ſmite 'em.
But then it will be requiſite,
If thou wilt turn a *Carpet-Knight*,
To lay thoſe by all Women dread,
Thy *Thunder* and thy *Gorgon's Head*.

Jup. What, *Rogue*, wouldſt thou have me to lay by
The Enſigns of my *Deity*?

That's

That's pleaſant Counſel, faith; but yet
I think I ſhall not follow it:
No, Sirrah, I ſhall more prefer
The Dignity of *Jupiter*.

Cup. Then thou muſt Women let alone.

Jup. No, I ſhall wench ſtill, ten to one;
And yet (for all thy Haſte) not bate
One Inch or Tittle of my State.
Howe'er, ſince thou ſo well haſt prated,
My Anger is for once abated,
And I forgive thee all old Grutches.

Cup. I'm glad I'm got out of his Clutches.

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DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and* JUPITER.

Jup. DOST thou know *Io*, *Mercury?*
Merc. *Io*, yes ſurely,—— let me ſee ——
Oh, *Inachus*'s pretty Daughter!
Jup. The ſame, thou know'ſt I long have ſought her;
And, now at laſt that I have caught her,
Doſt think but *Juno*, my curs'd *Vrow*,
Has turn'd the *Girl* into a *Cow*,
Out of pure Jealouſy to cheat me,
And of my Pleaſure to defeat me;
And has deliver'd her to keep
T'a *Monſter* that does never ſleep;
But having Eyes in every Place,
Ev'n in his Arſe as well as Face,
A hundred ſpread all o'er his Parts,
Both where he ſpeaks and where he farts,
Whilſt ſome of them a Nap do take,
Others are evermore awake.
So that, unleſs I had a Spell
To bull my *Cow* inviſible,
I ne'er can think to take him napping,
And from his Sight there's no eſcaping.
But Thou, I know, a Way canſt tell
To rid me of this *Centinel:*

Thou

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Thou Wit and Courage haſt enough;
Prithee now put them both to Proof.
Go then to the *Nemean Grove*,
Where the foul Monſter guards my Love,
And, for my ſake, take ſo much Pains,
As fairly to knock out his Brains.
When, having batter'd his thick Skull,
To *Ægypt* drive my lovely *Mull*,
Where they ſhall pay her Sacrifices
Under th' adored Name of *Iſis*:
There ſhe ſhall ſway the Winds and Waves,
And be the Queen of *Galley-ſlaves*.

Merc. I go, and, if I find him once,
With my *Battoon* I'll bang his Sconce
So pretty well, as ſhall ſuffice
To put out all his hundred Eyes.

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DIALOGUE.

JUPITER *and* GANYMEDE.

Jup. COme kiſs me, pretty little Stranger,
Now that we are got clear from Danger;
And that, to pleaſe my pretty *Boy*,
I laid my *Beak* and *Talons* by.
Gan. What are become of them, I trow?
Thou hadſt them on but even now.
Didſt thou not come where I did keep,
Thinking no harm, my Father's Sheep,
In *Eagle*'s Shape, and with a Swoop,
Like a ſmall *Chicken*, truſs me up?
And art thou now turn'd Man! this Change
Is very wonderfully ſtrange:
Sure thou art one of thoſe ſame Folk as
I've heard him call a *Hocus-pocus*.
Jup. No, my ſweet *Boy*, thou tell'ſt a Flam,
Nor *Eagle* I, nor *Juggler* am:
But Sovereign of the *Gods*, who have
Transform'd myſelf (my pretty Knave)
Into theſe *Man* and *Eagle*'s Shapes,
To ſnap my little *Jack-a-napes*.
Gan. Sure, thou art our *God Pan*, and yet
Thou haſt no Horns, nor cloven Feet,

Nor

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Nor yet a Pipe, as I do see,
The Marks of that great *Deity*.
Jup. Know'st thou no other *Gods* but he?
Gan. No; but to him I know that we
Ev'ry Year sacrifice a *Goat*,
Before the Entry of his *Grot*.
And as for thee (altho' with Trembling)
I tell thee plain without Dissembling,
I judge thee for to be no better
Than that bad Thing some call a *Setter*,
Others a *Spirit* that doth lie
In wait to catch up *Infantry*;
Who give them Plums, and fine Tales tell 'em,
To steal them first, and after sell 'em.
Jup. But hark thee, Child! didst never hear
Of a great *God* call'd *Jupiter*?
Didst never see upon a High-day
An *Altar* dress'd upon *Mount Ida*,
Where Folks come crowding far and near,
To offer to the *Thunderer*?
Gan. What art thou he that makes the Rattle
I'th' Air, which frights both Men and Cattle,
Sowres all the Milk, and doth so clatter
Both above Ground and under Water,
That Men not dare to shew their Heads,
Nor Eels lie quiet in their Beds?
If thou be that same *Jupiter*,
To thee my *Father* ev'ry Year
Does sacrifice a *Tup*, a good one;
Then speak in Truth and Conscience, would one
Be so ungrateful a *Curmudgel*,
To steal away his Age's Cudgel;

Besides,

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Beſides, what have I done, I pray,
Should make thee ſpirit me away?
Who knows but now, whilſt I'm in *Heaven*,
My Flock being left at *ſix and ſeven*,
The *Wolf*'s among them *breaking*'s *Faſt*,
Nay, perhaps worr'ing up the laſt?

Jup. Why, let the *Wolf* e'en play the *Glutton*,
'Tis but a *little rotten Mutton*.
Fie, what a Whimp'ring doſt thou keep
For a few mangy louſy Sheep!
Thou muſt forget ſuch Things (my *Lad*)
Why, thou art now immortal made,
Fellow to th' *Gods*, and therefore now
Muſt think no more of Things below.

Gan. What then I warrant, *Jupiter*,
Thou doſt intend to keep me here,
And wilt not deign to make a Stoop
To ſet me where thou took'ſt me up.

Jup. I think I ſhall not (my ſmall Friend)
For, if I do, I loſe my End;
And all that I by that ſhould gain,
Would be *my Labour for my Pain*.

Gan. Ay, but my *Sire* will angry be,
So angry when he miſſes me,
That he will fondly *firk my Dock*
For thus abandoning his Flock.

Jup. For that (my pretty *Boy*) ne'er fear;
For thou ſhalt always tarry here.

Gan. Nay but *I wonnot, ſo I wonnot*,
Nor you ſhan't keep me, *no you ſhannot*:
Spite of your Noſe, and will ye, nill ye,
I will go Home again, that will I.

But,

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But, if thou would ſo far befriend me,
As ſet me down where thou didſt find me;
I'll ſacrifice (I do not mock)
To thee the faireſt *Tup* i'th' Flock.

Jup. Thou'rt ſimple, and a Child indeed,
To think that I ſuch Off'rings need!
Tup-mutton's t'me the worſt of Meat;
And thou too muſt theſe Things forget:
Thou'rt now in *Heaven* fit to do
Thy *Father Good* and *Country* too;
Nor needſt thou now his Anger fear,
His Arm's too ſhort to reach thee here;
Nor ſhalt thou henceforth dread the *Rod*,
Thou no more *Boy* art, but a *God*;
Far better Fare thou ſhalt find here,
Than that ſame ſowre-ſauc'd *Whipping-chear*;
Far better here thou ſhalt be fed,
Than with hard Cruſts of dry *brown Bread*,
Sowre Milk, *ſalt Butter*, and *hard Cheeſe*:
No, thou ſhalt feed, inſtead of theſe,
Or your *Slip-ſlap* of *Curds* and *Whey*,
On *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*.
And, if thou'lt do as thou ſhouldſt do,
Shalt ſee the *Conſtellation* too
Shine brighter, and in higher Place
Than all the reſt the Sky that grace.

Gan. Ay, but when I've a mind to play,
What *Play-fellows* are here, I pray?
For ev'ry Day (excepting *Friday*)
I'd *Play-fellows ding-dong* on *Ida*.

Jup. Why *Cupid* ſhall attend thy Call,
To play at *Cat*, or *Trap*, or *Ball*,

Duſt-

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Duſt-point, Span-counter, Skittle-pins,
And thou no more ſhalt play for Pins:
But have a care, the little *Guts*
Will be too hard for thee at *Butts*.
Thou'ſt have thy Belly full of Sport,
I give thee here my Promiſe for't,
And brave Sport too; but then (I trow)
Thou muſt forget the Things below.

Gan. Well, but thou haſt not told me yet
What I muſt do to earn my Meat?
Haſt thou here any Flocks of Sheep
To ſend me out a-Days to keep.

Jup. No, thou a Life ſhalt have much fairer;
Thou to the *Gods* ſhalt be *Cup-bearer*,
And pureſt *Nectar* to them fill,
Whilſt at their merry Feaſts they ſwill.

Gan. Is that ſame *Nectar* which they drink
Better than *Red-Cows Milk*, doſt think?

Jup. Thou'dſt ne'er drink other whilſt Life laſted,
Hadſt thou but once that Liquor taſted.

Gan. But then where muſt I lie a-nights?
For I am monſtrous 'fraid of *Sprights*;
I hope, in hot and in cold Weather,
Cupid and I muſt lie together.

Jup. No (Sirrah) thou ſhalt lie with me,
For therefore did I ſpirit thee.

Gan. Why art not thou, poor little one,
Old enough yet to lie alone?

Jup. Yes; but there is a certain Joy
In lying with a pretty Boy.

Gan. A pretty Boy! that's better yet.
What's Beauty when one cannot ſee't?
When one is faſt aſleep (I wis)
One little cares for Prettineſs.

Jup.

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Jup. That's true; but Dreams proceed from it,
Which are so tickling and so sweet.

Gan. But, when I pigg'd with my own *Dad*,
I us'd to make him hopping mad;
Who, as he lay a-Bed, would grumble,
That I did nought but toss and tumble,
Talk in my Sleep, and paw't, and kick
His Sides and Paunch so hard and thick,
He could not sleep one Wink all Night:
For which, so soon as e'er 'twas light,
He pack'd me to my Mother duly.
Seeing then in Bed I'm so unruly,
If thou didst only bring me hither
That thou and I may lie together,
Thou may'st e'en set me down again,
For I shall certain be thy Bane.

Jup. Why, kick thy worst, my little *Brat*,
I like thee ne'er the worse for that:
'Tis better far than lying still.
But I can kiss thee there my Fill.

Gan. Why *each one as he likes* (you know)
Quo'th' good Man when he kiss'd his Cow;
You may do what you will, but I
Shall sleep the while most certainly.

Jup. Well, well! for that as Time shall try:
In the mean time, you, *Mercury*,
Here take and make my pretty Page
Drink the immortal Beverage,
That after I may him prefer
To be my chiefest *Cup-bearer*:
But, e're to wait you bring him up,
First teach him to present the Cup.

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DIALOGUE.

JUNO *and* JUPITER.

Jun. WHY, what a ſtrange Life doſt thou lead!
Since thou haſt got this *Ganymede*,
I, who have been thy faithful Wife,
Can't get a Kiſs to ſave my Life:
But thou doſt look ſo ſtrangely on me,
As if till now thou ne'er haſt known me.
Jup. What will not, Wife, thy jealous Pate,
To vex thyſelf and me, create?
Was ſuch a Jealouſy e'er known
To that degree of Frenzy grown,
As to run Suppoſition-mad
Of a poor ſilly harmleſs *Lad*!
I thought none but the Female Kind
Could raiſe ſuch Whimſies in thy Mind.
Jun. Nay, faith, thou'rt excellent at both Trades,
Both at thine *Ingles* and thy *Jades*.
And all my Chiding's to no end;
I think *thou art too old to mend*:
Elſe, maugre thy bad Inclination,
Thou'dſt tender more thy Reputation.
Does't fit the *King* of *Gods*, I pray,
To *maſquerade* it ev'ry Day,
And to transform himſelf one while
To *Gold*, a Virgin to beguile;

Another

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Another while into a *Bull*,
To make another *Maid* a *Trull*;
And then into a *Swan*, to try
The treading Way of *Lechery*;
And to put on all theſe ſtrange Shapes,
In order to adult'rous Rapes?
And yet, for all thy Pranks on Earth,
(Unfitting far thy Place and Birth)
Thou hitherto haſt ever yet
Had either ſo much Grace or Wit,
Manners, or Shame, or altogether,
As not to bring thy *Trollops* hither,
As thou haſt done this *Dandiprat*
For all the *Gods* to titter at:
And all under Pretence the Youth
Muſt be your *Cup-bearer* forſooth;
As all the *Gods* inhabit here
Unworthy of the *Office* were;
As if my Daughter *Hebe* was,
Or *Vulcan* weary of the Place;
Or any of the *Gods*, indeed,
Might not perform it *for a Need*.
And then, which more does vex me ſtill,
He never does the *Goblet* fill,
And ready with it waiting ſtand,
But, e're thou tak'ſt it at his Hand,
Thou fall'ſt a kiſſing him 'fore all
The *Gods* in the *Olympick-Hall*;
Which thou doſt too with ſo much Paſſion,
And after ſuch immodeſt Faſhion,
That the *Boy*'s Kiſſes, one would think,
Were ſweeter than the *Heav'nly Drink*.

Nay,

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Nay, thou full oft for Drink doſt call,
When th'aſt no Liſt to drink at all,
No more than thou hadſt need to piſs,
Only a mere Pretence to kiſs.
Sometimes thou mak'ſt him drink to thee,
A kind of ſlav'ring *Lechery*,
Of which the Meaning's only this
To place thy Mouth where he did his,
Which raviſhes thee whilſt thou think'ſt,
Thou kiſſeſt all the while thou drink'ſt.
'Twas a fine Sight laſt Day to ſee
Thy little *Catamite* and thee
Playing at *Nine-pegs* with ſuch Heat,
That mighty *Jupiter* did ſweat
In *Querpo*, to th' Beholders Wonder,
Diveſted of his *Shield* and *Thunder*;
I both know all thy Pranks and thee,
Think not to make a Fool of me.

Jup. Hey! whirr! I think our *Dame*'s grown wild!
What Harm's in kiſſing a fine *Child*,
And adding that Delight to *Nectar*,
That I muſt have this *Curtain-Lecture?*
If thou but taſted hadſt the Bliſſes
Are wrapp'd up in his luſcious Kiſſes,
Thou wouldſt be of another Mind,
And not reproach me in this kind.

Jun. I thought that I ſhould trap thee ſoon:
Thou now ſpeak'ſt perfect, *Bougeroon*.
I ſhould have little Wit (I trow)
And very little Virtue too,
Should I defile my Lips ſo much,
As ſuch an *Urchin* once to touch.

Jup.

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Jup. That *Urchin* thou doſt ſo deſpiſe,
And ſpeak'ſt of in ſuch taunting wiſe,
Pleaſes me more (my haughty *Dame*)
Than ſome *Body* I will not name.
Urge me not to't, thou wer't not beſt,
And ceaſe my Pleaſure to conteſt.

Jun. Not I, I ſhall not be ſo raſh;
No, prithee, marry thy *Bardach*
To ſpite me worſe. Go hug thy *Chit*;
But yet withal do not forget
How thou doſt uſe me on the Score
Of this thy little *ſtripling Whore.*

Jup. I know what 'tis, thou'dſt have thy *Cripple*
Wait here, and fill me out my *Tipple*,
When he comes with his dirty *Golls*
From raking up his ſmutty Coals,
Sweating and ſtinking from his *Forge*,
Enough to make one to diſgorge;
And in this cleanly Plight, I know,
Thou fain wouldſt have me kiſs him too;
Ev'n when he does ſo naſty ſeem,
That thou, his *Mother*, keck'ſt at him.
It would be wiſely done (no doubt
For ſuch a foul unſeemly *Lout*
To put away my *Ganymede*,
So ſweet a *Boy*, ſo finely bred,
And (which thy Mind does more moleſt
A hundred times than all the reſt)
Whoſe every delicious Kiſs
Is ſweeter far than *Nectar* is.

Jun. Ay, ay, my Son thou doſt abhor,
Now thou haſt this trim *Servitor*:

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But, till thou hadſt this *Skip-Jack* got,
With *Vulcan* thou didſt find no Fault;
And all his Collow, and his Soot,
His Dirt, and Sweat, and Stink to boot,
Not hinder'd, but thou took'ſt delight
Both in his Service and his Sight.
Jup. Thou dreadful *Scold*, thy *Din* ſurceaſe,
And if (thou canſt) once hold thy Peace;
Thy Jealouſy does but improve
My Indignation and my Love.
Let *Vulcan* ſerve thee as he did,
If thou diſlikeſt *Ganymede*:
But hang me if I drink a Sup,
Unleſs my *Boy* preſent the *Cup*.
Nay, at each Draught, I'll tell thee more,
He'ſt give me Kiſſes half a Score.
Come, come, my pretty *Favourite*,
Do not thus whimper for her Spite:
Let who dares vex my *Boy*, thou'ſt ſee,
I'll order 'em, I warrant thee.

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DIALOGUE.

JUNO *and* JUPITER.

Jun. NOW, *Jupiter*, that none is near us,
To hearken or to over-hear us,
Tell me, I prithee, and be clear,
What think'ſt thou of this *Ixion* here?

Jup. Why, I think *Ixion* (Wife) *true blue*,
An honeſt Man as e'er I knew;
A ſturdy Piece of Fleſh, and proper,
A merry *Grig*, and a true *Toper*.
Nor had I, but I thought him ſo,
Made ſo much of him as I do;
Neither, but that I underſtood
His Company was very good,
Had I (be ſure) been ſo affable
As to admit him to my Table.

Jun. See, ſee how one may be deceiv'd!
'Tis odds I ſhall not be believ'd:
But *Ixion* is (without Offence)
The ſaucy'ſt Piece of Inſolence
That ever came within thy Doors,
And fitter Mate for *Rogues* and *Whores*,
By much, than (*Jupiter*) for thee,
Or any of thy *Family*.
Nay, fitter, for his * former Pranks
As well as theſe, the Hang-man's Thanks,

* *Becauſe he killed his Father-in-law.*

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As he now handled has the Matter,
Than put his Spoon into thy Platter.
Yet thou may'ſt entertain him ſtill,
Only to gormandize and ſwill:
But, for my Part, I'll ne'er endure him,
Nor ſhall he ſtay here, I'll aſſure him.

Jup. What has he done to move thee thus?
Come, prithee, now be ſerious,
And tell me true, nay, quickly do it,
For I am reſolute to know it.

Jun. What has he done! why 'tis ſo wicked,
That truly I'm aſham'd to ſpeak it.

Jup. What, with ſome *Goddeſs* he'd have bin
Playing, belike, at *In-and-In*,
And would be at the Rutting-ſport?
For ſo thy Words ſeem to import.

Jun. Well, and doſt thou conceive that fit,
That thou doſt make ſo light of it?
s that no Fault? Nay, could he yet
Crime more capital commit?
That's it indeed, th'aſt hit upon't;
And, greater ſtill to make th' Affront,
No-body elſe could ſerve the Youth,
But even I myſelf, forſooth.
I did not heed his Love at firſt,
Not dreaming that the Raſcal durſt
Have aim'd at me; but at the laſt
Obſerving what Sheeps-eyes he caſt,
What Sighs he fetch'd, how, now and then
He wept, and ſigh'd, and wept agen,
Drank after me, and then would leer,
And kiſs the Cup; I then ſaw clear,

Though

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Though ne'er before I did ſuſpect it,
His Folly was to me directed.
Yet ſtill I thought, Time would blow over
This Humour of my ſaucy Lover;
Wherefore (tho' vex'd) I thus long drove it,
Aſham'd, I ſwear, to tell thee of it;
Till now at laſt the ſaucy *Aſs*
Has put on ſuch a brazen Face,
As, without all Reſpect, to be
So bold as to ſolicit me.
But now to ſpeak 'tis more than Time,
When to conceal it were a Crime:
And therefore, flying from his Tears,
And ſtopping with both Hands both Ears,
From being guilty Auditors
Of what my Virtue ſo abhors,
I ſtraight came running unto thee
Faſt as my Legs would carry me,
To tell the how this *Goat*, this *Satyr*,
This *Rogue*, this *Slave*, this *Fornicator*,
Whom thou haſt entertain'd and fed,
Attempts the Honour of thy *Bed*,
To th' End thou may'ſt the Whelp chaſtiſe,
In juſt and exemplary wiſe.

Jup. This is a daring *Rogue*, I ſwear,
T' attempt to cuckold *Jupiter!*
It was the *Nectar* in his Pate,
That did this Inſolence create:
But I myſelf, I muſt confeſs,
Am Cauſe of theſe Miſcarriages,
By over-loving Mortuls ſo
Extravagantly as I do.

And by permitting them to be
Over-familiar and too free
With my Divinity and me,
He elſe had ne'er attempted Thee.
For 'tis no Wonder, when they eat
The very ſame provoking Meat,
And Liquor drink, the Blood that fires,
If they have then the ſame Deſires:
And, quite forgetting then their Duties,
Are ſmitten with immortal *Beauties*.
Beſides, thou know'ſt as well as I,
So much of *Cupid*'s Tyranny,
So great, no Tyrant here above is
Near, as that little *Baſtard* Love is.

Jun. He Maſter is of thee indeed,
And thee ſtill *by the Noſe does lead*,
(As the old Saying is) and makes
Thee play a thouſand ſenſeleſs Freaks!
But come, I faith, I faith, I know
What makes thee pity *Ixion* ſo:
To pardon him thou art inclin'd,
'Cauſe he but pays thee in thy kind:
Time was thou his Wife didſt diſhonour;
And gatt'ſt *Pirithous* upon her.

Jup. Fie, will that never be forgot?
Come, I'll acquaint thee with my Plot.
It would to baniſh him appear
A Sentence ſomewhat too ſevere:
His being o'er Head and Ears in love,
Does (I confeſs) my Pity move.
Since therefore he's ſo woe begun,
So ſighs, and cries, and ſo takes on,

I tell

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I tell thee plain, I do proteſt,
Things being thus, I think it beſt——
Jun. What that I lie with him, I warrant!
Jup. Doſt think I am a Sot ſo errant?
No, I'm not ſo kind to him neither;
I prithee hold thy Legs together:
That's more than will be well allow'd.
But I will dizen him a Cloud
So like to thee, as ſhall perſuade him
He has made me what I have made him,
And that, in pure Commiſeration,
In Part to ſatisfy his Paſſion.
Jun. Why, this will be for to reward him
For what thou ſhouldſt at leaſt diſcard him.
Jup. But ſpeak, in pure Sincerity,
What Harm will this do thee or me?
Jun. Why, he will think it me, that's flat,
Then I ſhall paſs for I know what.
Jup. No matter what's by him believ'd,
'Tis only he will be deceiv'd;
And if a Cloud like Thee I make,
No *Juno*, 'tis but a Miſtake,
And he by this, my pretty Cheat,
A Race of *Centaurs* ſhall beget.
Jun. But if (as now-a-days thou know'ſt,
Men are too apt to make their boaſt)
This *Rogue*, ſo ſoon as he has done,
As they all do, ſhould ſtraightway run
And publiſh to the World, that he
Has had his filthy Will of me:
Pray, after ſuch a fine Oration,
Where then were *Juno*'s Reputation?

Jup. Should he do ſuch a Thing as that,
I'd teach the *Raſcal* how to prate;
And, if he needs muſt kiſs and tell,
I'll kick him headlong into Hell,
Where to a Wheel he ſhall be bound
And, like a *Mill-horſe*, ſtill turn round,
And never have a Moment's Reſt,
Nor thence ſhall ever be releas'd.
Jun. If he do prove ſo damn'd a *Dog*,
'Twill be but Juſtice on the *Rogue*.

DIALOGUE.

VULCAN *and* APOLLO.

Ap. GOOD ſpeed, of Fire thou ſooty *King*,
I ever hear thy Anvil ring:
Thy Smoak ſtill mounts from *Ætna* Hill;
I think thy Bellows ne'er lie ſtill:
Surely it coſts thee much in Leathers,
For thou doſt blow and ſtrike all Weathers.
Vulc. Good-den, *Apollo*, and well met,
Haſt ſeen the little *Merc'ry* yet,
How fine a Child, how ſweet a Face,
And what a ſmiling Count'nance 't has!
Which plainly does (methinks) preſage
Something when he ſhall come to Age.

That

That is extraord'nary and great,
Tho' he is but an Infant yet.

Apollo. A pretty Infant, queſtionleſs!
Old *Japhet's* Sire in Wickedneſs.

Vulc. What Harm can he have done, I trow,
That came into the World but now?

Apollo. Go, and aſk *Neptune* that, I pray,
Whoſe *Trident* he hath ſtole away.
Or *Mars*, that Queſtion can decide,
Whoſe Sword he pilfer'd from his Side;
To whom myſelf I too could join,
Whoſe *Bow* and *Shafts* he did purloin.

Vulc. What, ſuch a nazardly *Pigwiggen*
A little *Hang-ſtrings* in a *Biggin*?
Away, away, *Apollo* flouts!
What a *Filou* in Swathing-clouts?

Apollo. Well, think ſo; but, if this *Filou*
Come here, thou'lt ſee what he can do.

Vulc. H'as been already here To-day.

Apollo. Well, and is nothing miſſing, pray?

Vulc. Not that I know of.

Apollo. That may be;
But prithee look about and ſee.

Vulc. I cannot ſee my Pincers tho'.

Apollo. O cry you Mercy, can't you ſo?
There's one Caſt of his Office now.
Now dare I venture twenty Pound
They'll be amongſt his *Trinkets* found.

Vulc. Faith, and aſſure thyſelf I'll try,
Is the young Thief indeed ſo fly?
Such lucky *Chucks* there's ſo great need on,
We'll keep this hopeful Youth to breed on.

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A precious *Pepin*, and a trim,
A right *Archbird*, I'll warrant him.
In *Infant* quota! marry hang him,
If he were mine, I would ſo bang him.
What, were my Tongs ſo hot, I trow,
To ſtick to your ſmall Fingers ſo?
I'll make a Burn-mark with a *T*,
To fiſt you with, Sir *Mercury*.
But I'm aſtoniſh'd at the Lad,
How he ſo ſoon could learn his Trade;
He learn'd (to be a *Rogue* ſo pure)
To ſteal in's Mother's Belly ſure.
Apollo. Theſe are his Recreations, theſe;
But he has other *Qualities*.
Mark but that nimble Tongue of his,
What a pert prating *Urchin* 'tis:
His Mouth will one Day be a Spout
Of Eloquence, without all doubt:
He'll be an *Orator*, I warrant,
And, if he be not, let me hear on't;
And a prime Wreſtler as e'er *tript*,
E'er gave the *Corniſh-hug*, or *hipt*;
Or I am much miſtaken in him;
Any one would ſay't had ſeen him:
For he already has at firſt
Put *Monſieur Cupid* to the worſt,
And gave him ſuch a dreadful Fall,
I thought had broke his Bones withal,
In troth I ne'er ſaw ſuch another,
But *Love* went puling to his *Mother*;
Which as the *Gods* were laughing at,
And *Venus* went to moan her *Brat*,

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Whilſt ſhe was kiſſing the ſmall *Archer*,
And drying's Tears with Lawn-handkercher,
In comes that crafty Youth, and ſly,
That little filching *Mercury*,
And in a Twinkling (I proteſt)
Whips me away her am'rous *Ceſt*;
Nay, and *Jove*'s *Thunder* too had got,
But 'twas too heavy and too hot;
But yet his *Scepter* went to pot.

Vulc. By *Jupiter* a hardy Youth!

Apol. Nay he's a Minſtrel too.

Vulc. In truth!

Apol. Yes, faith, a better never plaid;
Nay, and the little *Rogue* has made
A *Fiddle* of a *Tortoiſe-ſhell*,
On which he plays ſo rarely well,
That he puts fair to put down me,
Who am the *God* of *Harmony*.
His *Mother*s troubled at his Ways,
He never ſleeps a-nights, ſhe ſays;
But goes, for all that ſhe can ſay,
As far as *Hell* to ſeek for Prey;
And he has got, by Sleight of Hand,
A moſt incomparable Wand,
Of ſo ſtrange Virtue, that 'tis ſaid,
It with a Waft does raiſe the Dead,
And both the Dead from *Death* can ſave,
And ſend the Living to the *Grave*.

Vulc. Nay, nay, of that I muſt acquit him,
For I to play withal did gi't him.

Apol. That's well, and he in recompence
Has ſtol'n away thy Pincers hence.

Vulc. S'nigs, well remember'd! I'll be gone
To ſearch his Corners for my own:
And, if I find 'em in his Cradle,
Take it from me, his Sides I'll ſwaddle.

DIALOGUE.

VULCAN *and* JUPITER.

Vulc. HERE, I have brought thee home a *Hatchet*,
If any *Smith* for Temper match it,
Or Edge, I'll ſay no more but ſo,
I'll ne'er ſtrike Stroke more whilſt I blow.
And now 'tis here new from the *Smithy*,
What muſt we do with it, I prithee?
Jup. Why cleave my aking Head with it.
Vulc. How, cleave thy Head! the *De'l* a bit,
Thou ſay'ſt ſo but to try my Wit.
But tell me quickly, prithee do,
What Uſe thou'lt have it put unto?
For I *Sol*'s *Coach-horſes* muſt ſhoe.
Jup. Why, for to cleave my Head in two.
I am in earneſt; therefore do it,
Or (thou lame *Raſcal*) thou ſhalt rue it;
And, if thou be'ſt ſo ſhy of mine,
Beware that great *Calves-head* of thine:
Fear not, but ſtrike with might and main,
For my Scalp ſplits with very Pain,

And

And I do suffer all the *Throes*
A Woman in her Labour does.
Vulc. In Labour quotha! 't may be so:
But let's consider what we do;
For I'm afraid we hardly shou'd
Lay thee as Dame *Lucina* wou'd.
Jup. Wilt thou leave Prating (Sirrah) once
Left I make bold with thy wise Sconce:
Do thou but strike courageously,
And home, and leave the rest to me.
Vulc. Why, *Jupiter*, if I thee kill,
Bear Witness 'tis against my Will:
There is no Help, I must obey,
Have at thy *Coxcomb* then I say;
For with this *Butcher's* Blow of mine
I'll cleave thee down unto the *Chine*.
Good Gods! no Wonder if thy Brains
Suffer'd intolerable Pains,
When such a lusty strapping *Trull*
As this lay kicking in thy Skull;
Nay, and an *Amazon* to boot,
Which, tho' not arm'd from Head to Foot,
Is furnish'd yet to take the Field,
And has both *Helmet*, *Launce*, and *Shield*.
'Twas breeding that brave Lass, belike,
Made thee so cross and cholerick,
And yet the *Girl* (I vow and swear)
Is most incomparably fair:
Prithee, for having laid thee well,
Give me her for my Dowsabel;
For, tho' new-born, the Wench is able,
And I'll uphold her marriageable.

Jup.

Jup. With all my Heart, I give her free;
But thou'lt ne'er make her marry thee:
For ſhe will never be a *Wife*,
But live a *Virgin* all her Life.
Therefore ne'er offer to perſuade her;
For thou art ſure to loſe thy thy Labour.
Vulc. Well, well, for that let me alone;
I'll make her coming, ten to one;
I have been in my Days a Blade
At winning of a pretty *Maid*,
And can bring this to my Command,
As eaſily as kiſs my Hand,
Provided I have thy Conſent:
Jup. Why thou mayſt try, but thou'lt repent.

DIALOGUE.

NEPTUNE *and* MERCURY.

Nept. HARK, Couſin *Mercury*, doſt hear,
Could not one ſpeak with *Jupiter*?
Merc. No, ſave thy Labour, and be gone,
He's buſy, and will ſpeak with none.
Nept. But prithee, let him know 'tis I.
Merc. I tell thee, he'll ſee no-body,
And therefore, prithee, go thy way;
For he'll be ſeen of none To-Day.
Nept. Are he and's Wife, if one may axe,
Making the Beaſt with the two Backs?

Merc.

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Merc. Could'ſt thou no other Queſtion find?
They two but ſeldom are ſo kind.
Nept. Then *Ganymede* and he're together:
Merc. No truly, Seignior *Neptune*, neither.
Nept. What then? I'll know, ſpite of thy Noſe.
Merc. You'll aſk me leave firſt, I ſuppoſe.
But he's not well, will that ſuffice?
Nept. Not well! where is it his Grief lies?
Merc. Why, I'm aſham'd to tell thee where.
Nept. What a * Relation ſo near! * Brother
Leave Fooling (*Coz.*) I prithee, now, to *Jupiter*.
And tell me, for I long to know.
Merc. Why, ſince I ſee thou'lt not be ſed,
Know, that he's lately brought to Bed:
Nept. How! that is monſtrous by this Light!
What is he an *Hermaphrodite*?
I ne'er perceiv'd his Belly riſe
Above the ordinary Size.
Merc. That's likely; neither, I muſt tell ye,
Was he deliver'd from his Belly.
Nept. From what Part then? Was't from his Head,
As when he his *Minerva* bred?
Is that deliver'd once again?
He has a wond'rous fruitful Brain.
Merc. No, this Birth iſſu'd from his Thigh.
Nept. Go, Sirrah, now I know you lye.
What would'ſt thou have me ſuch a *Noddy*,
To think he ſpawns all-o'er his Body.
Merc. Well, but there is more in't than ſo,
And thou the Truth of all ſhalt know.
Juno, whoſe ſpiteful Jealouſy
Thou know'ſt, I'm ſure, as well as I,

In

In Malice, *Semele* perſuades
(One of his beſt beloved *Jades*)
Since *Jupiter* did her ſo honour,
As Children to beget upon her;
She ſo much Kindneſs had for her,
That ſhe no longer ſhould incur
A Common *Lemman*'s Imputation:
But, for her Better Reputation,
No more with him in private lie:
But make him own her publickly.
Therefore, my *Semele* (quoth ſhe)
Prithee, for once be rul'd by me,
And, if he have true Kindneſs for ye,
Make him come next in all his Glory;
Not ſneaking in a mean Diſguiſe,
Like Rogues, to midnight Lecheries:
But, like himſelf, rob'd round with Wonder,
And with his *Lightning* and his *Thunder*:
So all will honour and adore thee,
Who now deſpiſe thee, and abhor thee.
The *Girl*, thus tickled in her Ear,
And proud herſelf as *Lucifer*,
So order'd it with this great *King*,
Whom Whores can make do any Thing,
That he came next in this Attire:
But then, before he could come nigh her,
His Lightning ſet the Room on fire,
And, with its all-conſuming Flaſhes,
Reduc'd the Room and Houſe to Aſhes.
In which Caſe, all that we could do
Was but to ſave the *Embryo*:
(For ſhe was then with Child, be't known,
By *Jupiter*, and ſev'n Months gone).

Which,

Which, ripping from her Belly, I
Put warm into thy Brother's Thigh,
There to compleat the Term requir'd;
Which being but just now expir'd,
He's *brought to Bed*, and Truth to speak,
With his hard Labour very weak.

Nept. And where is this same twice-born *Chit*?

Merc. To *Nysa* I have carry'd it,
By the *Nymphs* there to be brought up,
Who, know'ng he will be giv'n to th' *Cup*,
And in hard Drinking very vicious,
Have aptly nam'd him * *Dionysius*,

* Διονυσος.

Nept. Then of this Child he's *Sire* and *Dam*,
And it may call him *Dad* and *Mam*?

Merc. Yes truly, it is even so,
He any of these may answer to:
But I cant stay to tell thee more;
For I should have been gone before,
And in this Stay have done amiss
To prate at such a Time as this.
I now must use both Heels and Wings,
Water to fetch and other Things
For *Child-bed Women*, and had need
Repair my Negligence with Speed:
All the good Wives else will we blame,
For now I the *Man-midwife* am.

DIA-

DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and the* SUN.

Merc. JOVE (*Sol*) commands thee by me here
To ſtop thy Steeds in their *Career*;
For the full Space of three whole Days
He will not have thee ſhine, he ſays:
But thou art to conceal thy Light,
For he will have that Term all Night.
Therefore I think, *Sol*, thy beſt Courſe is,
To let the *Hours* unteam thy *Horſes*,
Get a good *Night-Cap* on thy Head,
Put out thy *Torch*, and go to Bed.

Sol. 'Tis an extravagant Command,
And that I do not underſtand.
What have I done, I fain would know,
That *Jupiter* ſhould uſe me ſo?
What Fault committed in my Place
To pull upon me this Diſgrace?
Have I not ever kept my *Horſes*
In the Precincts of their due *Courſes*;
Or, though twelve *Inns* are in my Way,
Did I e'er drink, or ſtop, or ſtay?
Bear witneſs all the *Gods* in *Heav'n*,
If I've not duly, *Morn* and *Even*,
Riſen, and ſet, and care did take
To keep touch with the *Almanack*.

What

What then my Fault is, I confeſs,
If I ſhould die, I cannot gueſs:
And why he ſhould, much leſs I know,
Suſpend me *ab officio*.
It ſure muſt be a great Offence
Deſerves the worſt of Puniſhments,
And this is he on me doth lay,
That *Night* muſt triumph over *Day*.

Merc. Fie, what a Clutter doſt thou make,
And all about a mere Miſtake!
Thou talk'ſt of Anger and Diſgrace,
There's no ſuch Matter in the Caſe.
Thou wide art of his Meaning quite,
He bids thee to withdraw thy Light,
That for three Days it may not ſhine
In order to a great Deſign
He has, that won't endure the Sun,
But is by *Owl-Light* to be done.

Sol. Faith, tell me that Deſign of his,
What he's about, and where he is.

Merc. I'll tell thee, if thou needs wilt know,
He's cuckolding *Amphytrio*.

Sol. 'Tis very fine, and wo'n't one Night
Take the Edge off his Appetite?
Cannot one *Night* give him enough?
Is the old *Letcher* ſtill ſo tough,
A *Swing-bow* of ſo high Renown,
A Wench can't ſooner take him down?

Merc. No, but he means to get of her
A very mighty *Man of War*,
Of Heart moſt ſtout, and Limbs moſt vaſt,
Which is not to be done in haſte:

But

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But of another kind of Faſhion,
Than ev'ry common Generation.
Sol. Why, let him lay about him then
To finiſh this great Man of Men:
But let me tell thee, theſe ſtrange Ways
Were not in uſe in *Saturn*'s Days.
He never left *Rhea* in his Life
To letcher with another's Wife:
But for one Whore now (which is ſcurvy)
All Things muſt turn'd be *topſy-turvy*.
In the mean Time 'tis ten to one
My Horſes will be *reſty* grown
For want of Uſe, and Thorns, I know,
In my *Career* will ſpring and grow;
And Mankind muſt in Darkneſs languiſh,
Whilſt he his bawdy *Launce* does brandiſh,
And ſtews himſelf in his own Greaſe,
To get this admirable Piece.
Merc. Peace, Peace, Friend *Sol*, no more of that,
Leſt he do teach thee how to prate.
In the mean Time I muſt be gone
With the ſame Meſſage to the *Moon*,
To keep within, and veil her Face,
As many *Nights* as thou doſt *Days*.
My laſt Commiſſion is, to *Sleep*
That *Mortal*'s Eyes he ſo long keep
Seal'd up in Reſt, and all the while
Feed them with *Dreams*, Time to beguile,
That when thy Light unſeals their Eyes,
(And then it will be Time to riſe)
They may, and when that Day does begin,
Not know how long a Night 't has been.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE.

VENUS *and the* MOON.

Ven. TELL me, my pale-complexion'd *Laſs*,
Bright *Cynthia*, how comes this to paſs,
That thou'rt accus'd of Things, I ſwear,
I'm ſorry and aſham'd to hear?
It is reported ev'ry-where,
That thou, in midſt of thy *Career*,
Thy *Chariot* often ſtopp'ſt, and there,
(Which is a Piece of Impudence)
Under a pitiful Pretence,
Of making Water, ſteal'ſt i'th' Night
T' a Hunter, that *Endymion* hight,
Where (little to thy Praiſe be it ſpoken)
His Viſage thou do'ſt gaze and look on
(Which none but your light Huſwives do)
As thou would'ſt look him through and through;
Whilſt he, not dreaming of thy Folly,
Lies gaping like a great *Lob-lolly*,
On *Carian Latmus* loudly ſnoaring,
Inſenſible of thy *Amoring*.
Nay, if the lumpiſh *Boy* ſhould wake,
Thy Kiſſes he'd not kindly take;
Nor would he underſtand thy Paſſion
At all to be an Obligation.

Luna.

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Luna. Why 'tis that *Ne'er-be-good*, thy Son,
Has made me do what I have done.
Venus. Ay! hang him little *Gallows-ſtrings*,
He does a thouſand of theſe Things.
And well may do it to another,
That ſpares not me who am his *Mother*.
He ſet me ſo upon the *Hy-day*,
As made me oft deſcend on *Ida*;
To get *Anchiſes*, young and able,
Make me a Handle to my *Ladle*,
And to Mount *Libanus* t' *Adonis*,
(Who, Reſt go with him, dead and gone is.)
But then the Boy was wholly mine,
Till ſtole away by *Proſerpine*,
Who, to ſpeak plain, and not to lye,
Had a ſweet Tooth as well as I,
And kept him for her Drudgery.
Till, ſeeing me to weep and mourn,
She ſent him me ſometimes in turn;
For which his Pranks, I'll tell thee what,
I threaten'd have the graceleſs *Brat*
A hundred Times at leaſt, I know,
To break his *Quiver* and his *Bow*,
To clip his Wings, and Play debar him,
And every Thing I thought would ſcare him;
Nay, but laſt Day, I'll tell thee true,
I plainly took the Youth *to do*,
And, with one of my *Shoes* with *Claps*,
Whipp'd me the roguy *Jack-an-apes*,
Until I had almoſt fetch'd Blood;
But all I ſee will do no good:
He quickly has forgot the Pain,
And does the ſame thing o'er again,

And

And so he will do still, but tell though,
Is *thy Sweet-heart* a pretty Fellow?
For, if he's handsome, or have Wit,
There is in that some Comfort yet.

Luna. Thou know'st no *Loves* do foul appear:
But it is true, I can't forbear
Staring and gazing in his Face,
When coming weary from the *Chace*,
His Mantle he on Ground does spread,
And falls asleep, leaning his Head
On his right Arm, which does embrace,
Being twin'd about his Head and Face,
Whilst from his left his *Arrows* all
Do dropping negligently fall.
Then stealing, and on *Tip-toe* too,
As Folks, to make less Noise, still do,
For Fear of waking him; I there
Perceive his Breath perfume the Air,
And in soft Breathing yield a Scent
So ravishing, and redolent,
That I am forc'd to sit down by him,
And sigh, and kiss, and kissing eye-him;
When sitting thus, and sometimes stealing
A little, little Touch of Feeling,
Whilst I still gaz'd upon his Face,
It tingles in a certain Place
To that degree, that I protest ——
I know that thou can'st guess the rest,
As having in thyself made proof.
Thou know'st what Love is well enough:
But then, O then, I am all Fire,
And even ready to expire.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

Ve. WHY, what Word (Sirrah) do'ſt thou make!
Thou ev'ry Hour mak'ſt my Heart ake
For Fear of thee, thou graceleſs *Whelp*,
In doing Things I cannot help.
I do not, *Rake-hell*, mean thoſe Pranks
(Though even they deſerve ſmall Thanks)
Thou play'ſt on *Earth*, where thou haſt done
The ſtrangeſt Things that e'er were known;
Set Men a rambling, Women gadding,
Young, old, ſound, lame, and all a madding:
Fill'd the whole World with diſmal Cries
Of *Inceſts*, *Rapes*, *Adulteries*,
Inſtead of harmleſs Recreation
Allow'd in ſimple *Fornication*:
Nor is the common *Rout* alone
Subject to thy *Dominion*:
But thou haſt made the greateſt *Kings*
Do more, nay, yet more ſenſeleſs Things,
Than th' arrant'ſt (as one may 'em call)
Tag-rag Plebeians of 'em all.
Yet ſtill theſe People Mortals be,
And ſubject to thy *Deity*;
Nor (though blame-worthy) is th' Offence
Of ſuch a dang'rous Conſequence,

A

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And thoſe thou do'ſt commit above,
Where thou confound'ſt us all with Love,
Ev'n the *Gods King* thou do'ſt not ſpare,
But mak'ſt the mighty *Thunderer*,
Better to play his am'rous Prizes,
Put on ridiculous Diſguiſes,
Whilſt *Jupiter* we all deſpiſe,
(Who, one would think, ſhould be more wiſe)
For thoſe his childiſh *Mummeries*,
Next unto *Carian Latmus* Crown
Thou mak'ſt the ſober *Moon* come down,
Than whom a better Fame had none,
To viſit her *Endymion*.
The *Sun*, who dil'gent wont to be,
Thou mak'ſt to ſtay with *Clymene*,
Neglecting his *diurnal Courſes*,
And turn to Graſs his fiery *Horſes*.
Sans naming, thou miſchievous *Elf*,
What thou haſt done to me myſelf,
Who tho' thy *Dam*, and a fond *Mother*,
Thou haſt us'd worſe than any other:
Yet theſe (tho' ſuch Thingt ne'er were heard on)
Were yet within the Pale of Pardon,
And might in Time have been o'erblown,
Hadſt thou let *Cybele* alone:
But to attack a poor old *Mumps*,
Whoſe Teeth were long ſince turn'd to Stumps,
Great *Grannam* to ſo many *Gods*,
Deſerves a whole Cart-load of *Rods*;
And thus to make a poor old *Trot*
Fly raging up and down (I wot)
Set in her *Chariot* drawn with *Lions*,
And bidding Gravity Defiance,

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As if ſhe were ſtark-ſtaring mad,
After a Scurvy ſhit-breech *Lad*,
And ev'n of Stocks and Stones inquire
Of *Atys*, her ſmall *Apple-ſquire*,
Is ſuch a Thing (my graceleſs Son)
As certainly was never done.
Nor, in her Inquiſition,
Does ſhe yet play the Fool alone;
But, which is a moſt groſs Miſtake,
And does her Shame more publick make,
She does ev'n here her State maintain,
And goes with all her *Juggling Train*
Of *Corybantes* at her Heels,
Who, as their Brains were ſet on Wheels,
Diſperſe themſelves all over *Ide*,
Whooping aloud on ev'ry Side
(No wiſer than their mad old Dame)
Calling and whooping *Atys*' Name.
Where ſome in Fury are ſo wood,
As with one Arm t'let t'other Blood;
Some weep in Blood, and ſome in Tears,
Some with their Hair about their Ears,
Run headlong down the Precipices,
Enough to daſh themſelves in Pieces.
One winds a Horn with mighty Labour,
Another thumbs it on a *Tabor*,
Another a *Braſs-pan* employs,
Others uſe *Cymbals*, *Shaums*, *Hoboys*,
Or any Thing will make a Noiſe,
With which they make that hideous Din,
That the whole Mountain rings agin.
Nay, ſo obſtreperous they are,
And make that diſmal *Tintamare*,

What

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What with their Yelling, and their Tink'ling,
That, unto any Mortal's Thinking,
Hell is broke looſe, it ſounds ſo odd,
And all the *Devils* got abroad;
Which makes me fear, for theſe Offences,
If e'er th' old *Hag* to her own Senſes
Return again, ſhe will on thee
Direly revenge this *Roguery*,
And, either without Form or Jury,
Preſently kill thee in her Fury,
Or elſe unto her *Lions* throw,
Or *Prieſts*, the fiercer of the two.

Cu. Your Care's worth Thanks; but truly, *Mother*,
I neither fear the one nor t'other;
For her *Prieſts* Fury I not weigh't,
They all are too effeminate;
Nor of her *Lions* fearful am;
For thoſe already I've made tame,
So tame, that often I aſtride
A *Cock-horſe* on their Backs do ride,
Spur 'em, and, by their ſhaggy Mains,
Guide 'em as eaſy as with Reins;
Play with their Beards, their Lips, their Paws,
Make 'em extend their crooked Claws,
Nay, thruſt into their Mouths my Fiſt,
And do with 'em e'en what my liſt.
And then for *Rhea*, Mother, ſhe
Too buſy is, I warrant ye,
About her Love, to think of me.
But, after all this Scolding now,
Mother, I very fain would know,

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Wherein I've done ſo much amiſs,
When all I've done's but only this,
To make that lov'd that lovely is:
Which, why it ſhould be thus reſented,
I know not; would you be contented
To have *Mars* cur'd (faith, now tell true)
O'th' Paſſion that he has for you?

Venus. O thou art a malicious *Brat*,
To ſay ſo damn'd a Thing as that;
But, *Sirrah*, one Day, poſſibly,
Thou'lt think of what I've ſaid to thee.

DIALOGUE.

HERCULES, ÆSCULAPIUS, *and* JUPITER.

Jup. WHY, what, *Sirs*, are you both ſtark mad!
Is there no Rev'rence to be had!
Are not you both aſham'd to braul,
And make this Baſtle in the Hall,
Together thus by th' Ears to fall
Like *Rogues*, and one another maul
With Pots and Jugs, and all things ſhuffle,
As you were at a *Counter-ſcuffle*?
D'ye make an *Ale-houſe* of my *Houſe*!
If I reach one of ye a *Douſe*,
You'll learn more Manners, than to brabble,
And make an Uproar at my Table.

Herc.

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Here. Is it fit, *Father*, that this *Jack*,
This paltry *Mountebanking Quack*,
This *Siringe*, *Gliſter-pipe* before ye,
This *Leech*, this vile *Suppoſitory*,
This *Son of twenty thouſand Fathers*,
This *Pack of Galley-pots and Bladders*,
Before this heav'nly Company
Should offer to take Place of me?
Æſculap. *Sirrah*, my noble Art diſdains
All theſe abominable Names
Thou vomit'ſt forth ſo fluently;
Nor does the *Quack* belong to me;
Thy *Mountebank* I do diſclaim,
It my Profeſſion can't defame,
No *Hocus* nor no *Leech* I am:
But the renowned *God of Phyſick*,
Who cure my Patients when they lie ſick.
Thy Better (*Ruffian*) in Deſert;
Or his, whoever takes thy Part.
Here. In what (*Impoſtor*) would'ſt thou be
Thought the Advantage t'ave of me?
Is it becauſe a *Thunder-clap*
Gave that *Calves-head* of thine a Rap,
A due Reward for the Deſert
Of thy vaſt Knowledge and great Art?
For (*Maſter Doctor*) in pure Pity
Great *Jove* did only here admit ye.
Æſcul. It does become thee well, I faith,
Thus to reproach me with my Death,
Having thyſelf, without Reprieve,
On *Oeta*'s Top been burnt alive
For an Example unto all,
Like a notorious *Criminal*.

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Herc. But that was voluntary yet,
After I had with Labour great
(Since my own Acts I muſt rehearſe)
Of *Monſters* purg'd the *Univerſe*.
But what haſt thou done for thy Part,
With all thy ſo much boaſted *Art*,
But, *Emp'rick*-like, impos'd thy Cheats,
By virtue of ſome ſtol'n Receipts,
Which, ſet off with a brazen Face,
Perhaps at *Country*-Fairs might paſs?

Æſcul. Thou ſay'ſt well; for 'twas I apply'd
The *Unguent* to thy roaſted *Hide*,
When thou cam'ſt hither (*Captain Swaſher*)
Scorch'd like a *Herring*, or a *Raſher*,
Sing'd like a *Hog* (foh! thou ſtink'ſt ſtill)
And ſpitch-cock'd like a ſalted *Eel*:
But I, like thee, have never bin
Prentice t'a Whore to learn to ſpin,
A little domineering *Trull*,
That made the big-bon'd *Booby* pull
Coarſe Hempen-Hurds, ſlaver and twine,
A Thread, no doubt, as *Cart-rope* fine;
And when the aukward *Cluſter-fiſt*,
(As he did oft) his Leſſon miſs't,
And broke a Thread, then you might ſee'r
Take him a Whirret on the Ear,
Calling him *Dunce*, and *Loggerhead*,
Whilſt the tall Soldier quak'd for Dread.
Nor (*Sirrah*, *Sauce-box*) doſt thou hear?
I ne'er was yet the Murtherer
Of my own Wife; nor yet did I
E'er ſlaughter my own *Progeny*,

Who,

Who, *Innocents*, could none provoke,
As thou haſt, to thy Praiſe be't ſpoke.

Herc. 'Twere good thou left'ſt thy Prating, *Farrier*,
And quickly too, or this tall Warrior,
Whom thou ſo ſeemeſt to deſpiſe,
Will kick thee headlong from the Skies,
And make thee, from the *Cryſtal Vault*,
Take ſuch a dainty *Somer-ſault*,
That, when thou comeſt to the Ground,
Thy Neck, I doubt, will ſcarce be ſound.
Then thou may'ſt try thy Skill in vain,
And ſtrive to ſet it right again,
When all thy Art will never do't,
Phys'k and *Surgery* to boot.

Æſc. Thou kick me down, thou vap'ring Scab!
Thou kiſs the *Fut-end* of a *Drab*.
Thou ſpinn'ſt already, and ſhalt feel
I have a Fiſt will teach thee reel.
Let's have fair Play, and make a *Round*,
I'll cuff with thee for twenty Pound:
Or I will meet thee where thou wo't,
Either with Seconds, or without,
With any Weapon thou doſt like
Betwixt a *Bodkin* and a *Pike*,
Where I will pay thee thy Deſert:
And (thou great *Lubber*) tho' thou art
A pretty Fellow with thy *Club*,
I will thy Lion's-ſkin ſo drub,
If once thou dar'ſt to bid me Battle,
Thy Bones ſhall underneath it rattle.

Jup. *Baſta!* no more, you wrangling *Turds*,
Give o'er theſe *Coſtermonger*'s Words.

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Or, I protest (which I am loth)
I'll by the Shoulder thrust you both
Out of my Hall, and eke my Doors,
And pack you down 'mongst *Oyster-whores*,
Porters, and *Tripe-women* to prate,
And cuff it out at *Billingsgate*.
But, first, I the Dispute will end,
For which so sweetly you contend:
Know then (my Brace of ill-bred *Huffers*)
You pair of brawling drunken *Cuffers*,
You neither of you here have place,
But merely of my special Grace;
And therefore two great *Coxcombs* are
Here to begin a Civil War,
And for a Thing to keep ado
Y'ave neither of ye Title to.
But henceforth (ye unmannerly *Asses*)
That you may know your Worships Places,
And no more such a Rumble keep,
I'll have it go by *Eldership*;
And, as the *Doctor* older is,
So the Precedence shall be his.

DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and* APOLLO.

Merc. *APOLLO*, what's the Matter, pray,
You look ſo muſtily To-day?
Apol. Why, never any, certainly,
Was yet ſo croſs'd in Love as I;
And any elſe, I think, would die of
Half the miſchievous Luck that I have.
Merc. Haſt thou new Cauſe with *Fate* to quarrel,
Since *Daphne* turn'd was to a *Laurel*?
Apol. Oh yes, yes, yes, my honeſt Friend,
My *Hyathinthus*' timeleſs End.
Merc. Who of his Murder was the Author?
Apol. Myſelf am guilty of the Slaughter.
Merc. What, didſt thou do it in thy Fury?
Thou'rt paſſionate.
Apol. No, I aſſure ye,
The Paſſion I had for that Creature
Was of another ſort of Nature;
But playing with the Boy at *Mall*,
(I rue the Time, and ever ſhall)
I ſtruck the *Ball*, I know not how,
(For that is not the Play, (you know)
A pretty Height into the Air,
When *Zephyrus* (who, 't ſeems, was there)

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And long (as thou thyſelf haſt ſeen)
Has jealous of our Friendſhip been,
Beat down the Ball without Remorſe,
With ſuch a moſt confounded Force,
And gave his Head ſo damn'd a Thum,
As breaking *Pericranium*,
Scalp, *Dura*, and eke *Pia Mater*,
His Brains came poppling out like Water,
And the Boy dy'd ſo prettily,
'Twould e'en have done one good to ſee.
I preſently purſu'd the *Traytor*,
T'ave been reveng'd; but no ſuch Matter.
I notch'd an Arrow to have ſhot him,
But he ſoon out of Diſtance got him.
Beſides, although in a *Long-Bow*
I ſhoot as well as moſt I know,
Yet (like a Dunce) I ne'er could yet
The Knack of ſhooting flying get.
He was too ſwift, and I too ſlow
To overtake the Wind, I trow.
So, ſeeing then the bloody Slave
Got into *Æolus* his *Cave*,
I back to my departed *Joy*;
Where taking up the lovely *Boy*,
I honourably *brought him home*,
And built him a moſt ſtately Tomb,
Where my *Amours* and *He* for ever
Are buried, and entomb'd together.
And yet, my *Sweet-heart* to ſurvive,
And keep my Comfort ſtill alive,
I from his Blood have caus'd to ſpring
A Flow'r, the prettieſt baubling Thing,

For

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For Beauty, and for Sweetneſs too,
On the *Earth*'s Womb that ever grew:
Which alſo in its Foliage wears
Some *Hieroglyphick Characters*,
Whoſe Senſe in myſtick Figures bears
The Story of my Sighs and Tears.
And yet, alas! for all I ſtrive
My rooted Sorrow to deceive,
By all the moſt diverting Ways,
I muſt lament him all my Days.

Merc. Then, Friend *Apollo*, thou art not
The *God of Wiſdom*, but a *Sot*:
For thoſe who will deſcend ſo far,
As to love Things that mortal are,
Muſt for Events like theſe prepare.
Mortals to Fate are ſubject all,
Who ſooner muſt, or later fall;
And the Word *Mortal* does imply,
That they are only born to die,

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DIALOGUE.

APOLLO *and* MERCURY.

Merc. 'TIS a ſtrange Thing, methinks, *Apollo*,
That this foul Thief all ſmutch with Collow,
This *Vulcan*, this old limping *Rogue*,
This naſty, ſwarthy, ill-look'd *Dog*,
Should have the Luck to marry thoſe,
So fair, ſo handſome *Goddeſſes*.
Nay more (which makes me hate the Slave)
The very faireſt that we have:
Nor can it ſink into my Pate
How they can hug ſo foul a *Mate*;
Or when from's Forge he comes at Night,
In that ſame naſty ſtinking Plight,
All Soot and Sweat, ſo black and grim,
How they can go to Bed to him;
Or rather not abhor and fear him,
And even vomit to come near him,
Apol. Why, 'tis a Wonder, certainly,
To ev'ry one, eſpecially
One ſo unfortunate as I.
Who though (I ſpeak *ſans* Vanity)
I'm ſomething better made than he,
Not to ſay more, nevertheleſs
Deſpair of ſo much Happineſs.

More,

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Merc. It to much Purpoſe is for thee
To boaſt thy *Form* and *Harmony*:
Theſe Cattle care not of a Fig,
For thy fine frizzl'd *Perriwig*,
Nor thy well Playing of a *Jig*.
As little would it profit me
To brag of my *Activity*,
That I could wreſtle, leap, and run,
And fell a *Rogue* with my *Buttoon*:
No better Favour ſhould I gain
By ſhewing them *Leger-demain*.
No, no! I ſee, there are no Arts
To conquer the *Madona's* Hearts;
And we at *Bad-time*, when all's done,
Shall find that we muſt lie alone:
Whilſt a *Mechanick Cripple* here,
(Who doubtleſs does a Vizor wear;
Or has the worſt of all ill Faces)
Is towſing *Venus*, and the *Graces*.

Apol. Thy Fortune yet's not quite ſo bad:
Thou ſome *Luck* in thy Life haſt had.
Thou ſomething haſt to bray on yet,
One Fit with *Venus* thou waſt great;
When, from your mutual Delight,
There ſprung a rare *Hermaphrodite*:
But, of two Perſons I ador'd,
The one my Love ſo much abhorr'd,
That, rather than ſhe'd ſuffer me,
She would be turn'd into a Tree;
And t'other, to my Flame more true,
I moſt unfortunately ſlew.
But tell me how theſe handſome Ladies,
Thy Miſtreſs *Venus*, and the *Graces*,

Can

Can poſſibly ſo well agree,
And live together quietly?
How comes it neither jealous are,
Venus of Them, nor they of Her?
Merc. That's nothing ſtrange, where no great Love is.
Beſides, fair *Venus* oft above is
Paſſing her Time moſt jocundly
In *Heav'n*, with better *Company*.
While t'other are conſtrain'd the while
To ſtay with them in *Lemnos* Iſle,
And little wanton *Venus* cares
Who with her in the *Black-Smith* ſhares;
She finer Fellows has than he
To help to *do his Drudgery*.
Mars and She (Jove *forgive them fort't*)
Have now and then a Night of Sport,
A Youth of other kind of Mettle,
Than that old *Outſide of a Kettle*?
Apol. But do'ſt thou think *Vulcan* does dream
That *Captain Swaſh* does *Cuckold him*?
Merc. Nay, faith, he knows it well enough;
But he ſo dreads that *Man of Buff*,
That whatſoe'er he ſees or hears,
He dares not mutter for his Ears.
Beſides, thou know'ſt, and oft has ſeen't,
How monſtrous rude and inſolent
The huffing angry Boys of War
With pitiful Mechanicks are.
Apol. Well, but I'm told the *Hob-nail-maker*
Is plotting, for all that, to take her,
And is contriving a ſtrange *Gin*
To trap her and her Bravo in.

Merc.

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Merc. I can ſay nothing as to that,
But (betwixt Friends) I'll tell thee what,
So her *Bumfiddle* I had clapp'd,
I'd be contented to be trapp'd.

DIALOGUE.

JUNO *and* LATONA.

Jun. IN truth *(Latona)* thou doſt bear
Such lovely *Brats* to *Jupiter*,
That I have thought it Pity often
They were not lawfully begotten.
Lat. They like their other Neighbours are,
Not over-foul, nor over-fair;
They pretty paſſable are, though
(*Thank* Jove) the *Children are ſo-ſo:*
But each one muſt not think to bear
So fine a Piece as *Mulciber*.
Jun. I underſtand thee well enough,
Jeer on, *my Back is broad enough:*
Vulcan is not ſo finely dreſs'd
As *Don Apollo*, 'tis confeſs'd;
Yet *Venus* (though he's not ſo trim)
Found in her Heart to marry him.
And, if the *Artizan* be lame,
We are for that Miſchance to blame,
For ev'ry one knows how it came.

But,

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But, though a *Cripple* in his Feet,
His Hands do recompenſe it yet;
For better Workman never *ſmote*
With Hammer, whilſt the Ir'n was hot.
'Tis he embelliſh'd has the Skies
With all thoſe pretty twinkling Eyes:
'Tis he alone can undertake
Jupiter's Thunder-bolts to make;
Nay, all the *Deities* beſide
Are from his Induſtry ſupply'd;
And he's put to't ſo to find Ware
To furniſh all his *Cuſtomers*,
That oftentimes conſtrain'd they are
To beg, intreat, and *ſpeak him fair*
To get him make their Iron-ware.
They are all bound t' him (on my Word)
Mars for his *Cuirace*, *Shield*, and *Sword*;
The bluſt'ring *Æol* for his *Bident*,
And *Neptune* for his maſſy *Trident*;
Ceres for *Sickles*, *Pan* for *Crooks*,
Pomona for her *Pruning-hooks*,
Priapus for his *Graſting-knives*,
And *Sir Prometheus* for his Gieves.
Nay, hold! I have not yet half done,
He's *Smith* and *Farrier* to the *Sun*,
Does th' Iron-work his *Chariot* needs,
Shoes, *bloods*, and *drenches* both his Steeds;
Of which the one the other Day
He of a *Gravel* cur'd, they ſay,
And t'other of a *Fiſtula*.
Nay, a new Pair of Wheels are made,
(The old ones being much decay'd)

For

For which he makes such lasting *Fire*,
As all the *Black-Smiths* do admire:
Bushes the *Naves*, *clouts* th' *Axle-trees*,
And twenty finer Things than these.
The *Goddesses* are fain to wooe him,
And come to be beholden to him,
To make their *Needles* and their *Shears*:
And those fine *Pattens* his Wife wears
Are of his making too she swears.
By which it evident appears
He's best at any Iron Thing
That ever made an *Anvil* ring:
But that great ramping *Fuss*, thy Daughter,
A *Mankind-Trull*, inur'd to Slaughter,
To the *soft Sex*'s foul Disgrace,
Rambles about from Place to Place,
And ev'n as far as *Scythia* ranges,
Where Murder she for Loves exchanges,
And, without *Sense*, *Grace*, or *good Manners*,
Butchers her courteous Entertainers;
In this more fierce and cruel far
Than the most bloody *Scythians* are.
And then thy Son, that hopeful Piece,
Apollo, *Jack of all Trades is*:
Of many Arts (forsooth) he's Master,
An *Archer*, *Fidler*, *Poetaster*,
A kind of *Sale in hanco* too,
Which thorough Provinces does go,
And kills *cum privilegio*.
Nay, he pretends to more than this,
He sets up *Oracle-shops* in *Greece*.
At *Delphos*, *Didyma*, and *Clarus*,
To each of which he hath a *Ware-house*

Stuff'd

Stuff'd full of Lyes, for great and ſmall,
To gull poor ſilly Souls withal.
Yet ſo, that all his ſuſtian Fictions,
Which he pretends to be Predictions)
Though ev'ry one of them a Lye,
Are couch'd ſo wond'rous cunningly,
That, howſoe'er Things come about,
He has a Back-door to get out.
In the mean Time the World abounding
With Puppies (that, it ſeems, ſcap'd Drowning)
By theſe *Impoſtures*, and damn'd *Cheats*,
Of Fools he ſtore of Money gets:
But yet the Wife too well do know
His Cheats, to part with Money ſo;
They find his Skill in *Prophecy*,
Who was ſo wiſe not to foreſee
That he one Day againſt his Will
Should his dear *Hyathinthus* kill;
Nor that fair *Daphne*, his coy *Miſs*,
Would never like that Face of his,
For all he wears his Beard ſo ſprig,
And has a fine *Gold Perriwig*.
I wonder then, that thou ſhouldſt be
Preferr'd thus before *Niobe*;
Or, that thy Iſſue ſhould be thought
Fairer than thoſe that ſhe hath brought.
Lat. Come, come, thy Spite and Malice few know
Better than I do, *Madam Juno?*
I know; but *care not of a Chip*,
Where the Shoe wrings your Ladyſhip.
Thou'rt vex'd unto the Heart (I trow)
To ſee my Children triumph ſo,
And ſhine in Heaven as they do;

And that they celebrated are
The one for beautiful and fair,
And t'other for his Skill ſo rare
O'th' *Harp*, *Theorbo*, and *Guitarre*.

Jun. What ſenſeleſs Things fond Mothers are!
Thou mak'ſt me laugh, I vow and ſwear,
To think thy Son thou ſhouldſt maintain
To be a good *Muſician*:
That miſerable *Harper*, who,
For raking his vile *Gridir'n* ſo,
Inſtead of *Marſias* had been flead,
And had his Skin ſtripp'd o'er his Head,
Had not the nine corrupted *Wenches*
Giv'n Sentence *'gainſt their Conſciences*.
As for thy Daughter's *mighty Grace*,
With her pale, Full-Moon, *Platter Face*,
She ſuch a very lovely Piece is,
Actæon was pull'd all to Pieces
By his own *Hounds* (*ill-manner'd Curs*,
Who did like *Dogs*, but th' Fault was her's
'Tis ſaid, for having ſeen her naked;
But who think that was all, miſtake it:
For I can tell 'em in their Ear,
She made them worry him for fear
He ſhould *tell Tales*, and blaze a Story
(She knew muſt needs be detractory)
Of what a filthy fulſome *Quean*
He bating had ſtark-naked ſeen,
For the *Virginity* (forſooth)
She brags of, is a groſs Untruth;
Alas! a mere Pretence, and what
All Women needs muſt titter at:

For

For ſhe could never, if a *Maid*,
Practiſe ſo well the *Mid-wife's* Trade,
And be ſo ſkill'd in that Affair,
Without Experience, we may ſwear;
And therefore ſhe has had her Share
Of doing too, I warrant her.

Lat. Well (*Juno*) well, I muſt diſpenſe
With this thy railing Inſolence,
And ſhe who is in *Bed* and *Throne*
Great *Jupiter's Companion*,
May ſay her Will to any one.
Or elſe, my haughty Dame, I wis,
Thou durſt not talk ſuch Stuff as this.
Thou ſett'ſt thy *Tippet* wond'rous high,
And rant'ſt, there is no coming nigh;
See what a goodly Port ſhe bears,
Making the Pot with the two Ears!
But yet, e're long, *I hold a Groat*,
That we ſhall hear thee change thy Note.
This Pride will have a Fall, no doubt,
And we ſhall ſee thee lour and put,
And your inſulting *Majeſty*,
Tame as a Lamb, ſit down and cry,
When, wounded with ſome mortal Beauty,
Your *Good-man* ſhall forget his Duty,
And go to court her at th' Expence
Of *Juno's due Benevolence*.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE.

APOLLO *and* MERCURY.

Ap. WHY, how now (*Seignior Mercury*)
Y'are wonderfully rapt, I ſee!
What is it makes your *Worſhip*, pray,
So merry 'bout the Mouth To-day?
Merc. Why, to ſee that that I have ſeen
Would make a *Dog to break his Splen*;
A Sight (*Apollo*) that would make
Thy Heart ſtrings too with Laughing crack.
Apol. Govern thy Mirth a while, at leaſt,
So long that I may hear the Jeſt;
So long that braying Laughter ſpare,
That I in turn may laugh my ſhare.
Merc. Why, our brave *Cavaliero Mars*
(For Laughing I can tell thee ſcarce,
The Jeſt ſo pretty and ſo odd is)
Is napping ta'en with *Beauty's Goddeſs*.
Apol. How ta'en? I prithee, now be plainer,
When, doing what, after what Manner?
Merc. Juſt now, whilſt *Smug* was Oxen ſhoeing,
And (in plain Terms) at *down-right doing*,
The Manner thus: You are to know——
Oh I could die with Laughing now!
Apol. Thou titt'ring *Calf*, I prithee ceaſe,
And either ſpeak, or hold thy Peace.

Merc.

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Merc. Why then, be't known to all Good-fellows,
That, *Vulcan* having long been jealous
Of an Intrigue 'twixt his fair *Bride*
And this ſame huffing *Iron-ſide*,
It having held on many Year,
The ſmeaky *Limps* did more than fear
He had through *Venus'* Water-Gap
Stuck a *Bull's Feather* in his Cap;
Which long has made him eye and watch him,
Hoping to find a Time to catch him.
He to this Purpoſe then had ſet
About his *Bed* ſo rare a Net,
Made of ſo ſmall, but holding Wire,
(Wherein his Art we all admire)
As, without very ſpecial Heed,
Was hardly to be ſeen indeed;
Which having, unperceived, laid,
He careleſs went about his *Trade:*
But ſcarcely was he gone an Acre,
When in ſlips *Captain Cuckold-maker*,
And whips me into Bed to's Wife,
Where, whilſt ſhe whiſtled on the *Fife*,
He beat (oh, never ſuch a Drum!)
A Point of War upon her Bum.
Now as they thus, with pleaſing Labor,
Did jump and jig to Pipe and Tabor,
Playing in Concert, and Time keeping,
The *Sun*, who ever muſt be peeping,
When ſhe, *cock ſure*, thought none was nigh 'em,
Thorough the Glaſs had Luck to ſpy 'em;
Which having done, away he goes,
And, out of Envy, I ſuppoſe,

(Of

(Of that, methinks, it rankly favours)
Tells me lame *Vulcan* ſtraight, that *Mavors*,
Whilſt he at Work did ſweat and ſwelter,
Was thund'ring *Venus Helter-ſkelter*.
At which, the *God* with ſmutty Face
Starting, as if to run a Race,
Throws down his Tools, *ſans* more ado,
And tripp'd it with his Patten-ſhoe
So nimbly, that (to make it ſhort)
He comes i'th' middle of their Sport,
And, like a cunning old *Trepanner*,
Took the poor Lovers in *the Manner*;
And there, as one would take a Lark,
Trapp'd the fair *Madam* and her *Spark*.
Venus confounded, you muſt think,
Chopp'd down her Hand to hide her *Chink*.
Mars, tardy ta'en, at firſt did fret,
Struggled, and flutter'd in the Net;
And ſtrongly did about him lay,
Thinking by Force to make his way;
When, finding 'twas beyond his Streſs,
He e'en was fain to acquieſce,
(For ſtriving made him but more faſt)
And to Intreaties fell at laſt.
But fair Words *Vulcan* little heeded;
He then to Menaces proceeded,
Making a kind of mix'd *Oration*,
Half *Kill and Slay*, *half Supplication*.

Apol. 'Tis very pleaſant, faith! and ſo *Vulcan* (I warrant) let him go.

Merc. So far from that, that, without Shame, Civil Regard to his Wife's Fame,

Or

Or any Senſe of's own Diſgrace,
He all the *Gods* unto the Place
Very judiciouſly has brought,
To ſhew them what fine Fiſh he's caught:
Where now they are, and all become
Spectators of his *Cuckoldom*.
In the mean time the loving Pair,
Seeing themſelves thus caught in th' Snare,
Hang down their Heads, and with Shame's Wing
(For want of other Covering)
In baſhful Bluſhes do expreſs,
They fain would hide their Nakedneſs.
Apol. But, all this while, is *Dirty-face*
So ſtupid, and ſo damn'd an Aſs,
As not to bluſh in ſuch a Caſe,
At publiſhing his own Diſgrace?
Merc. Who he? why he, of all the reſt,
Is the moſt raviſh'd with the Jeſt,
And Bluſhes no where does diſcloſe,
But (where he always does) in's Noſe:
Yet, tho' the Sight be but unſeemly,
I envy this ſame *Mars* extremely,
To be ſurpriz'd in Bed with her,
Who is of Goddeſſes the Star,
With whom no other can compare,
For ſweetly, excellently fair,
Believ't, *Apollo*, is moſt rare!
And then to be ty'd to her too,
With Bonds that no one can undo?
To her, I ſay, than fairoſt fairer,
O that's more raviſhing and rarer!
Apol. Thou ſpeak'ſt ſo feelingly, I wis,
With ſuch a tickling Emphaſis,

As

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As thoud'st a Mind to have it thought
Thou would'st thyself be fain so caught.
Merc. Marry, who doubts it? Ay, or else
Would I had *Clapper* lost and *Bells*.
Do but go with me now, and see
Beauty in her Captivity;
And if thou be'st not of my Mind,
I then (my Friend) shall be inclin'd,
Or to suspect that there may be
Something in't of Frigidity;
Or wonder that thy Continence,
Beholding so much Excellence,
Should be so constant, and so great,
Which rare is in a *Carrot-pate*.

DIALOGUE.

JUNO *and* JUPITER.

Jun. NE'er stir (thou mighty *God of Thunder*)
I cannot chuse, methinks, but wonder
How thou canst be content to have
Such an effeminate drunken Knave
As *Bacchus* is, to call thee Father!
If he were mine, I should much rather
Adopt, than such a *Rake-hell* own,
A soak'd *Dutch Swabber* for my Son.
A drunken Whelp, whose whole Delight
Is swinish Swilling Day and Night,

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With a loud Crew of hair-brain Jades,
A Knot of very fine Comrades;
Yet good enough for him they be,
And far more Maſculine than he:
Whilſt to their Tabors and their Pipes
He jolts about his ſwagging Tripes,
With his Hair criſp'd ſo neat and fine,
And crown'd with Chaplets of the Vine,
More like a *Morris-dancer* far
Than any Son of *Jupiter*.

Jup. Yet this effeminate drunken *Sot*,
This *Swabber*, and I can't tell what,
With which thy over-lib'ral Clapper
Is pleas'd his Merit to beſpatter,
Has, in a very little Space,
Conquer'd both *Lydia* and *Thrace*,
Which are no common Victories;
Nay, of the *Indies* too made Prize,
After triumphantly he had
Their huffing *King* a Captive made,
For all's *Bravadoes*, and his *Rants*,
And his *Life-guard* of *Elephants*.
Is this a deſpicable Son,
Who has ſo noble Conqueſts won?
Nay, and (which yet appears more great)
Without the Pother, Toil, and Sweat,
The Wounds, the Blood, the Smart, and Pain,
With which all others Conqueſt gain?
This Fellow ſubjugates the Earth
In a perpetual Roar of Mirth,
Of Fiddling, Dancing, Wenching, Drinking,
Who, none would think he leaſt was thinking

Of

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Of any ſuch important Matter,
Of plotting Things of that high Nature:
And often (which is ſtranger yet)
At Times when he ſeems moſt unfit
Either to act, or to command;
So drunk, he cannot go nor ſtand.
And if at any Time there are
Any ſo impudent to dare
Either to cenſure or deſpiſe
His jovial *Rites* and *Myſteries*,
He takes them in his Lime-twigs ſtraight,
And teaches them ſo well to prate,
That once (among a many other
Revenges dire) he made a * Mother,
For an Impiety like this,
Tear her own Iſſue piece by piece:
And was not this, I fain would hear,
Worthy the Son of *Jupiter!*
And if he be (*as now-a-days*
Many young People take ill Ways)
A *Toſs-pot*, and a drunken *Toaſt*,
It always is at his own Coſt,
And none (for all's *Debauchery*)
Can ſay ſo much as *black's his Eye.*
Beſides, if he ſuch Things can do,
When *drunk as Drum, or Wheelbarrow*,
What would not this *God* of *October*
Perform, I prithee, when he's ſober?

Jun. Why this is wonderfully fine?
Wilt not proceed to praiſe (Friend mine)
His rare Invention of the Vine,
That Parent of accurſed *Wine*,

* *Aga.*

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After thou haſt, with thine own Eyes,
Beheld the many Miſeries
And Miſchief that the World diſquiets,
Frays, *Bloodſheds*, *Reſcues*, *Routs*, and *Riots*,
Brawls, *Brabbles*, *Shrieks*, the *Dev'l and all*,
Of which it is th' Original?
And that it coſt the firſt * *Boon-blade*,
To whom he this fine Preſent made,
Even his Life, who had his Brains
Beat out his *Coxcomb* for his Pains?

* *Icarus.*

Jup. Piſh, piſh, thou talk'ſt thou know'ſt not what!
The *Wine* for this is not in fault;
'Tis not the *Wine*, but the Exceſs,
That cauſes all this Wickedneſs.
Wine of itſelf's a gen'rous Juice,
Of which the right and mod'rate Uſe
Quickens Man's Wit, and chear's his Heart,
Gives Vigour unto ev'ry Part,
And the whole Man with Fire ſupplies
Both to Deſign and Enterprize:
But Jealouſy and Envy make
Your *Ladyſhip* thus ill to ſpeak:
There was a *Semele*, I trow,
Who ſtill ſticks in thy Stomach ſo;
Thou elſe would'ſt have more Wit or Shame
Than thus indiff'rently to blame,
With thy eternal *Bibble-Babble*,
What's ill, with what is commendable.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

Ven. COme on *(Sir Love)* ſince none is by
But your ſmall Deity and I,
I muſt examine you a little,
And tell me true unto a Tittle,
Sirrah, it were your beſt, or elſe
I'll jerk you with my *Pantables:*
How comes it *(Youth)* to paſs, that you
Who all the Deities ſubdue,
And at thy Pleaſure canſt make *Noddies*
Of every *God*, and every *Goddeſs*;
Nay, even me doſt ſo inflame,
Who *(Shit-breech)* thy own Mother am:
But yet *Dame Pallas* canſt not ſtir,
As if (forſooth) alone for her
Thou had'ſt no Arrows in thy Quiver,
Nor yet a Torch to ſinge her Liver?

Cup. Why (to confeſs the Truth) I ſpare her
For no very good Will I bear her:
But ſhe is ſuch a ſtrapping *Jade*,
In Sadneſs, Mother, I'm afraid
To meddle with her. T'other Day
I for her in cloſe Ambuſh lay,
And a convenient Stand had got,
Intending to have pink'd her Coat;

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And to that End had choſe an Arrow
(With which I ſcorn to miſs a Sparrow)
Had notch'd it, and, without all Dread,
Had drawn it almoſt to the Head;
When, by the Snapping of a Twig
Eſpying me, ſhe look'd ſo big,
And did her Launce ſo fiercely brandiſh,
My Face turn'd whiter than your Hand is;
And I ſuch Fear was ſtruck withal,
That Bow and Shaft from Hand did fall;
Nay, I myſelf came tumbling down,
As ſhe had ſhot me with a Frown,
So ſuddenly, that, but my Wings
By voluntary Flutterings
Broke the main Fury of my Fall,
I think, I'd broke my Neck withal;
And yet was not the Squelch ſo ginger,
But that I ſprain'd my little Finger.

Ven. But *Mars* more dreadful is than ſhe,
For all her Launce and Shield, can be:
His Looks were terrible and grim,
Yet thou art not afraid of him.

Cup. I twice dare him, e're once offend her;
He frankly does his Arms ſurrender
To my Diſpoſe, nay, very often
Calls me his *Iron-ſides* to ſoften:
Whereas this ſowre *Pal of Ambree*
Huffs it, and looks a-ſkew at me;
And when the domineering *Drab*
Beheld me, like a half-fledg'd Squab,
Come fluttering headlong from the Bough,
Sirrah (quoth ſhe) thou *Baſtard* thou,

If

Goupy del. M.P.te Gucht S.

The Judgement of Paris

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If with thy famous Archery
Thou dar'ſt to make a Butt of me,
Aſſure thyſelf, my mortal *Javelin*
Shall in a Moment be thy Navel in;
Or I will catch thee up by one
Of thoſe fat Stumps thou walk'ſt upon,
And give your *Rogueſhip* ſuch a Swing,
As (Monſieur *Chitty-face*) ſhall fling
You and your Implements to Hell:
And therefore *(Don)* conſider well
Whom thou attack'ſt. Go, bird at other
Ladies of Pleaſure, ſhoot thy *Mother*;
She ſuch a conſtant Friend to Love is,
She'll take it for a Son-like Office;
But level not at me thy *Tiller:*
For if thou doſt (thou pore-blind Killer)
I've told thee what thou art to fear,
And I will do it, as I'm here.
Thus ſaid, ſhe (which not to diſſemble)
Indeed, *lau* Mother, made me tremble,
And that too with ſo fierce a Look,
As my poor Heart could no way brook;
But, *like an Aſpen-leaf I ſhook,*
And ſtar'd as I'd been Planet-ſtruck.
Which Face ſo terrible appears
In that ſame Steel-*Monteer* of her's;
And then her Shield's ſo full of Dread,
With that foul ſtaring *Gorgon*'s Head,
Which, dreſs'd up in a *Tour* of Snakes,
The Sight ſo much more horrid makes,
That the Remembrance makes me ſweat;
Uds fiſh! methinks I ſee it yet.

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Ven. Dame *Pallas* and *Meduſa*'s Head
Are mighty dang'rous Things indeed:
But yet, for all this mighty Fear,
Thou nothing mak'ſt of *Jupiter*,
For all the Thunder he does bear.
But *(Sirrah)* after theſe Excuſes,
How comes it that the Nine fair Muſes,
Who *Gorgon*'s Head nor Thunder have,
Should 'ſcape thy Darts, thou *juggling Knave*,
Who, for all thou to do art able,
Do ſtill remain invulnerable.

Cup. Why, faith, I do thoſe *Damſels* ſpare,
Out of the Rev'rence that I bear
To their good Singing; who, when I
Happen into their Company,
Sing me, and that without Intreaties,
Such *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Ditties*,
As raviſh me, to tell you plainly;
For, you know, I love Ballads mainly:
I then were an ingrateful *Dog*,
Should I thoſe Virgins ſet a-gog
With a mad Flame that nothing dreads,
And make them looſe their Maidenheads;
By which their Voices ev'ry one
Would be ſoul-crack'd, nay, ſpoil'd and gone.

Ven. But what has *Dame Diana* done,
That thou ſhould'ſt let her too alone?
Which way has ſhe (ſmall *Quiver-bearer*)
Oblig'd the Deity to ſpare her!

Cup. Oh, that *Donzella*, by Relation,
Is ta'en up with another Paſſion.

Ven. What Paſſion's that of Love takes Place?

Cup. Why, ſhe's enamour'd of the *Chace*,

Where-

Wherein the lusty well-breath'd *Dame*
So fast pursues the flying Game,
The Hart, and Hind, the Buck, and Doe,
And skirs thro' Woods and Forests so,
That, should I stalk at her a Year,
I ne'er shall get a Shot at her;
And, to pursue her is no boot,
The *Damsel* is too swift of Foot:
But for her *Brother*, that Prince *Prig*,
For all his dainty sanded *Wig*,
And that he shoots at fourteen-score,
I think ——

Ven. Thou needst to say no more;
Thou oft has made thy fiery Dart
Fizz in the Hollow of his Heart.

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The Judgment of PARIS.

DIALOGUE.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, *and the Three* Goddeſſes.

Jup. HEY! Lacquey *Mercury*, appear!
Merc. An't like your Majeſty, I'm here.
Jup. Here *(Sirrah)* take this golden Apple,
And go where *Paris* tends his Cattle
On *Ida*'s Top, to that ſmug *Paris*,
Who all the Shepherds much more fair is;
That ſmooth-fac'd *Trojan*, and acquaint him,
That I of *Beauty* Judge appoint him,
Becauſe he is a pretty Fellow,
And ſometimes makes his Neighbours yellow,
And that he knows, tho' clad in Frock,
A Woman from a Water-cock.
Come *(fair ones)* come, what are you doing?
It is high time that you were going;
I'll not be Judge, I ſwear, that's flat;
I think, I know enough for that:
For, if I ſhould decide the Strife
Betwixt my *Daughters* and my *Wife*,

Such

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Such Matters I am so expert in,
That Two I should offend, that's certain:
And, to be plain, I mainly dread
Pulling an old House o'er my Head.
Then, sithence I can please but one,
I will e'en fairly let't alone!
For you are three that for it grapple,
And you all know there's but one Apple,
And I could wish, wer't I that gave it,
That ev'ry one of you might have it:
But none of you need doubt t'appear
Before this new *Lord Chancellor!*
Don Paris, who is to decide
Your Controversy upon *Ide*,
Though *Chanceries* admit no *Jury*,
For he's a *King*'s Son, I assure ye,
Descended from an honest Breed,
Own Cousin here to *Ganymede*,
So upright and so innocent,
That you all ought to rest content,
And have no Reason to eschew him,
But wholly put the Matter to him.

Venus. For my part, *Father Jupiter*,
I am content, and am so far
From questioning, much more refusing,
Any for *Judge* is of thy chusing,
That I should never doubt the Matter,
Were *Momus*' self the *Arbitrator*,
And willingly to this submit,
Who, if he have or Eye, or Wit,
Will surely understand the Duty
That he and all Men owe to *Beauty*;

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And if my Rivals do consent,
For my part, I am most content.

Juno. I from the *Sentence* shall not budge,
Tho' *Mars* himself were to be *Judge*,
Altho' thy *Paramour* he be,
And likely to incline to thee.

Jup. Art thou, *Minerva*, too agreed?
She blushes, and holds down her Head.
But Modesty's the Maiden's Grace;
Besides, I hate a brazen-Face,
And thou wert virtuously rear'd;
Maids should be seen, they say, not heard.
Therefore, I see, thou'rt, too, content,
And modest *Silence gives Consent*.
Go on then in a happy Hour,
And let not those, who lose, look sowr,
Stomach the Award, nor bear a Grudge
To him whom I have made your Judge:
For there is but one *Golden Ball*,
Which can't be given to you all;
Nor yet can sev'ral *Beauties* strike
The young Man's Liking all alike:
And therefore he must giv't to one,
Or keep't himself, and give it none.

Merc. Come now, ye've heard your Change, I pray,
Let us be jogging, Ladies gay,
And set forth towards *Phrygia*;
I'll lead the best and nearest Way,
That you may neither stop nor stay;
For such wild Cattle often stray.
And, for the Bus'ness of the Ball,
Never concern yourselves at all;

I know

I know this *Paris* well enough,
And of his Dealing have had Proof:
He is a very honeſt *Younker*,
A bonny Lad, and a great *Punker*
As out on's Sight did ever thruſt his ———
I'll warrant you, he'll do you Juſtice.

Ven. The *Character*, thou giv'ſt the Youth,
Does even raviſh me, in Truth:
I've heard none ſuch this many a Day:
But is he marry'd, prithee, ſay?

Merc. He was a *Batchelor* laſt *Friday*,
But he a * Sweet-heart has on *Ida*, * *Queare*
If I miſtake not; but ſhe is
Some coarſe, ſome home-ſpun, ruſtick Piece,
That only now and then attends him,
To draw the Humours out offends him;
A neceſſary Piece of Wealth,
To keep his Body in good Health,
With whom he plays, to help Digeſtion:
But what makes thee to aſk that Queſtion?

Ven. I know not how it came to paſs,
Of ſomething elſe I think it was.

Pal. You, nimble *Monſieur Merc'ry* there,
Captain Conductor, do you hear?
You'll diſcharge your Truſt (I trow)
To hold Diſcourſe and whiſper ſo
With *Madam Venus* on the Way;
Is that in your *Commiſſion*, pray?

Merc. Why if to paſs the Time we chat,
What can you *(Madam)* make of that?
'Twas no ſuch Secret, never fear it,
That we talk'd of, but you may hear it;

She

She only aſk'd, if *Paris* were
A marry'd Man, or Batcheler?
Pal. And good-now, what is that to her?
Merc. Nay, what know I (my Lady fine?)
She ſays it was without Deſign.
Pal. And is he marry'd?
Merc. I think not;
For why ſhould he be ſuch a Sot,
As to go tie himſelf to one,
When all he ſpeaks to are his own?
Pal. What! is the Fellow a mere *Bumpkin*,
A down-right Clod? or has he ſomething
Of Honour or Ambition in him?
For thou, it ſeems, haſt often ſeen him.
Merc. Why, faith, the Fellow being young,
Of active Limbs, and pretty ſtrong,
And being Son unto a *King*,
I think he would give any Thing,
Nay (on my Conſcience) half his Cattle,
To ſignalize himſelf in Battle;
And would be glad, 'mongſt armed Bands,
To ſhew how tall he is on's Hands,
Always provided in the Caſe,
The *Reyſters* would not ſpoil his Face.
Ven. Why look you now, I can connive at
Your two diſcourſing thus in private,
Who, tho' you have much longer chatted,
Yet you ſee, I'm not angry at it.
I'm of another kind of Nature,
And no ſuch froward ſnappiſh *Creature*.
Merc. Nor is there Cauſe here, I aſſure ye,
To put your *Ladyſhip* in Fury;

For

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For all she ask'd me was no more,
But just the same you did before;
And I return'd in answer, too,
The same to *Her* I did to *You*.
But yet this little snapping Fray
Has help'd well onward on our Way:
Help'd us well onward only, said I!
Why, we're past all the Stars already,
And over *Phrygia* now are come;
And so, *fair Ladies*, welcome home:
And see, *sweet Charges*, I have spy'd
The famous Mount ycleped *Ide*;
And now I come a little nigher,
I think, I see your *Apple-Squire*.

Jun. Whereabouts is he? Prithee shew;
For hang me if I see him now.

Merc. A little on your Left-hand, *Madam*,
Driving his Flocks, I think, to shade 'em
O'th' Side of the high Mountain yonder;
You there may see your *Custard-monger*:
His Flock lies open to your View,
And yonder is his Cabbin too.

Jun. Where is this Youngster, with a Pox?
I see no Cabbins nor no Flocks.

Merc. A better pair of Eyes *Jove* send ye;
I doubt, your *Bon-grace* does offend you;
Your Maid'nhead hangs not in your Light,
Jove is too good a *Carpet-Knight*:
I ne'er saw th' like in all my Days;
Why he's as plain as *Nose on Face*,
Guide your Eye by my Finger here;
Do you not see some Flocks appear

Coming

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Coming from out yon Rocks, pray ſpeak,
And one with Sheep-hook on his Neck,
Sending his Cur to fetch 'em in?
They're plain enough, ſure, to be ſeen!

Jun. Oh, now I ſee'm; Is that the Youth?

Merc. That, *Madam*, 's even he, in Truth:
But now that we are got ſo near,
I think it good Diſcretion were
That, e're we further go, we here
Do make our Stop, and light, for fear,
Leſt, whilſt on us he leaſt is ſtudy'ng,
Flutt'ring about his Ears o'th' ſudden,
We ſhould, perhaps, affright him ſo,
That the poor Shepherd would not know
Nor what to think, nor what to do.
And he, who to determine is
Of ſuch a Tickle-point as this,
Had need to have his Wits about him,

Jun. Which if he have, I nothing doubt him,
So now we're down; and now, I pray,
Let *goody Venus* lead the Way;
For doubtleſs, ſhe, of all the reſt,
Moſt Reaſon has to know it beſt,
As having oft, to feed her Vices,
Been here to ſeek her Friend *Anchiſes*.

Ven. Well, *Governeſs* of *Heav'n's Commander*,
It is well known thy Tongue's no Slander;
Slander to her who Slander broaches,
I ſcorn both thee and thy Reproaches.

Merc. Fy! *(Ladies)* fy! is this your Breeding
To ſquabble now you come to Pleading!
But I ſhall this Diſpute decide,
I my-ownſelf will be your Guide;

For

For I remember well, when *Jove*
Unto young *Ganymede* made love,
I often on this Hill did light
To see the little *Favourite*,
To bring him *Plums* and *Macharoons*,
Which welcome are to such small *Grooms*;
And, when he carry'd him away,
I flew about 'em all the Way,
To hold him up: And we must be
Near to the Place, for now I see
(Or I mistake) the very *Rock*
Where he sat piping to his *Flock*,
When *Jupiter*, in shape of Eagle,
Came the young Stripling to invegle,
And seizing him like any *Sparrow*,
With his Beak holding his *Tarse*,
To make him sure, as swift as *Hobby*,
He bare him into Heaven's *Lobby*;
Whilst the *poor Boy*, half dead with Fear,
Writh'd back to view his Spinnet;
And then it was that he let fall
The Flute he piping was withal,
When I, who will no Gaindet go by,
Seeing my Time, catch'd up the *Hoboy*.
But here is your *Commissioner*
Of *Oyer* and *Terminer*;
Let's civilly salute him, pray,
And give his *Lordship* time o'th' Day.
Good Day, thou top of Shepherds Fame.

Paris. To thee *(fair Son)* I wish the same.
What Ladies are these pretty Faces
Thou lead'st into these desart Places?

They

They are too fine and tender, ſure,
Theſe ſcratching *Brambles* to indure.
Merc. Ladies! thou *(Paris)* mov'ſt my Laughter,
They're *Deities* ev'ry *Mother's Daughter*.
You have before you, I'd have you know,
Venus, *Minerva*, and *Queen Juno*.
'Tis Truth I tell you *(Sir)* and I
Am *Cavaliero Mercury*.
What! thou turn'ſt Colour *(my good Friend)*
And ſeem'ſt to be at thy Wits End;
Take Courage *(Paris)* I exhort thee,
We are not hither come to hurt thee;
But 'cauſe thy Judgment we approve
'Bove others, in Affairs of Love,
And know thee for a *Fornicator*,
We come to make thee *Arbitrator*
Of a long Suit theſe *Goddeſſes*
Depending have i'th' *Common-Pleas*,
About Priority of Beauty:
And therefore *(Paris)* do thy Duty.
As to the reſt, the Victors need,
Thou may'ſt about this Apple read.
Par. Let's ſee't. Hump! What's written here?
Give this unto the faireſt Fair.
Great Gods! how ſhould a mortal Wit
Be able to determine it!
Too mean Man's Skill, without Diſpute, is
To judge of your *immortal Beauties!*
To judge of ſuch Celeſtial Laſſes
A Swain's Capacity ſurpaſſes!
Or that, if any human Wit
Were capable of doing it,

Some

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Some *Courtier* it ſhould be, no doubt,
Much rather than a *Callin Clout*.
If I were put to it to tell
Which of my Sheep dots bear the Bell,
Or to point out the faireſt Goat,
I'd gueſs with any for a Groat;
And I have ſuch good Judgment in it,
That, peradventure, I might win it:
But theſe are Beauties ſo Divine,
And all with ſuch Perfections ſhine,
That a Man's Eye has much ado
T'leave One to look on t'other Two,
But, with the firſt ſo captivated,
From thence he hardly can tranſlate it;
But 'tis there riveted, concluding,
That fair'ſt is without Diſputing.
Beſides (to ſpeak the Truth) my Sight
So dazzled is with ſo much Light
Of heavenly Beauty, that I vow,
Two Eyes, methinks, are not enow;
But I at ſuch a time as this
Would be all Eyes, as *Argus* is,
With fuller Sight to look upon
So much, ſo rare Perfection.
And yet, ev'n in that State, I fear,
One being *Wife* to *Jupiter*,
The other Two his *Daughters*, I
Should do very imprudently,
In a Conteſt of ſuch high Nature,
As this for Preference of Feature,
Either to meddle or to make,
But, as they brew, ſo let 'em bake.

Merc.

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Merc. You ſometimes may Diſcretion uſe,
But here you can nor will nor chuſe:
Jupiter ſays it ſhall be ſo,
And what that means, you needs muſt know.
'Tis then in vain to prate and babble,
His Orders are irrevocable.

Par. Why then have at 'em! and let thoſe,
Whoſe Luck 'twill be the Prize to loſe,
Blame their ill Fortune, and not me,
For I can pleaſe but One of Three.

Merc. Nay, they're all bound to that already;
To Judgment therefore, and be ſpeedy.

Par. Why, ſeeing that it muſt be ſo,
Stand out *(fair Ladies)* all a-row:
But firſt *(Sir Merc'ry)* I would know,
If I may ſee 'em nak'd or no:
For Womens chief Perfections do
Lie underneath their Cloaths below;
Which they muſt either naked ſhow
And ſtrip themſelves from Top to Toe,
And ev'ry *Goddeſs* lay her Tail
As bare and naked as my Nail,
That I may ſee out of the Caſe
All Things as well as Hands and Face;
Or I ſhall never be ſo wiſe,
Where I can have no Uſe of Eyes,
With Juſtice to award the Prize.

Merc. Why, thou art *Dominus Fac-totum*,
And may'ſt at Will Unpetticoat 'em.

Par. Why then, if I may rule the Roaſt,
I affect naked Women moſt;
And therefore, *Merc'ry*, ſo preſent 'em,
I may ſee all that *Jove* has ſent 'em.

Merc.

Merc. Come, *Ladies*, blanch you to your Skins,
'Tis but a Penance for your Sins,
And what you are oblig'd to do;
Your Governor will have it so.
And, whilst your Judge with leering Eyes
Into each Chink and Cranny plies
Of all your Curiosities,
I'll be so civil and so wise,
Lest any Mischief should arise,
To turn my Back, which is of all
Respects the most unnatural;
And, whilst your Treasure you display,
Turn my Calves-head another way.

Ven. Why, an't be your Worship's Ease,
You may e'en do so if you please:
But otherwise (my modest *Don*)
Some here can abide Looking on;
And, tho' you are a nimble one,
Let our Apparel but alone,
And there is nothing, I dare say,
Your Modesty can steal away.
In the mean time, Gramercy *Paris!*
He loves, I see, that Play that fair is,
And most judiciously has spoken,
He will not *buy a Pig a Poke in*;
But wisely will bring all Things out,
And see within Doors and without;
And I will shew thee such a Sight,
That if thou hast an Appetite,
And art indeed a true-bred *Cock*,
When I pull off my Cambrick-Smock,
Shall make thee glory in thy Being,
And bless *Jove* for thy Sense of Seeing.

Thou'lt

Thou'lt then ſee I not only have
Eyes, Cheeks, and Lips that can enſlave,
And outward Beauties (or elſe ſome lye)
As captivating and as comely,
As either *Juno*'s here, or Her's,
Who ſtand my fair *Competitors*;
But ſuch a Skin, ſo ſmooth and ſupple,
Of Legs ſo white a parting Couple.
Such Knees, ſuch Thighs, and ſuch a *Bum*,
And ſuch a, ſuch a *Modicum*,
Shall make thy melting Mouth to water
Perhaps by Fits, for ſev'n Years after.

Pal. Take heed *(young Paris)* thou'rt a *Novice*,
And *that* the cunning *Dame of Love* is;
Look not upon her, 'tis not beſt,
Until ſhe have put off her *Ceſt*;
For ſhe's a *Sorcereſs*, and carries
Enchantments in it, *Monſieur Paris*.
She's nought but Treachery and Treaſon,
Nor, to ſay truly, it is Reaſon,
Now that her *Beauty*'s brought to th' Teſt,
That ſhe ſhall come ſo finely dreſt,
Like a patch'd *Minx*, and painted *Whore*;
But when ſhe comes her *Judge* before,
As ſhe came into th' World, I take it,
Should appear open, plain, and naked,
Stripp'd of her Pouncings and Devices,
Her Shifs, her Tricks, and Artifices.

Par. Troth, ſhe ſpeaks Reaſon; come, lay by
That tawdry *Girdle* preſently.

Ven. Make her her *Helmet* then lay by,
She ſhall be ſtripp'd as well as I,

There's

There's no Enchantment in my *Ceſt*:
But that ſame *Caſk* has ſuch a *Creſt*,
As is enough, to look on it,
To fright a Shepherd out on's Wit.
Sure, ſhe's afraid that her blue Eyes
Want Power to obtain the Prize,
And if ſhe finds they cannot do't,
She means to fright or beat thee to't:
And I commend her Wiſdom truly;
For her blue Eyes will come off bluely.

Pal. No, I as thee as ſoon will ſtrip;
And for to pleaſe your *Ladyſhip*,
There lies the over-awing *Creſt*.

Ven. 'Tis very brave, and there's my *Ceſt*,

Jun. Fie, what a tedious Work you make it!
Let's ſtrip, I long to be ſtark-naked:
And now we naked are *(Sir Paris)*
Conſider, pray, which the moſt fair is.

Par. Ay, marry, here's a Sight worth ſeeing,
Tho' one had ſpent's Eſtate in ſeeing,
Oh what rare Fleſh! what Excellencies!
What dainty, ſuper-dainty Wenches!
What a brave Laſs is *Madam Pall!*
What State does *Juno* move withal!
By which 'tis evident they are
Daughter and *Wife* to *Jupiter*.
But *Venus* is, indeed, a Pearl;
Did ever Man ſee ſuch a Girl?
Oh, what a lovely Face is there!
What criſped Locks of amber Hair!
What a white Neck! what *Breaſts!* what Shoulders?
Belly and Back to catch Beholders!

What

What Hips! what Hanches! what rare Thighs!
Enough to make the Dead to riſe!
To which, in *Love* I'm not ſo ſimple,
But to obſerve ſhe has a *Dimple*,
And ſuch a one, as who would not
Put all the *Fleſh* into the *Pot*?
In fine (*as good Sir* Martin *ſays*)
I have not Wit enough to praiſe
The ſev'ral Beauties and the Graces
Adorn them all in all their Places;
The Sight whereof's a Happineſs
Too great for *Tongue* or *Pen* t'expreſs,
Nay, any one of them would be
Too much for mortal Eye to ſee.
Yet, ſince the mighty *Jupiter*
Has my poor Judgment priz'd ſo far,
As ſimple Me a Judge to make,
That in my Choice I mayn't miſtake,
And thruſt, like over-greedy *Sot*,
My *Spoon* into th' wrong *Porridge-pot*,
Better to manifeſt my Art,
I'll ſtudy every one apart,
And view 'em one by one at Leiſure,
(Which alſo will prolong my Pleaſure.)
For, in beholding them in *Maſſe*,
They do confound me ſo with Luſtre,
I ſhall my Reputation loſe;
And ne'er know rightly how to chuſe.

Ven. Content; my Cauſe I nothing doubt,
And ſtare till both thy Eyes ſtart out.

Par. Why then, let *Madam Juno* ſtay;
She's the beſt Woman *(by my Fay)*

And

And, whilſt her Beauties I admire,
I'll have the other Two retire.

Jun. Come on *(Sir Paris)* now ſurvey me,
And turn me round as thou wouldſt ha' me,
I'll ſtand or lie as thou doſt pray me,
And *moppe* too, if thou'lt not betray me.
But when thou round about haſt ey'd me,
High, low, between, and ev'ry Side me,
(Young *Paris*) I would thee adviſe,
In loving and in courteous wiſe,
To think that thy Preferment lies
In thy awarding me the Prize:
And tho' I need not bribe nor ſue
For that I know to be my Due,
Yet, if thou'lt favour me this Day,
I'll make thee King of *Aſia.*

Par. Troth, I am not ambitious, *Madam*;
And as for *Kingdoms*, if I had 'em,
To *King-it* paſſes my poor Skill,
And I ſhould be a Shepherd ſtill.
But this the ſhort is, and the long,
I'll do your Majeſty no wrong:
And now I've ſeen what I deſire,
Be pleas'd, I pray you, to retire,
And ſend my *Lady Pallas* hither,
For I can't deal with two together.

Pal. Here (thou beſt Judge of beſt Deſerts)
Contemplate on *Minerva*'s Parts:
I hope, or thou deſerveſt Whipping,
Thou wilt give me the *Golden Pippin:*
Which if thou doſt (*Youth*, mark me well)
I'll render thee invincible:

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And whether thou with doubty *Knights*,
Arm'd, or unarm'd, ſhalt enter Fight;
Nay, with a *Giant*, or an *Ettin*,
Thou ever ſhalt be ſure to beat him.

Par. Lady, I never did delight in
This ſcurvy dang'rous Thing call'd Fighting;
And therefore ſhall not be a Dealer
In the Commodity call'd Valour.
Beſides, my *Father's Kingdoms* are
Quiet *(Thanks be to Jove)* from War;
I with a *Taylor* play'd, indeed,
At *Cudgel*, but he broke my Head;
And had ſuch ſcurvy Luck in Battle,
I rather had by half tend Cattle;
But, tho' I'm but a Country-Peaſant,
I'll not be brib'd with Gift nor Preſent;
And yet I can't but thank you ſtill
(Fine Madam) *for your great good Will*,
Which I ſo kindly take, I ſwear,
My Equity you need not fear;
For I'll do Juſtice, right or wrong,
And there's an End of an old Song.
But to adviſe you I'll be bold,
Pray d'on your Cloaths, fear taking Cold,
And your Steel Cap will do no harm,
To keep *your learned Head-piece* warm;
And pray, as hence you do go fro' me,
Send *Madam Venus* hither to me.

Venus. Here's *Venus*, that you call for ſo;
Survey me now from Top to Toe:
And if thou find'ſt, when thou haſt view'd me,
Any one Wrinkle more than ſhould be,

Or,

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Or if my Bum have any Flaws in't,
I'll give thee Leave to put thy Nose in't.
I'll tell thee without Fraud or Guile.
I have, and for no little while,
(Having ta'en Note of thy Desert,
And what a pretty Fellow th'art,
Thy Youth, thy Feature, Shape, and Fashion)
Had on thee very great Compassion,
To see thee tending rotten *Flocks*,
Amongst these solitary *Rocks*,
Great *Cities*, nor *Assemblies* heeding.
Where young Men use to get their Breeding:
But wasting here thy Time in *Caverns*,
Which would be better spent in *Taverns*.
What's to be learnt amongst these *Groves*,
By still conversing with thy *Droves*,
I prithee, say, and do not lye,
But *Ignorance* and *Clownery*?
What Pleasure's in this Rural Life?
'Tis Time that thou hadst got a *Wife*,
Or, which is better, a *fine Miss*,
Not some *coarse Sun-burnt Trull*, I wis;
But of fam'd *Argos* some rare Piece,
Of *Corinth*, or some Town in *Greece*,
Such as the *Spartan Helen* is,
Her Sex's Pride and Master-piece,
As Handsome *Paris* is of his.
And who (I know it) is as *free*,
Buxom, and *amorous* as He.
And if the little wanton *Tit*
But saw thee once, I'm sure of it,
She would both *Home* and *Husband* quit.
To follow thee for *dainty Bit*;

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She would both *love* and *long* ſo ſore;
Didſt never hear of her before?
Par. No, ne'er a Syllable (I vow;)
But very fain would hear it now.
Ven. Why, ſhe is Daughter to that * Fair, * *Læda.*
For whom *our am'rous Jupiter*
Transform'd himſelf into a *Swan*
Her *Maidenhead for to trapan.*
Par. And is ſhe ſo wonderfully fair?
Ven. Why, what a *Country-Queſtion*'s there!
How ſhould ſhe, canſt thou think, be *other*,
Having a Swan unto her *Mother?*
Nor is ſhe *groſs* you may ſuppoſe,
Whom an Egg-ſhell did once encloſe.
Hadſt ſeen her once wreſtle a Prize,
Naked, as 'tis her Country-guiſe,
I dare moſt confidently ſwear,
Thou'dſt long to try a Fall with her,
Already they're at War about her;
For *Theſeus*, like a boiſt'rous Suiter,
To ſpirit her away made bold,
When ſhe was but poor ten Years old,
A little *ſnotty Chitterling*;
But now ſhe's quite another Thing.
A Miracle, I do proteſt,
Her Beauty with her Age's increas'd,
That ſhe is now the *only Miſs*
Of all the *ſpruce young Maids of Greece.*
A thouſand Suiters all have ſought her;
But *Menelaus* now has got her;
Yet, for all that, ſhew me but Favour,
And ſay the Word, and thou ſhalt have her.

Par.

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Par. How can I have her (that's a Jeſt!)
When ſhe is married, thou ſay'ſt?
Ven. Is that a Thing to be ſo wonder'd?
'Tis the leaſt Matter of a Hundred;
For that, Man, never ſcratch thy Pate,
I can do greater Feats than that.
In the mean time *(Sir)* by your Leave,
You're a mere *Novice*, I perceive.
Par. But which way you intend to go
About it *(Madam)* I would know?
Ven. Why the Deſign of it is this,
Thou ſhalt go travel into *Greece*.
Wherein thy main Pretence ſhall be
Only for Curioſity,
To ſee what thou haſt heard the Fame on,
And when thou com'ſt to *Lacedæmon*,
E're thou'rt well got into thy *Inn*,
I'm certain that the lovely *Queen*
Will forthwith make her *Hen-peck'd Spouſe*
Send to invite thee to his *Houſe*,
Which is as fair as fair can be;
And for the reſt, *leave that to me.*
Par. Why, I will try my Luck, in *Goddle*;
But it won't ſink into my *Noddle*,
That ſuch an admirable Piece,
The very Flow'r and Pride of *Greece*,
And a great Queen, as that you mean,
Should be ſo impudent a *Quean*,
To leave her *Country*, and her *Honey*,
To whom ſhe's join'd in *Matrimony*,
And run away with ſuch a one
As I, a Stranger and unknown.

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Ven. Why, I confeſs it ſomething odd is,
But there's the Power of the *Goddeſs*;
And that's a Trick that I defie
Beſt on 'em all to do but I.
Now, I two Sons have, *you muſt know*,
Which theſe mirac'lous Feats can do;
Of which the one by Art is able
To make a Party amiable;
And t'other has the Pow'r to move
Who ſee that Lovelineſs to love.
In order then to this Deſign,
I mean to place theſe Brats of mine,
Who are t'effect this Enterprize,
One of them *(Paris)* in thine Eyes,
And t' other I'll convey by Art
Into fair *Helen*'s tender Heart:
Which being order'd (by my troth)
The Devil muſt be in you both,
If what remains do want Fulfilling,
When both of you are made ſo willing.
But yet, on ſurer Grounds to go,
(For one can't be too ſure, you know)
I'll give thee *two Strings to thy Bow*,
And thou ſhall have with thee the *Graces*,
(Three very pretty little Laſſes,
Who can do much in ſuch-like Caſes)
In thy Adventure to attend thee,
Whoſe Services will much befriend thee;
For they, to grace thee not deſpiſing,
Shall daily wait upon thy Riſing,
(And never *Aſian Cavaliers*
Could boaſt they had ſuch *Chambriers*)

Where

Where dreſſing thee each Day, the whiles
One tricks thy Face in winning Smiles,
With greater Power to accoſt her;
T'others in ſuch a ſwimming Poſture
Thy Arms and Hands, thy Legs and Feet,
In ſuch a graceful Mien ſhall ſet,
As ſhall, if *Nell* have any Senſe,
So tickle her *Concupiſcence*,
That ſhe will run the whole World over
With ſuch a rare accompliſh'd Lover.

Par. Theſe are fine Promiſes, indeed,
And tho' *Jove* knows how I ſhall ſpeed,
Yet I'm ſo raviſh'd with this Geer,
That I already burn to ſee'r;
And you have *(Madam)* ſet m'Ambition
So hot upon this Expedition,
That, e're a Man can ſay, what's this,
Methinks I'm travelling to *Greece*,
And come to *Sparta* ſafe as may be,
Have ſeen, attack'd, and won the *Lady*;
Who having with her *Jewels* lin'd me,
And being lightly whipt behind me,
None to our Journey being privy,
Am poſting her to *Troy Tantivy*;
All which does in my Mind ſo run,
That I am mad it is not done.

Ven. Soft! do not ſpur too faſt, you *Dapple*,
Till firſt y'ave given me the *Apple*.
There lies my Service's Rewarding;
That I muſt have, or elſe no Bargain.
Then give it me, I prithee, do;
Come, come, thou know'ſt it is my Due;

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I elſe ſhall either fret and fume, or
So muſty be and out of Humour,
That the Event is to be doubted,
I'ſt ne'er go chearfully about it:
And then, be ſure, no good can come,
For one muſt never go *Hum-drum*
About ſo nice a Work as this is;
But it is Mettle carries *Miſſes*:
And therefore, without more Protraction,
Give me the little Satisfaction;
And *(Paris)* when thou com'ſt to *Bedding*,
Oh, how I'll trip it at thy *Wedding!*

Par. Nay, you're a *Jigger*, we all know;
But if you ſhould deceive me now!

Ven. Who, I deceive thee! Never fear me;
But, if thou art diſtruſtful, ſwear me!

Par. No, that Security's *too common*,
Beſides, *Oaths* never bind a Woman:
But *(Madam) if you can afford*
Once more to promiſe on your Word,
That I ſhall have this bonny *Nelly*,
More of my Mind I then ſhall tell ye.

Ven. Why then, Know all Men by theſe Preſents,
That, ſpite of *Princes*, *Courtiers*, *Peaſants*,
And all both Man and Woman-kind,
I here myſelf moſt firmly bind
To give thee *Helen*, Pride of *Greece*,
To be thine own *Lyndabrides*;
That I will pay down *Sparta's Spouſe*
In the now very Dwelling-houſe
Of *Seignior Priam King of Troy*;
And then *(Sir Paris)* give you Joy.

Nay,

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Nay, I do bind myſelf, beſide,
To be in Perſon mine thy Guide,
And will (ſince thy Wit won't ſuffice)
Carry on the whole Enterprize.

Par. You my Requeſt are gone beyond,
I *(Madam)* did demand no *Bond.*
And will you bring your *Cupids* too
(My *lovely Dame*) along with you?

Ven. Piſh! never doubt it, Man, I'll do't,
Deſire and *Hymen* too to boot.

Par. Then call the others in that went hence,
That I may now proceed to Sentence.
Fair Goddeſſes, I pray, draw near.
Jupiter has employ'd me here
In ſuch a very nice Affair,
So much indeed againſt the Hair,
That, had his *Majeſty* thought fit
To have exempted me from it,
I would have giv'n (or I'm a Knave)
A Score of the beſt *Ewes* I have:
But, ſince he's pleas'd to have it ſo,
I muſt per-force obey, you know;
Yet, e're I do pronounce the Sentence,
Let me, upon this ſmall Acquaintance,
Entreat the Loſers to be civil,
And at my Hands not take it evil;
If I like one above the reſt,
I cannot help it, I proteſt.
Here is a *Golden Apple* here,
Which muſt be thought ſuch Price to bear
(Thro' Cunning o'th' malicious * *Donor*) * *The Goddeſs*
That none, forſooth, muſt be the Owner, Diſcordia.

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But ſhe who is the faireſt Fair;
When, from my Heart, I vow and ſwear,
And, without Fraud or Flattery,
There is not one of all you three
For whom a Buſhel's not too few,
Had but your Beauties half their Due.
Which Beauties (gentle *Madams*) I
Conſider'd have impartially,
And find them all ſo excellent,
That truly I could be content,
Were it conſiſtent with my Duty,
To give to each the Prize of Beauty:
But I am ty'd, when all is done,
T'award it only unto One.
Now, *Venus* being in thoſe Parts
Which have the greateſt Pow'r o'er Hearts,
The moſt exactly ſhap'd of all,
I judge to her the *Golden Ball*.

Juno. Learnedly ſpoke! I had not car'd,
If *Pallas* here had been preferr'd;
But to beſtow it on that *Trapes*,
It mads me!

Pallas. Hang him, Jack-an-apes.

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DIALOGUE.

MARS *and* MERCURY.

Mars. HAST heard o'th' loud *Rhodomontade*
That t'other Day *Jupiter* made?
Which was, That, if we on this Faſhion
Daily provok'd his Indignation,
He would, if anger'd once again,
From *Heav'n* to *Earth* let down a Chain,
With which he up to him would hale
Mankind, the *Elements*, and all,
With ſuch a mighty Strength, that, tho'
We all had hold of it below,
And pull'd to ſtay't, we could not do't,
But he would pull us up to boot.
Of all us Deities alone
Now, I muſt needs confeſs, no one
Is able near, unleſs he liſt,
To grapple with his Mutton-fiſt;
And he will loſe, whoever vies
With him at any Exerciſe.
But, to imagine that all we
So brave a jolly Company,
Join'd all together, ſhould not be
As ſtrong, nay ſtronger far than *He*.
In truth, in him I do conceive it
An Arrogancy to believe it,

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And Vanity devoid of Wit,
So openly to publiſh it.
And yet for all his mighty Vaunting,
His Domineering, and his Ranting,
All of the Gods, and I and you know,
When *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and *Queen Juno*,
By Combination had trapann'd him,
And had intended to have chain'd him,
He'd much ado, tho' his Strength ſuch is,
To diſengage him from their Clutches:
Nor had he done it for all that,
(Tho' now he vapour can and prate)
For all his ſtriving and his ſtruggling,
His writhing, wriggling, and his juggling,
Nor all his Strength, which now ſo great is,
Had not his old Friend, *Madam Thetis*,
In time of Danger ſent him there
Briarius the *Hot-cockle Play'r*,
With a whole hundred Cluſter-fiſts,
To diſengage him from the Liſts.
And, by my Faith, he came in Seaſon
To reſcue him from the High-treaſon;
Or elſe, with this my huffing *Don*
I know not how it would have gone.

Merc. Prithee, hank up thy Tongue again,
And do not give it ſo much Rein;
Theſe Words do make my Ears to tingle;
'Tis well that thou and I are ſingle;
This Language is unſafe, I ſwear,
For thee to ſpeak, or me to hear.

Mars. Doſt think I have ſo little Wit
To talk thus unto all I meet?
No, Friend, I wiſer am than ſo,
I know well whom I ſpeak it to;
One, who not only has a Talent
In ſpeaking, but in being ſilent;
But, ſhould another chance to come,
Of *Mavors* not a *Word, but Mum.*

DIALOGUE.

PAN *and* MERCURY.

Pan. *GOOD Morrow (Father!) how doſt do?*
Merc. *Good Morrow, Son,* ſince 'tmuſt be ſo;
But why call'ſt thou me *Father,* trow?
For to behold thoſe goodly Horns,
That py'd Beard, which thy Face adorns,
That ſingle wagging at thy Butt,
Thoſe *Gambrels,* and that *Cloven-foot,*
Thou doſt much more (not to diſſemble)
A *He-goat* than a *God* reſemble.
Pan. 'Tis very well! But all this while
Thou thine own Iſſue doſt reviſe,
And giv'ſt thyſelf many foul Rubs.
Prithee, what's He that gets ſuch *Cubs?*
For all this handſome Shape, you ſee,
Came from my *Father,* and thou'rt he.

Merc.

Merc. I would thou couldſt perſuade me to it?
But thou'lt have much ado to do it!
I'll make much of myſelf, I'd need,
If but in Rev'rence to my Breed.
But, if thy happy *Sire* I am,
Who, the great *Devil*, was thy *Dam*?
Did I not meet with ſome *She-Goat*
Traveſty'd in a Petticoat?
For never ſure did *Woman* bear
So uncouth a prodigious Heir.

Pan. No, *Father*, I would have thee know't,
Thou didſt not couple with a *Goat*;
Th'aſt not forgot yet, I dare ſay,
How once in fair *Arcadia*
With beaſtly Luſt, and barb'rous Pow'r,
Thou didſt a pretty Maid deflow'r:
What need'ſt thou bite thy Fingers Ends?
I only ſpeak it amongſt Friends.
It is *Penelope* I mean.

Merc. I do remember ſuch a *Queen*,
A pretty *Girl!* But how could ſhe
Bring out ſo foul a Beaſt as thee,
More like a Devil than like me?

Pan. Nay, I'm as like my *Dad*, in ſooth,
As he had ſpit me out on's Mouth,
That is, as like what then thou wert,
When thou play'dſt that uncivil Part;
For then, if th'aſt it not forgot,
Thou turn'dſt thyſelf into a *Goat*,
With a Face foul as any Vizor,
In Policy for to ſurprize her.

Merc. Yes, I remember; out upon it!
But troth, I am aſham'd to own it.

Pan.

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Pan. Faith, for the Rape I cannot blame ye,
But, as for me, I ſhall not ſhame ye,
And few there are preferr'd before me;
For, beſides that, they do adore me
All o'er *Arcadia*; where poſſeſt
I'm of a thouſand Flocks at leaſt;
My Qualities have purchas'd Fame,
For *Doctor* I of Muſick am;
And more have made my Valour known
In the great Field of *Marathon*;
For which good Service the *Athenians*
Have given me a fine Convenience,
Wherein to ſit, eat, drink, or ſnort,
A *Grotto* underneath their Fort,
Where thou ſhalt ſee, if thou com'ſt thither,
How highly I am honour'd *(Father.)*

Merc. What, art thou marry'd?

Pan. No, not yet;
I hitherto have had more Wit.

Merc. I wonder at it not, in truth;
For who'd have ſuch a ſweet-fac'd Youth?

Pan. Piſh! had I nothing elſe to do,
(Father) I could have Wives enow,
And therefore that's a vain Objection:
But I've ſo amorous a Complexion,
And do with Love ſo ſcald and burn,
One *Wife* would never ſerve my Turn.

Merc. Thou buggeſt then the *Goats*, I doubt.

Pan. Good Words! no, I'm not ſo put to't;
Echo and *Pitys*, full of Bliſſes,
Are both content to be my *Miſſes*,
And all the Rout of *Bacchanals*
Come with a Powder, when *Pan* calls;

By which *(Good Father)* you may know,
I better ſpend my Time than ſo.
Merc. Believ't, they're wond'rous kind to thee,
And 'tis no Wonder tho' they be,
Th'aſt ſuch a charming *Phyſ'nomy*.
But I have a Requeſt unto thee,
Will do me good, and no harm do thee,
It is ſo ſmall; which is, that ſeeing
I was ſo bleſs'd to give thee Being,
Thou, in return, wilt be ſo civil
As not to pay my good with evil,
But, whereſoe'er we chance to meet
In Houſe or Field, or in the Street,
So oft as we ſhall come together,
Thou do forbear to call me *Father*;
For, not to mince the Verity,
I'm damnably aſham'd of thee:
But for this once ſhake Hands and part,
And ſo farewel with all my Heart.

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DIALOGUE.

APOLLO *and* BACCHUS.

Ap. WHO'd think that ſuch a *jack-an-apes* as
Cupid, the mighty-tool'd *Priapus*,
And *Androginus*, of all others,
Should all of the ſame Womb be Brothers,
Being ſo much alike in Feature,
In Humour, and in Shape, and Stature?
For one's a little *Goddikin*,
No bigger than a *Skittle-pin*;
Yet, little as he is, can ſcare us
If once he takes his Bow and Arrows;
And, of the other two, the latter
Can make nor Man's nor Maiden's Water;
The t'other ſomewhere is more tall
By Handfuls than the beſt on's all.

Bacchus. Why this Diverſity each gathers
From the Variety of Fathers;
Tho' ev'ry Day indeed preſents
As great and ſtrange a Difference,
Ev'n among thoſe who had no other
But the ſame Father and the ſame Mother.

Apol. Yet 'tis quite otherwiſe, you ſee,
Betwixt my Siſter *Die* and me,
Who the ſame Virtues have and Vices,
And follow the ſame Exerciſes.

Bac.

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Bac. But the mad Hag in Petticoats
In *Scythia*'s buſy, cutting Throats,
Whilſt thou doſt Men of Money fleece
With giving *Phyſick* here in *Greece*;
And pray, what *Sympathy*'s in this?
Apol. Why, *Bacchus*, doſt thou think that ſhe
Takes a Delight in Cruelty,
In hearing Blood in Throats to rottle,
Like Liquor from a ſtreight-mouth'd Bottle?
Alas! ſhe only does it, ſhe,
Merely out of Complacency,
To accommodate herſelf to th' Faſhion,
And Humour of that barb'rous Nation;
At which ſhe takes ſo great Offence,
That ſhe but waits to ſteal from thence,
When any *Grecian* Ship comes thither,
To take her in, and bring her hither.
Bac. Why, truly, then I do commend her,
And a good Gale of Wind *Jove* ſend her.
In the mean time, I needs muſt tell you,
Priapus is a beaſtly Fellow:
For (no one being by but us)
Calling at's Houſe at *Lampſacus*,
After we'd eaten well, and much,
And quaff'd it ſmartly *upſy-Dutch*,
It being pretty coldiſh Weather,
He needs muſt have us lie together;
And ſo we did, when in the Night,
When leaſt (I ſwear) I dreamt of it,
Betwixt ſome twelve and one a Clock,
He tilts his *Tantrum* at my *Nock*,
Till, with Extremity of Pain,
He plainly made me roar again.

Apol.

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Apol. A very edifying Story!
And what did you, whilſt he did bore you?
Bac. What ſhould I do, but make the beſt on't?
I only laugh'd and made a Jeſt on't?
Apol. Some would, perhaps, have kept a Pother;
But thou, I think, could'ſt do no other,
But put on Patience, and lie ſtill;
Alas! he did it in good Will,
And it had been ill-nature in thee,
When he good Meat and Drink had giv'n thee.
For to grudge him, who fed thee *gratis*,
So ſmall a Courteſy as that is.
Beſides, he great Temptations had,
For thou'rt a pretty Smock-fac'd Lad.
Bac. But yet o'th' Two (my Friend *Apollo*)
Thou art by much the pretty'r Fellow,
And therefore, if he once make Suit t'ye
To lie in's Houſe, faith, look about ye.
Apol. Well, well! but he were beſt take heed
How he attacks my *Maidenhead*:
His mighty *Trapſtick* cannot ſcare us,
For we have good Yew-bow and Arrows,
As well as a white Wig to tempt him;
And, if he draw, he will repent him.
Beſides, I'm ſo ſet round with Light,
And am withal ſo quick of Sight,
That much I do not need to fear
To be ſurprized in my Rear.

DIA-

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DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and his Mother* MAYA.

Merc. BEſtow your Counſel on ſome other,
'Tis Labour loſt on me *(good Mother;)*
For, e're I'll lead the Life I do,
And be this *Drudge*, I tell you true,
And ſo I'll tell old *Father Laſher*,
I am reſolv'd ev'n to turn *Thraſher*.
S'Fiſh! I'm a Slave, a Pack-Horſe made:
Would I'd been *'Prentice* to a Trade,
Or bred up with ſome honeſt *Farmer*,
Who would have clad me perhaps warmer,
Tho' not ſo fine, and giv'n me reſt,
And not have work'd me like a Beaſt.
A God, quotha! No Deity
Was ever, ſure, ſo us'd as I:
But, e're this Life I'll longer lead,
I'll *ſtroll* for *Lower*, or beg my Bread,
And run, nay, fly, let who will hear me,
Far as my Legs or Wings will bear me.

Maya. Nay, prithee Son, govern thy Paſſion,
And do not talk of this wild Faſhion.

Merc. Why ſhould I not ſpeak out *(forſooth)*
So long as I ſpeak nought but Truth?
Tut! tut! I ſcorn to mince the Matter;
I was not bred to lye and flatter:

And,

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And, being thus abus'd, muſt ſpeak,
And eaſe my Heart, or it will break,
I ſpeak no Treaſon, Have I not
Very good Reaſon to find fault,
When *Jupiter* does force on me
More Work, more Toil, and Drudgery,
(Which, *Mother*, cannot be deny'd)
Than upon all the Gods beſide?
Firſt, I by Spring of Day muſt come
To waſh and rub the Dining-room,
(Which does not always ſmell of *Amber*)
Next, I muſt clean the *Council-Chamber*,
And duſt the *Wool-packs*: After that
I muſt go dreſs the *Rooms of State*,
Bruſh Cuſhions, Chairs, and Foot-cloths too,
(Which takes up no ſmall Time to do.)
Nay, all this yet will not ſuffice!
But I muſt ſweep the *Galleries*,
Tho' others are more fit to do't,
The *Lobbies* and *Back-ſtairs* to boot:
Then, having ſwept my Face of Fat,
Powder'd, and put a clean *Cravat*,
I muſt i'th' Anti-Chamber wait
Jupiter's Riſing, to receive
Such Orders as he's pleas'd to give,
(Which ever num'rous are, no doubt)
And then muſt carry them about,
Work that requires a ſupple Ham.
Then *Steward* I o'th *Houſhold* am,
Yes, and Cup-bearer too, at leaſt,
As often as he makes a Feaſt,
And had that Office ev'ry Day,
Till *Ganymede* came into Play,

But

But all this Work is nothing yet,
And I could well away with it:
And that, by which I am oppreſs'd,
Is, that at Night, when all's releas'd,
And every one goes to his Reſt,
No one but me employ he can
To convoy a great *Caravan*
Of pale-fac'd dead Folks unto *Hell*;
Company that i'th' Night might well
The ſtouteſt *God* in *Heav'n* daunt;
Where alſo, before *Rhadamant*
I muſt indict and proſecute 'em,
Which, e're by Law we can confute 'em,
Repeating every little Crime,
Does take up ſuch a World of Time,
The Day is ready for to peep in;
And then what Time have I to ſleep in?
And yet all this, this *Jupiter*,
Whom I have ſerv'd ſo many Year,
Wherein he's had good Service on me,
The Conſcience has t' impoſe upon me,
As not enough employ'd I were,
In being *Serjeant*, *Orator*,
Cup-bearer, *Wreſtler*, *and what not*,
But I muſt on thoſe Errands trot,
To be deprived of the Reſt
Mortals allow to every Beaſt.
Caſtor and *Pollux*, each one knows,
By turns are ſuffer'd to repoſe;
But I am toſt like *Tennis-Ball*,
And am allow'd no Reſt at all.
But am diſpatch'd both Morn and Ev'n
From *Heav'n* to *Earth*, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*;

Whilſt

Whilſt *Bacchus* here, and *Hercules*,
Who are no Sons of *Goddeſſes*,
As I am, but more meanly born,
Of wretched Mortals, and forlorn,
At great *Jove*'s Board in Feaſt and Play
Merrily paſs the Time away.
I need had of a Horſe to ride on:
For I'm but juſt now come from *Sidon*,
Where I have with *Europa* been;
But I am ſent away agen
To *Argos* with another *How-d'ye*,
To *Danae*, a wretched *Dowdy*,
When I am almoſt ſpent, I vow t'ye;
Nay, more than that, I muſt, they ſay,
Make too *Bœotia* in my Way,
To viſit there *Antiopa*.
But flatly I've refus'd to do it;
For (Mother) I'll not melt my Suet
For no good Words that can be given,
Nor ne'er a *Jupiter* in Heaven.
And tho' ('tis true, he keeps me brave,
On's Service I ſuch Comfort have,
I ſometimes would be ſold a Slave,
And run the Riſque of all Diſaſter,
Fall what fall can, to change my Maſter.

Maya. Come, prithee, moderate thy Paſſion,
Theſe are but Words of Indignation,
I'll have no Talk of Parting neither;
What! what! you muſt obey your Father,
And never think he does you wrong;
You muſt take Pains too, whilſt you're young;

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And do whate'er he bids you do,
And fear not, you'll have Sons enow,
When you are old, to work for you.
I prithee, then, no longer ſtand,
But go and execute's Command,
I know, he's choleric, if thwarted,
And to be apt to be tranſported.
Love too is ſuch an odd Diſeaſe,
That Lovers are moſt hard to pleaſe;
Will always have their own fond Ways,
And are impatient of Delays.

DIALOGUE.

JUPITER *and* SOL.

Jup. WHY, thou unlucky ſenſeleſs Fool,
Thou Dunce, thou Loggerhead, thou Owl!
Th'aſt made fine Work here, haſt thou not?
To go and truſt thy *Chariot*
With a young giddy hair-brain'd Sot,
Who, unto thy eternal Shame,
One half o'th' World hath ſet on flame;
And (which, to think on't, makes me ſhudder)
So hard has frozen up the other,
That, if I had not knock'd him down,
With a good Rap upon his Crown,
And turn'd him topſy-turvy under
With a good rattling Clap of Thunder, At

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At the mad rate that he was driving,
He had deſtroy'd all Creatures living,
And all Mankind, had he on poſted,
Had either frozen been, or roaſted;
And then you'd made (I hope you'll grant)
A pretty piece of Buſ'neſs on't.

Sol. Oh *Jupiter*, I guilty am,
Yea, inexcuſably to blame,
And, without Mercy, am undone,
For my Indulgence to a Son,
I could not for my Heart deny:
And then to ſee a * Miſtreſs cry, * *Clymene.*
And Tears run trickling down her Face,
Would e'en have mov'd a Heart of Braſs.
'Twas that that did my Reaſon charm,
But (as I'm here) I thought no Harm.

Jup. No Harm! How dar'ſt thou tell me ſo!
Didſt not thy *Horſes* Fury know?
What haſt thou been my *Charioteer*
So many hundred thouſand Year;
Yet, *that thou know'ſt not*, now canſt ſwear,
What fiery headſtrong *Jades* they were?
Yes *(Sirrah)* you knew well enough
How hard to rule they were, and rough,
And that they would do more than trot,
If Bridle once in Teeth they got;
And that if once they got a Foot,
Much more a Wheel, out of the *Rut*,
All would be loſt. You knew all this,
And yet for your *Lyndabrides*,
To humour her (forſooth) you muſt
Like a damn'd *Rogue* betray your Truſt,

Endanger all the World, and ſet
A *Novice* in that dang'rous Seat,
Who to drive *Tops* was fitter far,
Than guide the Day's triumphant *Carr*.
Sol. I muſt confeſs, (as your *Grace* ſays)
I knew the *Jades* were *Run-aways*,
And therefore did the wilful *Aſs*
With my own Hands i'th' *Coach-box* place;
Taught him the Reins to draw and ſlip,
And ſhew'd him how to hold his Whip;
Taught him the right *Poppyſma* too,
Which both the *Horſes* full well knew,
And, my own Hold before I quitted,
No one Inſtruction I omitted,
That I conceiv'd was neceſſary.
Aſſur'd then he could not miſcarry,
I left him to himſelf, and bid him,
Touchez mons fils, and ſo *good ſpeed him*.
He crack'd his Whip o'er the mad *Cattle*,
The *Chariot*-wheels began to rattle,
And thro' the *Eaſtern-gate* they run:
But my fool-hardy aukward Son,
So ill *(woe worth the Time I got him!)*
Retain'd the *Leſſons* I had taught him,
That he had ſcarce, it ſhould appear,
A Furlong got in his *Career*,
When th' *Stallions* with the flaming Main,
Finding, by Slackneſs of the Reins,
They'd got another *Charioteer*,
Away they ſtrain'd in wild *Career*,
And left the *Road* which they had kept,
Altho' the Wind they had out-ſtript

In

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In Speed; yet, running the right Way,
'Twould but have made a shorter Day:
But the rash *Boy*, amaz'd with Light,
And dizzy at the fearful Sight
Of the *Abyss* he saw below him,
Both *whipp'd*, and *Reins* he straight cast fro' him,
And by the *Coach-box* held him fast,
Till thou in Wrath gav'st him his last.
So, for his temerarious Action,
My *Boy* has paid full Satisfaction;
And in his Loss, I think that I,
Too, punish'd am sufficiently.

Jup. He, I confess, has had his Payment;
But thou, who wert the most to blame in't,
Deserv'st, at least, to be strappado'd,
Nay, flea'd alive and carbinado'd:
But I incline to Mercy rather,
And pardon an indulgent Father,
On this Condition (ne'ertheless)
Thou never so again transgress;
For if thou dost (thou *Rascal* thou)
I'll make thee both to feel and know,
That this same *Thunder*, which I handle,
Is hotter than your *Farthing-Candle*.
In the mean time, this I'll do for ye,
Because I see thou art so sorry,
I will that *Pha'ton*'s Sisters go
Interr him on the Banks of *Po*,
Just where he fell, and, for their Guerdon,
I'll do a Thing was never heard on;
Transform 'em into *Poplars* all,
From whom a certain *Gum* shall fall,

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To imitate the Tears they ſhed
Over the hare-brain'd *Logger-head.*
As to the reſt, it fits thy Care
Thy broken *Waggon* to repair,
Which will require, rightly to do it,
A *Carpenter* and *Wheelright* to it:
For, firſt, the *Carriage* is broken,
And one o'th' *Wheels* has but one *Spoke* on;
The *Harneſs* too ſo much amiſs is,
'Tis torn in twenty thouſand Pieces.
But, as to that, I (to befriend thee)
A ſpecial *Cobler* ſtraight will ſend thee:
And, when th'aſt got thy *Tackle* mended,
Begin anew where thy Son ended.
But now they've learnt a reſty Trick,
The *Jades*, no doubt, will friſk and kick,
As they were new again, to break,
And may endanger too thy Neck;
I promiſe ye, I mainly doubt ye,
And therefore *(Sirrah)* look about ye.

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DIALOGUE.

APOLLO *and* MERCURY.

Apol. I'M so confounded with this Pair,
This *Castor*, and this *Pollux* here,
This Brace of *Cygnets*, that one *Brother*
I'm still mistaking for the other;
Which puts me out of Count'nance so,
I know not what to say or do.
For they're so like, that when I meet 'em,
And with Respect would kindly greet 'em;
Servant, Don Castor, straight cry I;
I'm *Pollux*, cries he by and by.
Then presently myself I flatter,
The next time sure to mend the Matter;
When meeting one of 'em alone,
What, *Monsieur Pollux?* and go on,
I'm proud to be your Servant known;
And then 'tis *Castor*, ten to one.
Now, tho' herein there ever is
As much to hit, as there's to miss;
Yet o'th' wrong Name I always light,
And never yet was in the right.

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If thou canſt give me then ſome Mark
Particular to either *Spark*,
That I may one from t'other know,
I prithee (honeſt *Merc'ry*) do.

Merc. Why, that you Yeſterday embrac'd here,
When we together were, was *Caſtor*.

Apol. But how can'ſt know him from his *Brother*,
When they're ſo like to one another?

Merc. Why, *Pollux* is ſo giv'n to Huffing,
His Face ſtill black and blue with Cuffing;
And, to be more particular,
His left Cheek wears a noted Scar
Of a good Whirret *Bebrix* gave him,
Which over-board, no doubt, had drave him,
Had not Friend *Jaſon* ſtepp'd to ſave him;
Which *Recumbendibus* he got,
By being of an *Argonaut*,
When *Jaſon* ſailed into *Greece*
To ſteal away the *Golden Fleece*.

Apol. Gramercy, faith, I'll ſwear a Book on,
Thou haſt oblig'd me by this Token:
For which was which I ne'er could tell;
But ſeeing each with his half Shell,
His white Horſe, Jav'lin, and his Star,
To me the ſame they always were;
And I, when I would ſeem well bred,
Did ſtill confound 'em, as I ſaid:
But ſince I'm ſo beholden to thee,
Reſolve me one Thing more, I prithee,
And tell me why theſe Brothers never
Are to be ſeen in Heav'n together?

Merc.

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Merc. Why, you muſt know, that *Jupiter*,
Upon the Hatching of this Pair,
Theſe Twins of *Læda* fair, decreed,
(I think for to preſerve the Breed)
That one the Deſtinies ſhould curtal,
But th' other be ordain'd immortal:
Which known to them, as well as others,
They, like two very loving Brothers,
By an Affection very rare,
The good and ill alike would ſhare:
Thus, when one dies, the other mourns,
And ſo they live and die by turns.

Apol. 'Tis Sign of very good Condition,
But 'tis a Friendſhip *ſans* Fruition;
For in this manner neither Brother
Can ever ſee or ſpeak to t'other.
But of what Calling are theſe *Blades?*
For we have all of us our *Trades*:
I am a *Prophet* and *Muſician*,
My * Son's a ſpecial good *Phyſician*, * *Eſculapius.*
My Siſter plays the *Midwife's* Part,
And thou a famous *Wreſtler* art.
Are theſe two good for nought, doſt think,
But only for to eat and drink?

Merc. O yes, I promiſe ye, their Stars
Propitious are to *Mariners*,
And ſave 'em oft, when, to one's Thinking,
They even are as good as ſinking.

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Apol. A charitable good Vocation,
I wiſh them nigh when I've Occaſion.
Good Seamen, ſay'ſt thou *(Merc'ry)* marry,
A Calling very neceſſary,
And will (no doubt) when Men are *Sea-ſick*,
Do 'em more good by half than *Phyſick*.

The END.

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EPILOGUE.

AND now (my Maſters) reſt you merry;
I doubt both you and I are weary,
Elſe I ſhould very much admire;
Such Trumpery a Dog would tire.
Yet, in the precious Age we live in,
Moſt People are ſo lewdly given,
Coarſe-hempen Traſh is ſooner read,
Than Poems of a finer Thread;
Which made our Author wiſely chuſe
To dizen up his dirty Muſe
In ſuch an odd fantaſtick Weed,
As ev'ry one, he knew, would read.
Yet is he wiſe enough to know
His Muſe, however, ſings too low,
(Tho' warbling in the newſeſt Faſhion)
To work a Work of Reformation,
And ſo writ this (to tell you true)
To pleaſe Himſélf *as well as* You.
Yet if (beyond his Expectation)
This ſhall be grac'd with Acceptation,
Like others much of the ſame Faſhion,
Which all have had your Approbation;

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The Rhymer will ſo kindly take it,
That he his Buſ'neſs then will make it
No more thus ſaucily to ſcoff *ye,*
But ſomething bring more worthy of ye.
In the mean time, he bids me ſay,
If you'll not hiſs this Puppet-play,
He'll do what nee'r was done by * *any,*
And raiſe the † Dead *to entertain ye.*

---

* Poet, he mean.
† *Lucian*'s Dialogues of the Dead.

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THE WONDERS OF THE *PEAKE.*

DURST I expoſtulate with *Providence*,
I then ſhould aſk, Wherein the Innocence
Of my yoor undeſigning Infancy
Could *Heav'n* offend to ſuch a black Degree,
As, for th' Offence, to damn me to a Place
Where *Nature* only ſuffers in Diſgrace?
A *Country* ſo deform'd, the *Traveller*
Would ſwear thoſe Parts *Nature*'s *Pudenda* were:
Like *Warts* and *Wens*, Hills on the *one* * *ſide* ſwell,
To all but *Natives* inacceſſible;
† T'other a blue ſcrophulous Scum defiles,
Flowing from th' Earth's impoſthumated Biles;
That ſeems the Steps (Mountains on Mountains thrown)
By which the *GIANTS* ſtorm'd the *Thund'rer*'s Throne.

* *The Peake.*
† *The Moorlands.*

This

This from that *Proſpect* ſeems the *ſulph'rous Flood*,
Where ſinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* ſtood.

'Twixt theſe twin-*Provinces* of *Britain*'s Shame,
The Silver *Dove* (how pleaſant is that Name!)
Runs thro' a *Vale* high-creſted *Cliffs* o'erſhade,
(By her fair Progreſs only pleaſant made:)
But with ſo ſweet a *Torrent* in her Courſe,
As ſhews, the *Nymph* flies from her native Source,
To ſeek, *what there's deny'd*, the *Sun's warm Beams*,
And to embrace *Trent's* pouder ſwelling Streams.
In this ſo craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*
Of this our little World, this pretty *Brook*,
Alas, 'tis all the Recompence I ſhare,
For all th' Intemperances of the *Air*,
Perpetual *Winter*, endleſs *Solitude*,
Or the Society of Men ſo rude,
That it is ten times worſe. Thy *Murmurs* (* *Dove*)
Or Humour of Lovers; or Men fall in love
With thy bright Beauties; and thy fair blue Eyes
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilſt the Shooter flies.
Of all fair *Thetis'* Daughters, none ſo bright,
So pleaſant none to taſte, none to the Sight,
None yields the gentle *Angler* ſuch Delight.
To which the Bounty of her Stream is ſuch,
As, only with a ſwift and tranſient Touch,
T'enrich her ſterile Borders as ſhe glides,
And force *ſweet Flowers* from their marble Sides.

North-eaſt from this fair *River's Head*, there lies
A † *Country* that abounds with *Rarities*;

* *The River* Dove.
† *The* Peake.

They

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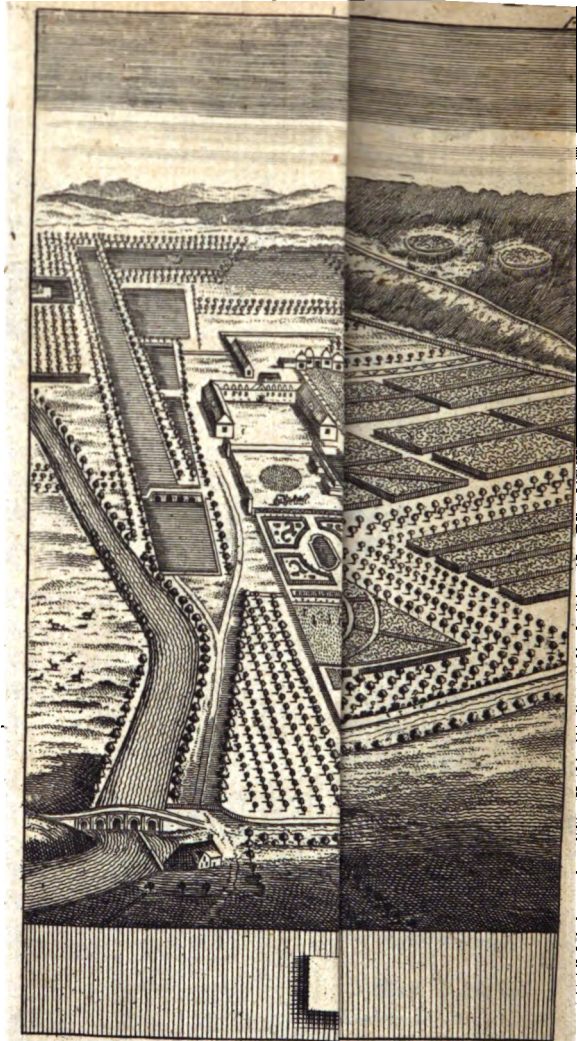

The Duke of DEVONSHDERBYSHIRE.

M. V^{ge} Gaucht Sculp.

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They call them *Wonders* there, and be they ſo,
But the whole Country ſure's a *Wonder* too,
And *Mother* of the reſt, which Seven are;
And one of them ſo ſingularly rare,
As does, indeed, amount to Miracle,
And all, the Kingdom boaſts, ſo far excel
It ought not, I confeſs, to be Profan'd
By my poor *Muſe*; nor ſhould an Artleſs Hand
Preſume to take a *Crayon* up, to trace
But the faint *Landſcape* of ſo brave a Place.
Yet, noble ‖ *Chatſworth* (for I ſpeak of thee)
Pardon the Love will prompt the Injury.
My Pen muſt do thee, when, before I end,
I fix Diſhonour, where I would Commend.

The firſt of theſe I meet with in my Way,
Is a vaſt *Cave*, which, the old People ſay,
One *Pool*, an *Out-law*, made his Reſidence;
But why he did ſo, or for what Offence,
The *Beagles* of the *Law* ſhould preſs ſo near,
As, ſpite of Horror's Self, to earth him there,
Is in our Times a *Riddle*; and, in this,
Tradition moſt unkindly ſilent is:
But, whatſoe'er his Crime, than ſuch a Cave,
A worſe Impriſonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountain's* Foot, whoſe lofty Creſt
O'erlooks the Marſhy Proſpect of the *Weſt*;
Under its Baſe there is an * *Overture*
Which Summer-Weeds do render ſo obſcure,

‖ *The Earl of* Devonſhire's *Houſe.*
* Pool's *Hole.*

The

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The careleſs *Traveller* may paſs, and ne'er
Diſcover, or ſuſpect an Entry there:
But ſuch a one there is, as we might well
Think it the *Crypto-Porticus* of *Hell*,
Had we not been inſtructed, that the Gate,
Which to *Deſtruction* leads, is nothing ſtraight.

Thro' a blind Door (which ſome poor Woman there
Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)
Men, bowing low, take leave of Day's fair Light,
To crowd themſelves into the Womb of Night,
Thro' ſuch a low and narrow Paſs, that it
For *Badgers*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes* ſeems more fit;
Or for the yet leſs ſorts of *Chaces*, than
T'admit the Stature, and the Bulk of Man:
Could it to Reaſon any way appear,
That Men could find out any Buſ'neſs there.
But having fifteen Paces crept, or more,
Thro' pointed Stones and Dirt, upon all four,
The gloomy *Grotto* lets Men upright riſe,
Altho' they were ſix times *Goliah*'s Size.
There, looking upward, your aſtoniſh'd Sight
Beholds the Glory of the ſparkling Light.
Th' enamell'd *Roof* darts round about the Place,
With ſo ſubduing, but ungrateful Rays,
As to put out the Lights, by which alone
They receive Luſtre, that before had none,
And muſt to Darkneſs be reſign'd when they are gone.
But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you ſtand,
Forcing you climb a Rock on the right Hand,

Which

Which hanging, Penthouſe-like, does over overlook
The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook;
So deep, and black, the very Thought does make
My Brains turn giddy, and my Eye-Balls ake.
Over this dang'rous *Precipice* you crawl,
Loſt if you ſlip, for if you ſlip you fall;
But whither, ſaith, 'tis no great matter, when
You're ſure ne'er to be ſeen alive agen.
Propp'd round with *Peaſants*, on you trembling go,
Whilſt, ev'ry Step you take, your *Guides* do ſhow
In the uneven Rock the uncouth Shapes
Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horſes*, *Dogs*, and *Apes*:
But ſo reſembling each the fancy'd Shape,
The *Man* might be the *Horſe*, the *Dog* the *Ape*:
And ſtraight juſt in your way a * Stone appears,
Which the Reſemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,
Some four Foot high; and, beyond that, a leſs
Of the ſame Figure; which do ſtill increaſe
In Height, and Bulk, by a continual Drop,
Which upon each diſtilling from the Top,
And falling ſtill exactly on the Crown,
There break themſelves to Miſts, which, trickling down,
Cruſt into Stone, and (but with Leiſure) ſwell
The Sides, and ſtill advance the Miracle,
So that, in Time, they would be tall enough,
If there were Need, to prop the hanging Roof.
Did not ſometimes the curious Viſiters,
To ſteal a Treaſure is not juſtly theirs,
Break off much more, at one injurious Blow,
Than can again in many *Ages* grow.

---

* *The Fonts.*

Theſe

These the wise *Natives* call the FONTS; but there,
Descending from the Roof, there does appear
A bright transparent * Cloud, which from above,
By those false Lights, does downward seem to move,
Like a *Machine*, which, when some *God* appears,
We see descend upon our *Theaters*.
Unlike in Figure, and in Posture, this,
With the two nam'd before, owes its Increase
To the same Cause the others grew up by,
Namely, the Petrifying Quality
Of those bright Drops, which, trickling one by one,
Crust, as they glide, delib'rately to Stone;
By which the *Stiria* longer, bigger grows,
And must touch Ground at last; but when, who knows!
To see these thriving by these various Ways,
It seems, methinks, as if the first did raise
Their Heads, the pond'rous *Vault* so to sustain,
Whilst t'other pendant Pillar seems to strain,
And at full Stretch endeavours to extend
A stable Foot to the same needless End.
And this, forsooth, the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,
Not that it does resemble one at all;
For it is round, not flat: But I suppose,
Because it hangs i'th' Roof, like one of those,
And shines like Salt, *Peake-Bacon-eaters* came
At first to call it by that greasy Name.
This once a Fellow had, another Stone
Of the same Colour and Proportion:

---

* *The Bacon-Flitch.*

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But long ago, I know not how, the one
Fell down, or eaten was; for now 'tis gone.
The next Thing, you arrive at, is a * Stone,
In truth, a very rare and pretty one;
Which, on a Rock's ſharp Ridge taking its Root,
Riſes from thence in a neat round-turn'd Foot
Twelve Inches high, or more, wherein are all
The Mouldings of a round-turn'd *Pedeſtal*.
Whence bubbling out in Figure of a *Sphere*:
Some two Foot and a half *Diameter*,
The whole above is finiſh'd in a ſmall
Pellucid Spire, crown'd with a Cryſtal Ball.
This, very aptly, they *Pool*'s *Lanthorn* name,
Being like thoſe in *Admiral* Poops that flame.
For, ſeveral Paces beyond theſe, you meet
With nothing worth obſerving, ſave your Feet,
Which, with great Caution, you muſt ſtill diſpoſe,
Leſt, by miſchance, ſhould you once Footing loſe,
Your own true Story only ſerve to grace
The lying *Fables* of the uncouth Place:
But, moving forward o'er the glaſſy Shore,
You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,
With ſuch a Noiſe ſtriking th' aſtoniſh'd Ear
As does inform ſome *Cataract* is near:
When ſoon the Deluge, that your Fear attends,
Contemptibly in a ſmall *Riv'let* ends;
Which falling low with a precip'tous Wave,
The dreadful *Echo* of the ſpacious Cave
Gives it a hollow Sound, a Man would fear
The Sea was breaking in a Channel there:

* Pool's *Lanthorn*.

And

And yet above the *Current*'s not ſo wide,
To put a *Maid* to an indecent Stride;
Which, thro' bright Pebbles, trembling there does crawl
As if afraid of the approaching Fall,
Which is a dreadful one; but yet how deep,
I never durſt extend my Neck to peep.
Beyond this little *Rill*, before your Eyes
You ſee a great tranſparent † *Pillar* riſe,
Of the ſame ſhining Matter with the reſt;
But ſuch a one as *Nature* does conteſt,
Tho' working in the Dark, in this brave Piece,
With all the *Obeliſks* of Antique *Greece*;
For all the Art, the *Chiſſel* could apply,
Ne'er wrought ſuch curious Folds of *Drapery*.
Of this the Figure is, as Men ſhould crowd
A vaſt *Coloſſus* in a Marble Shrowd,
And yet the Pleats ſo *ſoft* and *flowing* are,
As fineſt *Folds* from fineſt *Looms* they were;
But, far as Hands can reach to give a Blow,
By the rude *Clowns* broke, and disfigur'd ſo,
As may be well ſuppos'd, when all that come,
Carry ſome Piece of the Rock-*Cryſtal* home.
Of all theſe *Rar'ties*, this alone can claim
A doubtleſs Right to everlaſting Fame;
The faireſt, brighteſt *Queen*, that ever yet
On *Engliſh* Ground unhappy Footing ſet,
Having, to th' reſt of th' *Iſle*'s eternal Shame,
Honour'd this Stone with her own ſplendid *Name*.

---

† *The Queen of* Scots *Pillar*.

For

For *Scotland*'s Queen, hither by Art betray'd,
And by falſe Friendſhip after *Captive* made,
(As if ſhe did nought but a Dungeon want
T'expreſs the utmoſt Rigour of Reſtraint)
Coming to view this *Cave*, took ſo much Pains,
For all the Damp and Horror it contains,
To penetrate ſo far, as to this Place,
And, ſeeing it, with her own Mouth to grace,
As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous Stone,
By naming and declaring it her own;
Which, ever ſince, ſo gloriouſly inſtall'd,
Has been the Queen of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illuſtrious *MARY*, it had happy been,
Had you then found a Cave like this, to ſkreen
Your Sacred Perſon from thoſe *Frontier Spies*,
That of a *Sov'reign Princeſs* durſt make Prize,
When *Neptune* too officiouſly bore
Your cred'lous Inn'cence to this faithleſs Shore.
O *England!* once who hadſt the only Fame
Of being kind to all who hither came
For Refuge and Protection; how couldſt thou
So ſtrangely alter thy *Good-nature* now,
Where there was ſo much Excellence to move,
Not only thy Compaſſion, but thy Love!
'Twas ſtrange, on Earth (ſave *Caledonian* Ground)
So impudent a Villain could be found,
Such *Majeſty* and *Sweetneſs* to accuſe;
Or, after that, a *Judge* would not refuſe
Her Sentence to pronounce; or, that being done,
Ev'n 'mongſt the bloody'ſt *Hangman*, to find one
Durſt, tho' her Face was veil'd, and Neck laid down,
Strike off the faireſt Head e're wore a Crown.

And

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And what *State-Policy* there might be here,
Which does with Right too often interfere,
I'm not to judge; yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne'er behold;
And 'twas the worſt, if not the only Stain,
I'th' brighteſt *Annals* of a *Female* Reign.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to ſtride,
And on the left Hand, by this Pillar's Side,
To ſee new *Wonders*, tho' beyond this Stone,
Unleſs you ſafe return, you'll meet with none,
And that indeed will be a kind of one:
For, from this Place, the Way does riſe ſo ſteep,
Craggy, and wet, that who all ſafe does keep,
A ſtout and faithful *Genius* has, that will
In *Hell*'s black *Territories* guard him ſtill;
Yet, to behold theſe vaſt prodigious Stones,
None, who has any Kindneſs for his Bones,
Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once;
A certain Symptom of an empty Sconce:
But many more have done the like ſince then,
That now are wiſer than to do't again.
Having ſwarm'd ſev'nſcore Paces up, or more,
On the right Hand, you find a kind of Floor,
Which twining back, hangs o'er the Cave below,
Where, thro' a Hole, your kind *Conductors* ſhow
A Candle, left on purpoſe at the Brook,
On which, with *trembling Horror*, whilſt you look,
You'll fancy't, from that dreadful Precipice,
A *Spark* aſcending from the black *Abyſs*.
Returning to your *Road*, you thence muſt ſtill
Higher and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,

Till

Till, at the laſt, dirty, and tir'd enough,
Your giddy Heads do touch the ſparkling Roof,
And now you here a while to pant may ſit,
To which *Advent'rers* have thought requiſit
To add a Bottle, to expreſs the Love
They owe their *Friends* left in the *World* above.
And here I too would ſheathe my weary'd Pen,
Were I not bound to bring you back agen;
You therefore muſt return, but with much more
Delib'rate Circumſpection than before:
Two Hob-nail *Peakrills*, one on either ſide,
Your Arms ſupporting like a baſhful *Bride*,
Whilſt a Third ſteps before, kindly to meet
With his broad Shoulders your extended Feet,
And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they ſlide you down,
Till to their Footing you may add your own;
Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,
From whence your *Guides* another Candle ſhow,
Left in the Hole above, whoſe diſtant Light
Seems a Star peeping thro' a ſullen Night.

You there with far leſs painful Steps, but yet
More dang'rous ſtill, the Way you came repeat,
Your *Peake*-bred *Convoy* of rude Men and Boys
All the Way hooting with that dreadful Noiſe,
A Man would think it were the diſmal Yell
Of Souls tormented in the Flames of Hell;
And I almoſt believ'd it, by the Face
Our *Maſters* give us of that unknown Place.
But, be'ng conducted with this *Triumph* back,
Before y'are yet permitted leave to take
Of this *Infernal Manſion*, you muſt ſee
Where Maſter *Pool* and his bold *Yeomanry*

Took

Took up their dark *Apartments*, which do lie
Over the narrow Paſs you enter'd by;
Up an Aſcent of eaſy Mounting, where
They ſhew his *Hall*, his *Parlour*, *Bed-chamber*,
Withdrawing-room, and *Cloſet*; and, to theſe,
His *Kitchen*, and his other *Offices*,
And all contriv'd to juſtify a *Fable*,
That may, indeed, paſs with the ign'rant Rabble,
And might ſerve him perhaps a Day, or ſo,
When cloſe purſu'd; but Men of Senſe muſt know,
Who of the Place have took a ſerious View,
None but the *Devil* himſelf could live there *Two*.
And I half think yourſelves are glad to hear
Your own Deliverance to be ſo near:
Thence once more thro' the narrow Paſſage ſtrain,
And you ſhall ſee the chearful Day again;
When, after two Hours Darkneſs, you will ſay,
The Sun appears dreſs'd in a brighter *Ray*:
Thus, after long Reſtraint, when once ſet free,
Men better taſte the Air of *Liberty*.

Six hundred Paces hence, and *Northward* ſtill,
On the Deſcent of ſuch a little *Hill*,
As by the reſt, of greater Bulk and Fame,
Environ'd round, ſcarcely deſerves that Name,
A Cryſtal * *Fountain*-Spring, in healing Streams,
Hot (tho' cloſe ſhaded from the Sun's warm Beams,
By a malicious Roof, that covers it
So cloſe, as not his prying Eye t'admit

* St. Ann's Well *at the* Buxtons, *the ſecond* Wonder.

That

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That elſewhere's privileg'd, here to behold
His beamy Face, and Locks of burning Gold,
In the moſt flatt'ring Mirror, that below
His Travel round the ſpacious Globe can ſhow)
So fair a *Nymph*, and ſo ſupremely bright,
The teeming *Earth* did never bring to light;
Nor does ſhe ruſh into the World with Noiſe,
Like *Neptune*'s ruder Sex of roaring *Boys*;
But boils and ſimmers up, as if the Heat,
That warms her Waves, that Motion did beget.
But where's the Wonder? For it is well known,
Warm and clear Fountains in the *Peake* are none,
Which the whole *Province* thoro' ſo abound,
Each *Yeoman* almoſt has them in his Ground.
Take then the Wonder of this famous Place;
This tepid Fountain a *Twin-Sifter* has,
Of the ſame Beauty and Complexion,
That, bubbling ſix Foot off, joins both in one:
But yet ſo cold withal, that who will ſtride,
When bathing, croſs the *Bath* but half ſo wide,
Shall in one Body, which is ſtrange, endure
At once an *Ague* and a *Calenture*.
Strange! that two *Sifters*, ſpringing up at once,
Should differ thus in Conſtitutions;
And would be ſtranger, could they be the ſame:
That Love ſhould one half of the Heart inflame,
Whilſt t'other, ſenſeleſs of a Lover's Pain,
Freezes itſelf and him in cold Diſdain;
Or that a *Naiade*, having careleſs play'd
With ſome *male wanton Stream*, and fruitful Maid,
Should have her Silver Breaſts at once to flow,
One with *warm Milk*, t'other with *melted Snow*.

Yet

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Yet for the *Patients* 'tis more proper ſtill,
Fit to inflame the Blood is cold and chill;
And of the Blood t'allay the glowing Heat,
Wild Youth, and yet wilder Deſires beget:
Hither the *Sick*, and *Lame*, and *Barren* come,
And hence go *healthful*, *ſound*, and *fruitful* Home.
Buxton's in Beauty famous: But in this
Much more, the *Pilgrim* never fruſtrate is,
That comes to bright St. *Anne*, when he can get
Nought but his Pains, from yellow * *Somerſet*.
Nor is our *Saint*, tho' ſweetly humble, ſhut
Within coarſe Walls of an indecent Hut;
But in the Center of a *Palace* ſprings
A *Manſion* proud enough for *Saxon* Kiugs;
But by a Lady built, who, Rich and Wiſe,
Not only *Houſes* rais'd, but *Families*,
More, and more great than *England*, that does flow
In Loyal *Peers*, can from one Fountain ſhow.
But, either thro' the Fault of th' *Architect*,
The Workman's Ign'rance, Knav'ry, or Neglect,
Or thro' the ſearching Nature of the *Air*,
Which almoſt always breathes in *Tempeſts* there;
This *Structure*, which in Expectation ſhou'd
Ages as many, as't has Years, have ſtood;
Chink'd and decay'd ſo dangerouſly faſt,
And near a Ruin, till it came, at laſt,
To be thought worth the noble † Owner's Care,
New to rebuild what Art could not repair;
As he has done, and, like himſelf, of late,
Much more commodious, and of greater State.

---

* Bath *in* Somerſetſhire.
† William *Earl of* Devonſhire.

North-

North-east from hence, three *Peakish* Miles at leaſt,
(Which, who once meaſures, will dread all the reſt)
At th' Inſtep of juſt ſuch another Hill,
There creeps a Spring that makes a little ‖ Rill,
Which, at firſt Sight, to curious Viſiters,
So ſmall and ſo contemptible appears,
They'd think themſelves *abus'd*, did they not ſtay
To ſee wherein the Wonder of it lay.
This Fountain is ſo very very ſmall,
Th' Obſerver hardly can perceive it crawl
Thoro' the Sedge, which ſcarcely in their Beds
Confeſs a Current by their waving Heads.
I'th' Chink thro' which it iſſues to the Day,
It *ſtagnant* ſeems, and makes ſo little Way,
That *Thiſtle-down*, without a Breeze of Air,
May lie at *Hall*, and be becalmed there;
Which makes the vary Owner of the Ground,
For his Herds Uſe, the tardy Waves impound,
In a low *Ciſtern* of ſo ſmall Content,
As ſtops ſo little of the *Element*
For ſo important Uſe, that, when the *Cup*
Is fulleſt crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.
Yet this ſo ſtill, ſo very little Well,
Which, thus beheld, ſeems ſo contemptible,
No leſs of real *Wonder* does comprize,
Than any of the other *Rarities*:
For now and then, a hollow murm'ring Sound,
Being firſt heard remotely under Ground,
The Spring immediately ſwells, and ſtraight
Boils up thro' ſev'ral Pores to ſuch a Height,

‖ Wedding-wall, *or* Tides-well, *the Third Wonder*.

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As, overflowing ſoon the narrow *Shoar*,
Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.
Whilſt, near the Fountain-Mouth, the Water ſings
Thoro' the ſecret *Conduits* of her Springs,
With ſuch a Harmony of various Notes,
As *Grotto's* yield, thro' narrow brazen Throats,
When, by the Weight of higher Streams, the low'r
Are upward forc'd in an inverted Show'r.
But the ſweet *Muſick's* ſhort three Minutes Space
To higheſt *Mark* this *Oceanet* does raiſe,
And half that Time retires the ebbing Waves
To the dark Windings of their frigid *Caves*.

To ſeek inveſtigable *Cauſes* out
Serves not to clear, but to increaſe a Doubt;
And, where the beſt of *Nature's Spies* but grope,
For me, who worſt can ſpeculate, what Hope
To find the ſecret Cauſe of theſe ſtrange *Tides*
Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides
From all, to view theſe *Miracles* that come,
In dark Receſſes of her ſpacious Womb?
And * *He* who is in *Nature* the beſt read,
Who the beſt Hand has to the wiſeſt Head,
Who beſt can *Think*, and beſt his *Thoughts* expreſs,
Does but, perhaps, more rationally gueſs,
When he his Senſe delivers of theſe Things,
And *Fancy* ſends to ſearch theſe unknown *Springs*.

He tells us firſt, theſe flowing Waters are
Too ſweet, their *Fluxes* too irregular,

---

* *Mr.* Hobbs.

To

To owe to *Neptune* theſe fantaſtick Turns;
Nor yet does *Phœbe* with her Silver Horns,
In theſe free franchis'd, ſubterranean *Caves*,
Puſh into crowded *Tides* the frighted Waves.
But that the *Spring*, ſwell'd by ſome ſmoaking Show'r
That teeming Clouds on *Tellus'* Surface pour,
Marches amain with a confederate *Force*,
Until ſome ſtreighter Paſſage in its Courſe
Stops the tumult'ous Throng, which preſſing faſt,
And forc'd on ſtill to more precip'tous Haſte
By the ſucceeding Streams, lies *Gargling* there,
Till in that narrow Throat, th' obſtructed Air,
Finding itſelf in too ſtrict Limits pent,
Oppoſes ſo the' invading *Element*,
As firſt to make the half-choak'd Gullet heave,
And then diſgorge the Stream it can't receive.

Than this, of this *Peake-Wonder*, I believe,
None a more plauſible Account can give.
Tho' here it might be ſaid, if this were ſo,
It never would, but in wet Weather, flow;
Yet, in the greateſt Droughts the Earth abides,
It never fails to yield leſs frequent *Tides*,
Which always clear and unpolluted are,
And nothing of the *Waſh* of *Tempeſt* ſhare.
But whether this a Wonder be, or no,
'Twill be one, Reader, if thou ſeeſt it flow:
For, having been there ten times, for the nonce,
I never yet could ſee it flow but once,
And that the laſt time too; which made me there
Take my laſt leave on't, as I now do here.

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Hence two Miles *Eaſt*, does a Fourth *Wonder* lie,
Worthy the greateſt Curioſity,
Call'd * *Elden-Hole*; but ſuch a dreadful Place,
As will procure a tender *Muſe* her Grace,
In the Deſcription, if ſhe chance to fail,
When my *Hand* trembles, and my *Cheeks* turn pale.
Betwixt a verdant *Mountain*'s falling Flanks,
And within Bounds of eaſy ſwelling Banks,
That hem the *Wonder* in on either Side,
A formidable *Sciſſure* gapes ſo wide,
Steep, black, and full of Horror, that who dare
Look down into the *Chaſm*, and keep his Hair
From lifting off his Hat, either has none,
Or for more modiſh Curls caſhiers his own.
It were injurious, I muſt confeſs,
By mine to meaſure braver Courages:
But when I peep into't, I muſt declare,
My *Heart* ſtill beats, and *Eyes* with Horror ſtare;
And he that, ſtanding on the Brink of *Hell*,
Can carry it ſo unconcern'd, and well,
As to betray no Fear, is certainly,
A better *Chriſtian*, or a worſe than *I*.

This yawning Mouth is thirty Paces long,
Scarce half ſo wide, within lin'd thro' with ſtrong
Contiguous Walls of ſolid perpend Stone:
A Gulf wide, ſteep, black, and a dreadful one;
Which few, that come to ſee it, dare come near.
And the more daring ſtill approach with Fear,

* Elden-Hole, *the Fourth Wonder*.

Having

Having with Terror here beheld a Space,
The ghaſtly Aſpect of this dang'rous Place;
Critical *Paſſengers* uſually ſound,
How deep the threat'ning *Gulph* goes *under ground*,
By tumbling down Stones ſought throughout the Field,
As great as the officious *Boars* can wield,
Of which ſuch *Millions* of *Tuns* are thrown,
That, in a *Country* almoſt all of Stone,
About the *Place* they ſomething ſcarce are grown.
But, being brought, down they're condemn'd to go,
When *Silence* being made, and Ears laid low,
The firſt's turn'd off, which, as it parts the Air,
A kind of *Sighing* makes, as if it were
Capable of that uſeleſs Paſſion, *Fear*:
Till the firſt Hit ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd Ear,
Like *Thunder* under-ground; thence it invades,
With louder Thunders, thoſe *Tartarean* Shades,
Which groan forth *Horror* at each *pond'rous Stroke*
Th' unnat'ral *Iſſue* gives the *Parent* Rock;
Whilſt, as it ſtrikes, the Sound by turns we note,
When nearer *flat*, *ſharper* when more remote,
As the hard Walls, on which it ſtrikes, are found
Fit to reverberate the bell'wing Sound:
When, after falling long, it ſeems to hiſs,
Like the Old *Serpent* in the dark *Abyſs*:
Till *Echo*, tir'd with poſting, does refuſe
To carry to th' inquiſitive *Perdu's*,
That couchant lie above, the trembling News.
And there ends our Intelligence; how far
It travels further no one can declare;
Tho', if it reſted here, the Place might well
Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

Your *Guide* to all theſe Wonders never fails
To entertain you with ridic'lous Tales
Of this ſtrange Place, one of the *Geeſe* thrown in,
Which, out of *Peake*'s *Arſe* two Miles off, was ſeen
Shell-naked *Sally*, rifled of her Plume,
By which a Man may lawfully preſume,
The Owner was a Woman grave, and wiſe,
Could know her *Geeſe* again in that Diſguiſe.

Another lying Tale the People tell,
And, without ſmiling, of a pond'rous *Bell*,
By a long Rope let down the *Pit* to ſound;
When many hundred Fathoms under Ground
It ſtopp'd: But, tho' they made their *Sinews* crack,
All the Men there could not once move it back;
Till, after ſome ſhort Space, the plunder'd Line,
With ſcores of *curious Knots* made wond'rous fine,
Came up again with eaſy Motion;
But, for the jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with theſe idle *Fables*, feign'd of old,
Some modern Truths, and ſad ones too, are told:
One, of that mercenary *Fool* expos'd
His Life for Gold, t'explore what lies enclos'd
In this obſcure *Vacuity*, and tell
Of ſtranger Sights than *Theſeus* ſaw in *Hell*:
But the poor *Wretch* paid for his Thirſt of *Gain*:
For being cram'd up with diſtemper'd Brain,
A ſalt'ring Tongue, with a wild ſtaring Look;
(Whether by *Damps* not known, or *Horror*, ſtrook)
Now this Man was confed'rate with *Miſchance*
'Gainſt his own Life, his whole Inheritance,

Which

Which bates the Pity human Nature bears
To poor involuntary *Sufferers*:
But the ſad Tale of his ſeverer Fate,
Whoſe Story's next, Compaſſion muſt create.
He raving languiſh'd a few Days, and then
Dy'd; peradventure to go down agen.
In Savages, and in the ſilent Deep,
Make the hard Marble, that deſtroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this Day from whence not known,
Travelling this wild *Country* all alone,
And by the *Night* ſurpriz'd by *Deſtiny*,
(If ſuch a Thing, and ſo unkind, there be)
Was guided to a *Village* near this Place,
Where aſking at a Houſe, how far it was
To ſuch a *Town*, and being told ſo far:
Will you, my Friend, t' oblige a *Traveller*,
Says the benighted *Stranger*, be ſo kind
As to conduct me thither? You will bind
My Gratitude for ever, and in Hand
Shall preſently receive what you'll demand.
The *Fellow* humm'd, and haw'd, and ſcratch'd his *Pate*,
And, to draw on good Wages, ſaid 'twas late,
And grew ſo *dark*, that, tho' he knew the Way,
He durſt not be ſo confident to ſay,
He might not miſs it in ſo dark a Night:
But if his *Worſhip* would be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him call a Friend, he made no doubt,
But one of them would ſurely find it out.
The *Traveller* well pleas'd, at any rate,
To have ſo expert *Guides*, diſmounted ſtraight,
Giving his Horſe up to the treach'rous Slave,
Who, having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave

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And poiſe the *Portmanteau*, which finding Freight
At either End, with Lumps of tempting Weight,
The *Devil* and *He* made out a ſhort Diſpute
About the Thing they ſoon did execute:
For calling t'other *Rogue*, who long had bin
His 'Complice in ſucceeding Acts of Sin,
He tells him of the Prize, ſets out the Gain,
Shews how ſecure and eaſy to obtain;
Which preſs'd ſo home, where was ſo little need,
The *Stranger's* Ruin quickly was decreed.
Thus, to the poor *Proſcrib'd*, the *Villains* go,
And with join'd Confidence aſſure him ſo,
That, with his Hap to meet ſuch Friends content,
He puts himſelf into their Hands, and went.

The guilty *Night*, as if ſhe would expreſs
Confed'racy with ſuch black Purpoſes,
The ſparkling *Hemiſphere* had overſpread
With darkeſt Vapours from foul *Lerna* bred;
The World was huſh'd all, ſave a ſighing Wind,
That might have warn'd a more preſaging *Mind*,
When theſe two Sons of *Satan* thus agreed,
With ſeeming Warineſs and Care proceed,
All the while mixing their amuſing Chat
With frequent Caution of this Step, and that,
Till after that ſix hundred Paces gone,
Maſter, here's but a ſorry Grip, ſays one
Of the damn'd *Rogues* (and he ſaid very right)
Pray, for more Safety, Sir, be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him lead your Horſe a little Space,
Till you are paſt this one uneven Place,
You'll need t'alight no more, I'll warrant you;
And ſtill this *Inſtrument of Hell* ſaid true.

Forth-

Forthwith alights the innocent *Trapan'd*,
One leads his Horſe, the other takes his Hand;
And with a Shew of Care, conducts him thus
To theſe ſteep Threſholds of black *Erebus*:
And there (O Act of Horror, which out-vies
The direſt of inhuman Cruelties!)
Let me (my *Muſe*) repeat it without Sin,
The barb'rous *Villain* puſh'd him headlong in.
The frighted Wretch, having no time to ſpeak,
Forc'd his diſtended Throat in ſuch a Shriek,
As, by the Shrilneſs of the doleful Cry,
Pierc'd thro' and thro' the immenſe *Inanity*,
Informing ſo the half-dead Faller's Ear,
What he muſt ſuffer, what he had to fear;
When, at the very firſt befriending Knock,
His trembling Brains ſmear'd the *Tarpeian* Rock,
The ſhatter'd Carcaſs downward rattles faſt,
Whilſt, thence diſmiſs'd, the Soul with greater Haſte
From thoſe Infernal Manſions does remove,
And mounts to ſeek the happy Seats above.
What bloody *Arab* of the fellеſt Breed,
What but the yet more fell *I*——*n* Seed,
Could once have meditated ſuch a *Deed?*
But one of theſe *Heav'n*'s *Veng'ance* did e're long
Call to Account for this poor Creature's Wrong;
Who, hang'd for other Crimes, amongſt the reſt,
This horrid Murder at his Death confeſs'd:
Whilſt t'other *Rogue*, to *Juſtice* foul Diſgrace,
Yet lives, 'tis ſaid, unqueſtion'd near the Place.
How deep this *Gulph* does travel under-ground,
Tho' there have been Attempts, was never found:
But I myſelf, with half the *Peake* ſurrounded,
Eight hundred fourſcore and four Yards have ſounded.

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And, tho' of theſe *fourſcore* return'd back wet,
The *Plummet* drew, and found no Bottom yet:
Tho' when I went again another Day,
To make a further and a new Eſſay,
I could not get the *Lead* down half the Way.

Enough of *Hell!* from hence you forward ride,
Still mounting up the *Mountain*'s groaning Side,
Till, having gain'd the utmoſt Height, your Eye,
North-ward a Mile, a * higher does deſcry,
And ſteeper much, tho' from that Proſpect green,
With a black, mooriſh Valley ſtretch'd between.
Unlike in Stature, and in Subſtance, this,
To the *South-eaſt*, is a great Precipice,
Not of firm Rock, like the reſt here that ſhroud
Their low'ring *Summits* in a dewy Cloud;
But of ſhaly Earth, that from the Crown
With a continual Motion mould'ring down,
Spawns a leſs *Hill* of looſer Mould below,
Which will in time tall as the Mother grow,
And muſt perpetuate the *Wonder* ſo.
Which *Wonder* is, that tho' this Hill ne'er ceaſes
To waſte itſelf, it ſuffers no Decreaſe:
But 'twould a greater be, if thoſe that paſs
Should miſs the *Atoms* of ſo vaſt a *Maſs*:
Tho' *Neighbours*, if they nearer would enquire,
Muſt needs perceive the pilling *Cliff* retire:
And the moſt curſory Beholder may
Viſibly ſee a manifeſt Decay.

* Mam-Tor, *the Fifth Wonder.*

By

By jutting Stones, that, by the Earth left bare,
Hang on the trip, ſuſpended in the Air.
This haughty Mountain, by indulgent *Fame*
Preferr'd t' a *Wonder*, MAM-TOR has to Name,
For in that Country *Jargon*'s uncouth Senſe
Expreſſing any craggy Eminence,
From *Tow'r*: But then, why *Mam*, I can't ſurmiſe,
Unleſs becauſe *Mother* to that doth riſe
Out of her Ruins: Better then to ſpeak,
It might be called *Phœnix* of the *Peake*:
For, when this *Mountain* by long Waſting's gone,
Her Aſhes will, and not till then, be one.
Which, e're I quit, I muſt beg leave to tell
One Story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late, a Country-Fellow, it ſeems, one
Who had more Courage than Diſcretion;
Untempted, or by Wager, or by Price,
And obſtinately deaf to all Advice,
Would needs attempt to climb this Precipice.
Thus then reſolv'd, th' *Encelades* ſets out,
With a *Peake* Heart *Heaven* defying ſtout,
A daring Look, and vaſt *Coloſſean* Strides,
To ſtorm the *frowning Mountain*'s mould'ring Sides.
Wherein the firſt Steps of th' *Advent'rer*'s Proof
Were eaſy and encouraging enough,
Scarce *Pent-houſe* ſteep, and ev'ry Step did brand
Aſſured Footing in the yielding Sand;
And higher, tho' much ſteeper; yet the Hill,
By leaning backward, gave him Footing ſtill;
Tho' ſtill more tickle and unſafe, as higher
The hare-brain'd Fool did in's Attempt aſpire.
But be'ng arriv'd to the ſtupendous Place
Where the *Cliff*'s Beetle-brows o'erlook his *Baſe*,

The jutting Front with threat'ning Ruin there.
Bad ſtand unto the bold *Adventurer*.
Then from that ſtupifying Height, too late,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Wretch ſaw his approaching *Fate*:
Thence firſt he downward caſt his woeful Eyes,
Sadly to view the dang'rous Precipice,
Which the bold Stormer with ſuch Horror ſtrook,
As all his Limbs with a cold Trembling ſhook
With ſo unſeaſonable an Ague-Fit,
That Hands and Feet are ready hold to quit,
And to the Fool their Maſter's *Fate* ſubmit.
How to advance a Step he could not tell,
And to deſcend was as impoſſible:
But, thus environ'd with black Deſpair,
He hung ſuſpended in the liquid Air.
He then would fain have pray'd: But *Authors* ſay,
Few of the *Province* gifted are that way,
And that to ſwear, curſe, ſlander, and forſwear
More nat'ral is to your *Peake-Highlander*;
Tho' there are many virt'ous People there.
But be it how it will, the Fellow hung
On ſtretch'd-out Sinews ſo exceeding long,
Till, ready to drop off, Neceſſity
Bad mount and live, or elſe fall down and die.
With laſt Effort he upward then 'gan crawl,
To riſe, or from a nobler Height to fall;
And, as he forward ſtrove, began to try
This and that hanging Stone's Stability,
To prove their Firmneſs, and to feel what hold
The *Earth-bound* Ends had in the crumbling *Mold*.
Some of which hanging *Tables*, as he ſtill
Made further Progreſs up the tickling Hill,

He

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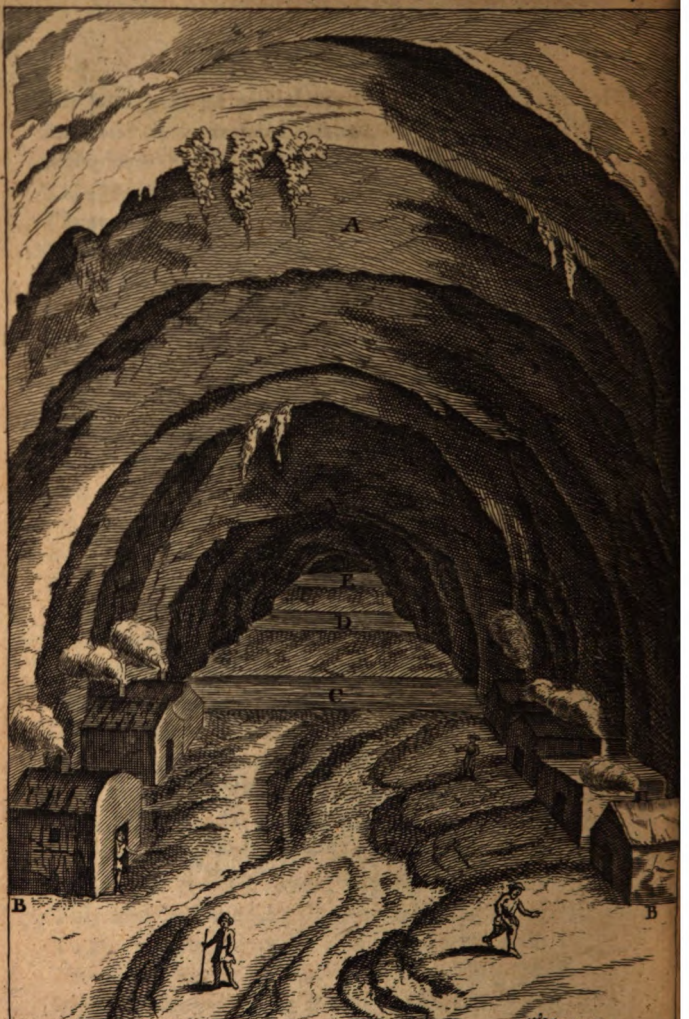

A the Devils Arse. B. Houses within the Arch where many poor people live. C. the first Water. D. the second Water. E. the third and last Water, where the Rock and the Water Closes and you can pass no farther.

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He found so loose, they threaten'd as he went,
To sweep him off, and be his *Monument*.
But 'tis most certain, that some other End,
In *Fate's* dark *Leaves*, for the rash Fool is penn'd;
Not by a Fall so noble, and so high,
Tho' by a Slip, perhaps, 'twixt *Earth* and *Sky*:
For, to th' *Spectator's* Wonder, and his own,
He panting gain'd at last the Mountain's Crown.

Hence an uneven Mile below, in Sight
Of this strange *Cliff*, and almost opposite,
Lies *Castleton*, a Place of noted Fame,
Which from the *Castle* there derives it Name.
Ent'ring the *Village* presently y'are met
With a clear, swift, and murm'ring *Rivulet*,
Towards whose *Source*, if up the Stream you look
On your right Hand close by, your Eye is struck
With a stupendous Rock raising so high
His craggy *Temples* tow'rds the Azure Sky,
That, if we this should with the rest compare,
They *Hillocks*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pebbles* are.
This, as if *King* of all the *Mountains* round,
Is on the Top with an old *Tower* crown'd,
An *Antick* Thing, fit to make People stare;
But of no use, either in Peace, or War.
Under this *Castle* yawns a dreadful * *Cave*,
Whose Sight may well astonish the most Brave,
And make him pause, e're further he proceed
T' explore what in those gloomy Vaults lie hid.
The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,
Thro' a deep stony Channel runs below,

* Peake's *Arse*, *the Sixth Wonder*.

Whilst

Whilſt o'er a Path level, and broad enough
For human *Feet*, or for the armed *Hoof*,
Above you, and below, all Precipice,
You ſtill advance towards the Court of *DIS*.
Over this Cauſey as your forward go,
On your right Hand, croſs the deep Courſe below,
You ſee the *Fountain*'s long impriſon'd Streams
Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm Beams.
There thro' a *Marble-Pipe* ſome two Foot wide,
And deeper than a *Pike*'s Length can decide,
Sick of long wand'ring in thoſe envious *Caves*,
She here diſgorges her tumult'ous Waves
With ſuch a Force, that if you coit a Stone,
Any thing flat, altho' a heavy one,
Tho' the Fall make it ſink, it will amain,
Like ſqueamiſh *Patients*, throw it up again,
As a pale Leaf, kill'd by the Winter's Frown;
Nor, till it gain an *Edge*, receive it down.
So that it ſeems by the ſtrange Force it has,
Riſing from ſuch a pond'rous *Mountain*'s Baſe,
As if, preſs'd down with the great Weight, it thence
Deriv'd this ſupernat'ral Violence.

Above the *Spring*, the *Channel* goes up ſtill,
Dry now; but which the *Cave* does ſometimes fill
With ſuch a roaring and high-ſwelling *Tide*,
The talleſt *Firſt-rate Frigate* there may ride.
Now to the *Cave* we come, wherein is found
A new ſtrange Thing, a *Village* under-ground;
Houſes, and *Barns* for *Men*, and *Beaſts* behoof,
With diſtinct *Walls* under one ſolid *Roof*.
Stacks both of *Hay* and *Turf*, which yield a Scent,
Can only fume from *Satan*'s Fundament;

For

For this black *Cave* lives in the Voice of *Fame*
To the ſame Senſe by a yet coarſer *Name*.

The *Subterranean People* ready ſtand,
A Candle each, moſt two in either Hand,
To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,
The *Inteſtinum Rectum* of the *Fiend*.
Thus, by a blinking and promiſcuous Light,
We now begin to travel into *Night*,
Hoping, indeed, to ſee the *Sun* agen;
Thoʻ none of us can tell, or how, or when.
Now in your Way, a ſoft Deſcent you meet,
Where the Sand takes thʼ Impreſſion of your Feet;
And which, eʼre many Yards you meaſurʼd have,
Brings you into the *Level* of the *Cave*.
Some Paces hence the Roof comes down ſo low,
The humbleſt Statures are compell'd to bow,
Firſt low, then lower; till at laſt we go
On four Feet now, who walk'd but now on two;
Then ſtraight it lets you upright riſe, and then
Force you to ſtoop down, and to creep agen;
Till to a ſilent *Brook* at laſt you come,
Whoſe limpid Waves dart Rays about the Room;
But there the Rock its Boſom bows ſo low,
That few *Adventʼrers* further preſs to go;
Yet we muſt thro', or elſe how can we give
Of this ſtrange Place a perfect Narrative?
But how's the Queſtion: For the Water's deep,
The Bottom dipping, ſlippery, and ſteep;
Where if you ſlip, in ill Hour you came hither.
You ſhoot under a Rock the *Lord* knows whither.
Then 'tis twelve Paces broad, to that ſo low
The Rock does towʼrds the Water's Surface bow,

That

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That who will pass, in double Danger's bound;
Rising he breaks his Skull, he's stooping drown'd.
Thrice I the *Pass* attempted with Desire,
And thrice I did ingloriously retire;
Till Shame did that my Courage fail'd to do,
And, maugre Difficulties, forc'd me thro'.
As my Feet chock'd upon the further Shore,
My Heart began to rise was sunk before,
And as soon felt a new Access of Pain,
Now I was here, how to get back again.
And with good Cause; for if (as sometimes here,
By Mounts of Sand, within it does appear
A rapid Current, navigably deep,
The Sides and Bottom of the *Cave* does sweep)
There now should the least *Rill* of Water come
To fill the fore-nam'd very little Room,
And higher should but poor six Inches swell,
'Twould render all *Retreat* impossible.
But that *Thought* comes too *late*; and they who take
A *Voyage* once over the *Stygian* Lake
(Where Souls for ever usu'lly remain)
Have better Luck, if they return again.

Being o'er this dang'rous *Pass*, above us now
Are high-roof'd *Vaults*: Oh, for a *Golden Bough*
To charm the *Train* of that infernal *God*
Who in these *Caverns* makes his dark Abode!
The *Cave* is here not only high, but wide,
Stretching itself so far from Side to Side,
At if (past these *blind Creeks*) we now were come
Into the Hollow of the Mountain's *Womb*,
The stately Walls of diff'ring Fabrick are,
One sloping, t'other perpendicular.

I Fa-

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I Fabrick say, because on the right Hand,
If you will climb the *Acherontick* Strand,
A curious *Portal* greets the wond'ring Eye,
Where *Architecture*'s chiefest *Symmetry*
Is ev'ry where observ'd, and serves to show
The poor * *Design* above to this below.
Two *Tuscan Columns* jutting from the Wall,
With each his proper *Base* and *Capital*,
Support a well-turn'd *Arch*, and of one Piece,
With all its *Mouldings*, *Frize*, and *Coronice*.
Oh! who that sees these Things, but must reflect
With Wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,
Whose Works all human *Art* so far excel?
For, doubtless, he, that *Heav'n* made, made *Hell*.
This leads into a handsome Room, wherein
A *Bason* stands with Waters Crystalline,
To welcome such, as once, at least, shall grace
With unknown Light this solitary Place.
On this Side many more small *Grotto's* are,
Which, were the first away, would all seem rare!
But, that once seen, we may the rest pass by,
As hardly worth our Curiosity.
But we must back, e're we can forward go,
Into the *Channel* we forsook below;
Thro' which the rugged Pass does only lie
T'a further and compleat Discovery.
Being return'd, we now again proceed
Thoro' a *Vale* that's salebrous indeed;
Squeezing our Guts, bruising our Flesh and Bones
To thrust betwixt massy and pointed Stones,

* *The Castle over it.*

Some

Some three, ſome four, and others five Foot high,
Puffing and ſweating in our Induſtry:
Till after three or fourſcore Paces more,
We reach the ſecond *River*'s marble Shore,
Four times as broad as that we paſs'd before.
The Water's *Margent* here goes down ſo ſteep,
That at firſt Step you chop in Middle-deep;
But, tho' the Way be cumberſome and rough,
'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.
This, as the other, clear, differs in this,
The Bottom is of Sand, this Stony is;
And here withal the Water is ſo ſtrong,
That, as you raiſe one Foot to move along,
Without good Heed, you will have much ado
To fix the other Foot from riſing too;
And yet there is no Current here, nor Spring,
T'occaſion ſuch an unexpected Thing:
For, tho' the *Country-People* are ſo wiſe
To call theſe *Rivers*, they're but *Stagnancies*
Left by the Flood; which, when retir'd again,
The *Cave* does in her hollow *Lap* retain.
As here thro' *cobling Stones* we ſtumbling wade,
The narrow *Cave* caſts ſuch a dreadful Shade,
That, being thence unable to diſcover
With all our Light, how far the *Lake* was over,
We made a Halt, and, as the reſt deſir'd,
I now half-willing was to have retir'd;
And, had not *Reſolution* then ſtepp'd in,
The great *Adventure* had not finiſh'd bin.
But o'er we got, and from our Cloaths there rain'd
A welcome Show'r upon the thirſty Sand,
Of which we here vaſt Mountains ſaw, by *Seas*
Of *Torrents* waſh'd from diſtant *Provinces*;

For

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For the hard Ribs of the *Cave*'s native Stone
So ſolid are, that I'm ſure yields none.
Over theſe *Hills* we forward ſtill contend,
Wiſhing and longing for our Journey's End;
Till now again we ſaw the Rock deſcend,
Forming a Roof ſo even, ſmooth, and ſleek,
Without, or Crack, or Seam, or Chink or Nick,
Some twenty Paces long, and ten Foot high,
As the *Mechanick Trowel* may defy.
I'th' midſt of which a *Cupola* does riſe,
(As if to crown the other Rarities)
In th' exact Hollow of a weighty *Bell*,
Which does in Beauty very much excell
All I e'er ſaw before, excepting none,
Tho' I have been at *Lincoln*, and at *Roane*.
Juſt beyond this a purling Rill we meet,
Which, tho' ſcarce deep enough to wet our Feet,
Had they been dry, muſt be a *River* too,
And has more Title than the other two;
Becauſe this runs, which neither of them do.
Tho' ev'ry *Kennel* that we ſee does pour
More lib'ral Streams in ev'ry *Thunder-ſhow'r*.
Juſt where 'tis met, as if to ſhun the Light,
It under Ground vaniſhes out of Sight;
We take the obvious Stream to be our *Guide*,
Sand-Hills, and *Rocks* by turns on either Side,
Plaſhing thro' *Water*, and thro' ſlabby *Sand*,
Till a vaſt *Sand-Hill* once more bids us ſtand:
For here again, who'er ſhall try, will know,
The hum'rous *Rock* deſcends ſo very low,
That the ſwoln Floods, when they in Fury rave,
Throw up this *Mount*, that almoſt chokes the *Cave*.

Where,

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Where, tho' the *Brook* offer'd to guide us ſtill
Thro a blind *Creek* o'th right Hand of this *Hill*;
We thought it not Prudence to follow it,
Unlikely, we conceiv'd, our *Bulks* t' admit:
But ſtorm'd the *Hill*, which riſing faſt and ſteep
So near the Rock, we on all four muſt creep
It on the other Side as faſt does dip;
And, to reward us for that mighty Pain,
Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again:
Which we ſome Paces follow'd ſtill, when there
A ſudden Noiſe ſtriking th' aſtoniſh'd Ear,
We neither could gueſs *what*, nor tell from *whence*,
Struck us into Amazement and Suſpence.
We ſtood all mute and palled with the Sight;
A Paleneſs ſo increas'd by paler Light,
That ev'ry Wand a *Caduce* did appear,
As we a *Caravan* of dead Folks were:
But really ſo terrible a Sound,
Sure, ne'er was heard above, or under Ground.
To which the Difficulties we had had,
And Horror of the Place did ſo much add,
That it was long before a Word came out,
To ask a Queſtion, or reſolve a Doubt.
But, by ſome one, the Silence being broke,
We all together in Confuſion ſpoke:
But all *croſs-purpoſe*, not a Word of Senſe,
Either to get or give Intelligence.
So when a tall and richly laden Ship,
Ploughing the Sea with all her Sails a-trip,
Suddenly ſtrikes upon ſome unſeen Nock,
Her Seams laid open by the pond'rous Shock,
The *Paſſengers* and *Seamen* tear their Throats
In confus'd Cries, and undiſtinguiſh'd Notes.

Some

Some thought a Flood was juſt now breaking in,
Some that *Pyracmon* had at th' Anvil bin,
With *Brontes*, forging *Thunderbolts* for *JOVE*,
Or for ſome *Hero* Arms i'th' World above;
Some ſaid, it Thunder'd; others, this and that;
Ev'ry one fear'd, but not a Man knew what:
Till at the laſt, a little calmer grown,
Again we liſten'd, then ſpoke one by one;
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,
What we were beſt to do in this Eſtate.
The major *Vote* was, quickly to retire,
Which alſo thoſe oppos'd it, did deſire;
Tho', in the End, we all agreed to ſee
What the *great Cauſe* of this *ſtrange Noiſe* might be:
Nor were we long in doubt; for, e're we had
But twenty Paces further Progreſs made,
Before our Eyes we ſaw it plain appear,
And then were out of *Count'nance* at our *Fear*.
On the right Hand our open Paſſage lies,
Where once again the Roof does ſloping riſe
In a ſteep, craggy, and a lubrick Shore,
As high, at leaſt, as any where before;
Where, from the very Top of all the *Hill*,
A murm'ring Fountain does her Streams diſtil;
Which, thence deſcending with a headlong *Wave*,
Roars in remoter Windings of the *Cave*;
Tho' here it does in gentle Whiſpers brawl
Thro' little Stones, and is ſcarce heard at all.
The *Water* falling down ſo ſilent here,
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*,
At a remoter Diſtance, ſeems, as if
The *Cryſtal Stream*, that trickles from the *Cliff*,

Were

Were a *Catarh*, that falling from the Brain,
Upon his leathern Lungs, did thus conſtrain
The *Fiend* to cough ſo very loud, and rear
His *Marble Throat*, and fright th' *Adventurer*.
But, if this liquid *Cave* does any where
Deſerve the Title of a *Grot*, 'tis here:
For here, as from her *Urn*, the *Nymph* does pour,
The Water breaks off Rocks in ſuch a Show'r,
Sparkling quite round the *Place*, as made us doubt,
'Twould hazard ſpitting all our *Candles* out;
Which, had it happen'd ſo, we fairly might
Have bid unto the World a long good-Night:
Wherefore it did concern us to make haſte,
And thus we have the third fam'd *River* paſt.

Up the old *Channel* ſtill we forward tend,
Wond'ring, and longing when our *Search* ſhould end;
For we are all grown weary of the Night,
And wiſh'd to ſee the long-forſaken Light,
And, *Reader*, now the happy Time draws near
To end your Trouble, as it did our Fear:
For many Paces more we had not gone,
Before we came to a large Vault of Stone,
Curiouſly arch'd, and wall'd on either Side,
Some thirty Paces long, and thirteen wide,
Scarce ten Foot high, which does deprive the Place
Unhappily of due *Proportion*'s Grace.
This full of Water ſtands, but yet ſo clear,
That thoro' it the Bottom does appear
So ſmooth, and even laid with glitt'ring Sand,
That the moſt tim'rous will not make a Stand,
But boldly ſteps into't to ſee the End
To which all the ſo ſtrange *Meanders* tend:

The

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The first Step's Ancle-deep, the next may be
To the Mid-leg, and no where past the Knee,
Saving, that at the very End of all,
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even Wall,
Under the Foot, and in the midst of it,
There is a pretty Semi-circ'lar Pit,
About some four Foot wide, and six Foot deep,
Which underneath the *Lapis* dipping steep,
And the impending *Rock*, at least, three Foot,
Descending with a sharp round *Peake* into't,
Shuts up the *Cave*, and, with our own Desire
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.
Nor did we there make any longer Stay,
Than only stooping with our Sticks t' essay,
If pottering this, and that Way, we could find
How deep it went, or which Way it did wind,
Tho' 'twas in vain: For the low bended *Rock*
Did those ridiculous Endeavours mock.
This the fourth *River* is, altho' of more
Than three, and one unfordable, before
None ever heard; and if a further Shore
Belong to this, none ever past it o'er;
Nothing with Legs and Arms can come unto't,
They must be *Fins*, and 'tis a *Fish* must do't.
But I am well assur'd, none ever was
Till now so far in this unwholsome Place;
From whence with *Falls* and *Knocks*, tho' almost lame,
We faster much retreated, than we came;
And meas'ring it, as we return'd again,
Found it five hundred Paces by the *Chain*.
We now once more behold the chearful *Sun*,
And, *one would think*, 'twere time we here had *done*.

But,

But e're I go, I muſt one Story tell
Concerns the Place; ſo great a *Miracle*,
As can't omitted be without Offence,
It being an Effect of *Providence*.

The *Tow'r* that ſtands on Tip-toe in the Air,
And o'er the Channel perpendicular,
Is on a Hill by't ſelf, tho' not ſo high,
By infinite Degrees, as one cloſe by,
A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between.
But this is all a *Crag*, the other, green
On ev'ry Side from this old *Caſtle* down,
Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the Town,
Where the Aſcent is ſteep; but in the Rock,
Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammer*'s *conqu'ring Stroak*,
A winding Way, from the rough *Mountain*'s Foot,
Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.
'Tis true, that, juſt over the *Cave*, the *Hill*
In an extended *Ridge* continues ſtill:
But to ſo ſmall a *Neck*'s contracted there,
The *Tower* blocks the *Paſs* up with one *Square*:
And yet that once there has a *Paſſage* been
Into the *Fort* this Way is to be ſeen,
By Ribs of *Arches* ſtanding of Free-ſtone,
On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown,
Over a *Graff* parts the Hill's *double Crown*:
But if by *Art*, or *Nature*, made, not known,
For it with *Docks* and *Thiſtles* is o'ergrown.
On one Hand of this *Bridge*, a *Cliff* doth fall
O'er the Cave's Mouth, ſteep as a *perpend* Wall;
On t'other Hand one, very near as ſteep
Looks down into the *Vale*, but not ſo deep;

For

For I am moſt aſſur'd, that we did go
Under the *Vale*, when in the *Cave* below;
And the whole Diſtance not twelve Paces is
Betwixt the one and t'other *Precipice*.
This Valley (which by the * *Cave's-way* is known)
Is one of the chief Paſſes to the *Town*,
And where it more remotely does begin
Gently to *dimple* theſe two Hills between,
Falls with ſo eaſy a Deſcent, as ne'er
Could trouble the moſt *Southern Traveller*:
But, that o'er-ſlipt, his Neck muſt dearly pay
The Raſhneſs, if he will attempt that Way.

A *Country Fellow* ſome Years ſince, who was
Nothing a Stranger to the tickle Paſs,
Be'ng by his *Maſter* ſent ſome Friends to guide
O'er thoſe wild *Mountains* of the Foreſt wide,
By them was ſo rewarded, as to make
Him, who had guided them, his Way miſtake:
For coming back, when Night the Day had clos'd,
Careleſs, and drunk enough, may be ſuppos'd,
He learnedly the *Paſs* did overſhoot,
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't:
But trotted on along the Mountain's *Ridge*,
Until he came almoſt unto the *Bridge*
Cloſe by the *Tow'r*, which, tho' it could not be
Thirty Yards off, it ſeems, he could not ſee;
To that Degree, either the *Miſts* or *Night*,
Or his *Potation*, did obſtruct his Sight.

* *The Valley on the Back-ſide of the Caſtle, call'd the* Cave, *and the* Cave's-way.

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But here he thought to turn into the *Vale*,
Altho' his *Mare*, who, having had no *Ale*,
Was unto both their Safeties more awake,
At firſt refus'd the dang'rous Step to take;
Like unto peeviſh *Balaam*'s faithful *Aſs*,
Who more clear-ſighted than the *Prophet* was,
Proving his Rider ſo, for once, at leaſt,
If not the greater *Aſs*, the greater *Beaſt*:
But being ſpurr'd up to the Place again,
Angry, it ſeems, her Counſel was not ta'en,
She took a greater Leap, againſt her Will,
Than *Pegaſus* from t' other *Bi-top* Hill,
With all th' Advantage that he had of *Wing*,
When from his *Pinch* ſtarted the Poet's *Spring*;
And from the *giddy Height*, the *Lord* knew *whither*,
Down with a *Veng'ance* they both went together;
Where they did part, himſelf could ne'er declare,
If on ſome *Rub* by th' Way, or in the Air;
But at the Bottom he was left for dead,
With a good *Memorandum* on his Head,
That laid him ſo aſleep, he did not wake
Till with the Cold his Bones began to ake:
And then he ſtirr'd, rolling his heavy Eye
Towards the *Vault* of the enamell'd Sky,
Which now thick ſet with ſparkling Stars he ſees,
That but of late had been no Friends of his;
And, by the Favour of the twinkling Light,
The *Caſtle* too appear'd above in Sight;
By which he faintly recollected where
His *Worſhip* was, tho' not how he came there:
But this ſmall Senſe did opportunely come
To help him make a ſhift to ſtumble Home,

Thi-

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Thither he comes; and knocking at the Door
(Tho' not so hard as he was knock'd before)
His Master hears at first, and cries, *Who's there?*
Why (poorly, cries the other) *I am here.*
Up starts the Master straight, and lets him in;
I'th' Name of God (quoth he) *where hast thou bin,*
That thou'rt thus late? To which the wise Reply
Was this, *Nay, Master, what the Dee'l know I!*
But somewhere I have had a lungeous Faw
I'm sure o' that, and, Master, that's neet aw.
A Candle then was lighted, when his Sconce
Did represent *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones.*
A lungeous Fall indeed, the Master said,
The very Looks would make a Man afraid;
Thou hast drunk deep thy Hogs-head on the Tilt,
But where's my Mare? No matter where, hoo's kilt,
Replies the Man, *i'th' Morninck send, and see,*
The Devil's Pow'r go with these Torrs for me.
His *Dame* was call'd, and he soon got to Bed,
Where she did *wash* and *dress* his great *Calves-head*
So well, that in the Morning 'twas his Care
To go, and *flea,* not to *fetch home* his *Mare:*
But she had shar'd his Fortune, and was found
Grazing within the Valley safe and sound,
Sans Hurt, or Blemish, save a little Strip
Of Hair and Skin rippled upon her Hip.
The Hat, Saddle, and Cloth, denoted well,
As they were scatter'd, found just where they fell;
And yet, as oft as I the Place do view,
I scarce believe, altho' I know this true:
But whosoe'er shall happen to come there,
Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;

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Since with his Eyes he may the Place behold,
And hear this Truth affirm'd that I have told.

South-ward from hence ten Miles, where *Derwent* lavés
His broken Shores with never-clearing Waves,
There ſtands a ſtately and ſtupendous * Pile,
Like the proud *Regent* of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Shedding her Beams over the barren Vale,
Which elſe bleak *Winds* and nipping *Froſts* aſſail
With ſuch perpet'al *War*, there would appear
Nothing but *Winter*, ten Months of the Year.

This *Palace*, with wild Proſpects girded round,
Stands in the middle of a falling Ground,
At a black *Mountain*'s Foot, whoſe craggy Brow
Secures from *Eaſtern Tempeſts* all below;
Under whoſe Shelter *Trees* and *Flowers* grow,
With early *Bloſſoms*, maugre native Snow;
Which elſewhere round a *Tyranny* maintains,
And binds cramp'd *Nature* long in *Cryſtal Chains*.
The *Fabrick*'s noble Front faces the *Peſt*,
Turning her fair broad Shoulders to the *Eaſt*;
On the *South-ſide* the ſtately *Gardens* lie,
Where the ſcorn'd *Peake* rivals proud *Italy*;
And on the *North* ſeveral inferior *Plots*,
For ſervile Uſe ſcatter'd, do lie in Spots.

The outward *Gate* ſtands near enough to look
Her *Oval* Front in the objected *Brook*;

* Chatſworth, *the Seventh Wonder.*

But

But that ſhe has better Reflection
From a large *Mirror* nearer of her own;
For a fair *Lake*, from Waſh of *Floods* unmixt.
Before it lies in *Area* ſpread betwixt.
Over this *Pond*, oppoſite to the Gate
A *Bridge* of a quaint Structure, Strength, and State,
Invites you to paſs over it, where, dry,
You trample may on Shoals of wanton *Fry*,
With which thoſe breeding Waters do abound,
And better *Carps* are no where to be found.
A Tow'r of *Antique Model* the *Bridge* Foot
From the *Peake-rabble* does ſecurely ſhut,
Which, by Stone-ſtairs delivers you below
Into the ſweeteſt Walks the World can ſhow.
There *Wood* and *Water*, *Sun* and *Shade*, contend,
Which ſhall the moſt delight, and moſt befriend;
There *Graſs* and *Gravel* in one Path you meet,
For Ladies tender, and Mens harder Feet.
Here into open *Lakes* the *Sun* may pry,
A Privilege the cloſer *Groves* deny;
Or, if confed'rate Winds do make them yield,
He then but chequers what he cannot gild.
The *Ponds*, which here in double Order ſhine,
Are ſome of them ſo large, and all ſo fine,
That *Neptune* in his *Progreſs* once did pleaſe
To frolick in theſe *Artificial Seas*;
Of which a noble *Monument* we find,
His Royal *Chariot* left, it ſeems, behind;
Whoſe *Wheels* and *Body moor'd* up with a Chain,
Like *Drake*'s old *Hulk* at *Deptford*, ſtill remain.
No Place on Earth was e'er diſcover'd yet,
For *Contemplation*, or *Delight*, ſo fit;

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The *Groves*, whose *curled Brows* shade every *Lake*,
Do ev'ry-where such waving *Landskips* make,
As *Painters* baffled *Art* is far above,
Who *Waves* and *Leaves* could never yet make *move*.
Hither the warbling *People* of the Air
From their remoter *Colonies* repair,
And in the Shades, now setting up their Rests,
Like *Cæsar's Swiss*, burn their old native Nests;
The *Muses* too perch on the bending Sprays,
And in these Thickets chant their *charming Lays*:
No Wonder then, if the * *Heroick Song*,
That here took Birth and Voice, do flourish long.

To view from hence the glitt'ring *Pile* above,
(Which must at once Wonder create and Love)
Environ'd round with Nature's Shames and Ills,
Black Heaths, wild Rock, bleak Crags, and naked Hills,
And the whole *Prospect* so inform and rude,
Who is it, but must presently conclude,
That this is *Paradise*, which seated stands
In midst of *Desarts*, and of barren *Sands*?
So a bright *Diamond* would look, if set
In a vile *Socket* of ignoble *Jet*;
And such a Face the new-born *Nature* took,
When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* struck.
Doubtless, if any where, there never yet
So brave a *Structure* on such Ground was set,
Which, sure, the *Foundress* built, to reconcile
This to the other Members of the *Isle*,

* *M.* Hobbs de Mir. Pec.

And

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And would, therein, first her own *Grandeur* ſhow,
And then what *Art* could, ſpite of *Nature*, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the Pains,
T'xamine what this Princely *Houſe* contains;
Which, if without ſo glorious to be ſeen,
Honour and *Virtue* make it ſhine within.
The fore-nam'd *Outward Gate* then leads into
A ſpacious *Court*, whence open to the View
The noble *Front* of the whole *Edifice*,
In a ſurprizing Height, is ſeen to riſe.
Ev'n with the *Gate-houſe*, upon either Hand
A neat ſquare *Turret* in the Corners ſtand;
On each Side *Plates* of ever-ſpringing Green,
With an aſcending *Paſſion-Walk* between,
In the *green Flat* which on the Right-hand lies,
A *Fountain* of ſtrange Structure high doth riſe,
Upon whoſe tender Top, there is a vaſt,
I'd almoſt ſaid, prodigious *Baſon* plac'd;
And, without doubt, the *Model* of this *Piece*
Came forth from *other Place* than *Rome* or *Greece*,
For ſuch a *Sea*, ſuſpended in the Air,
I never ſaw in any Place, but there;
Which ſhould it break, or fall, I doubt, we ſhou'd
Begin to reckon from the ſecond *Flood*.
Tho' this divert the Eye, yet all the while
Your Feet ſtill move toward the attractive *Pile*,
Till fair round *Stairs*, ſome fifteen *Grieſes* high,
Land you upon a *Terraſs*, that doth lie
Of goodly Breadth along the Buildings, *ſquare*,
Well pav'd, and fenc'd with *Rail* and *Baluſter*:
From hence in ſome three Steps, the *inner-Gate*
Riſes in greater Beauty, Art, and State,

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Than the proud *Palace* of the *Sun*, and all
Vain *Poets* ſtuff vainer *Romance* withal.
A Vice that much the *Gallick Muſe* infects,
And, of good *Writers*, makes vile *Architects*.
This to the *Lodge* admits, and two Steps more
Set you upon a level *Axler* Floor,
Which paves the inner *Court*, a curious Place
Form'd by the am'rous *Structure*'s kind Embrace.
I'th' Center of this ſhady *Court* doth riſe
Another *Fountain*, of a quaint Device,
Which large-limb'd *Heroes*, with majeſtick Port,
In their Habiliments of War, ſupport.
Hence, croſs the *Court*, thro' a fine *Portico*,
Into the *Body* of the Houſe you go,
Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate
Any thing promis'd by the outward State,
And where the *Reader*, we intreat, will pleaſe,
By the large *Foot* to meaſure *Hercules*:
For, ſure, a vain and endleſs Work it were
T' inſiſt upon ev'ry Particular.
And ſhould I be ſo mad to go about
To give account of ev'ry thing throughout,
The *Rooms of State*, *Stair-Caſes*, *Galleries*,
Lodgings, *Apartments*, *Cloſets*, *Offices*;
Or to deſcribe the Splendors undertake,
Which ev'ry glorious *Room* a *Heaven* make;
The *Pictures*, *Sculpture*, *Carving*, *Graving*, *Gilding*;
'Twould be as long in Writing as in Building.
Yet, *Chatſworth*, tho' thy *Priſtine Lin'aments*
Were Beautiful and Great to all Intents,
I needs muſt ſay, for I have ſeen both *Faces*,
Thou'rt much more lovely in the *modern Graces*

Thy

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Thy now great * *Miſtreſs* has adorn'd thee in,
Than when thought *fine enough* to hold a † *Queen*.
Thy ‡ *Foundreſs* dreſs'd thee in ſuch *Robes* as they
In thoſe old-faſhion'd Times reputed gay;
Of which new-ſtript, and the old ruſſling Pride
Of *Ruff* and *Farthingale* now laid aſide,
Thy Shapes appear, and thou thyſelf art ſeen
A very *Chriſtian*, and a *modiſh* Queen;
Which *(though old Friends part ill)* is Recompence
For a few *Goth* and *Vandal* Ornaments;
And all theſe Glories glitter to the Sight
By the Advantage of a clearer Light.
The *Glaziers* Work before ſubſtantial was,
I muſt confeſs, thrice as much Lead as Glaſs,
Which, in the Sun's *Meridian*, caſt a Light,
As it had been within an Hour of Night.
The Windows now look like ſo many Suns,
Illuſtrating the noble Room at once:
The *primitive Caſements* modell'd were, no doubt,
By that thro' which the *Pigeon was thruſt* out,
Where now whole *Saſhes* are but one great *Eye*,
T'examine and admire thy Beauties by.
And, if we hence look out, we ſhall ſee there
The *Gardens* too i'th' *Reformation* ſhare,
Upon a *Terraſs*, as moſt Houſes high,
Tho' from this Proſpect humble to your Eye;

---

* *The then Counteſs of* Dexonſhire.
† *The Queen of* Scots.
‡ *The Counteſs of* Shrewſbury.

A ſtate-

A ſtately *Plat*, both regular and vaſt,
Suiting the reſt, was by the *Foundreſs* caſt,
In thoſe incurious Times, under the Roſe,
Deſign'd, as one may fancily ſuppoſe,
For *Lillies*, *Pionies*, *Daffodils*, and *Roſes*,
To garniſh Chimnies, and make *Sunday-Poſies*,
Where *Gooſeberries*, as good as ever grew,
'Tis like, were ſet; for *Winter-greens*, the *Yew*,
Holly, and *Box*: For then theſe Things were new.
With, oh! the honeſt *Roſemary* and *Bays*,
So much eſteem'd in thoſe good *Waſſel*-Days.

Now in the middle of this great *Parterre*
A *Fountain* darts her Streams into the Air
Twenty Foot high; till by the Winds depreſs'd,
Unable longer upwards to conteſt,
They fall again in Tears, for Grief and Ire
They cannot reach the Place they did aſpire;
As if the Sun melted the waxen Wings
Of theſe *Icarian* temerarious Springs,
For braving thus his generative Ray,
When their true Motion lies another Way.
Th' ambitious *Element*, repulſed ſo,
Rallies, and ſaves her routed Waves below,
In a large *Baſon* of *Diameter*,
Such as old *Rome*'s expenſive *Lakes* did bear,
Where a *Pacifick Sea* expanded lies,
A Liquid Theatre for *Naumachies*;
And where, in caſe of ſuch a *Pageant*-War
Romans in Statue ſtill Spectators are.

Where

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Where the *Ground* swells nearer the Hill above,
And where once stood a * *Crag* and *Cherry-Grove*,
(Which of Renown then shar'd a mighty Part)
Instead of such a barb'rous Piece of *Art*,
Such poor contriv'd dwarfish and ragged Shades,
'Tis now adorn'd with *Fountains* and *Cascades*,
Terrass on *Terrass* with their *Stair-Cases*
Of brave and great Contrivance; and to these
Statues, *Walks*, Grass-plats, and a *Grove* indeed,
Where silent Lovers may lie down and bleed.
And tho' all Things were, for that *Age*, before
In truth so Great, that nothing could be more;
Yet now they with much greater Lustre stand,
Touch'd up and finish'd by a better Hand.

But that which *Crowns* all this, and does impart
A Lustre far beyond the Pow'r of *Art*,
Is the great *Owner*, *He*, whose noble Mind
For such a *Fortune* only was design'd:
Whose Bounties, as the *Ocean*'s Bosom wide,
Flow in a constant unexhausted *Tide*
Of *Hospitality* and free *Access*,
Liberal *Condescension*, *Chearfulness*,
Honour and *Truth*, as ev'ry of them strove
At once to captivate Respect and Love:
And with such *Order* all perform'd, and *Grace*,
As rivet *Wonder* to the stately Place.

* *An artificial Rock, so called.*

But

But I muſt give my *Muſe* the *Hola* here,
Reſpect muſt check her in the wild *Career*;
For, when we impudently do commend,
The Thing well *meant*, ill done, muſt needs offend:
His Virtues are above my Character,
Too great for *Fame* to ſpeak, or *Verſe* to bear.

F I N I S.

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